July 11, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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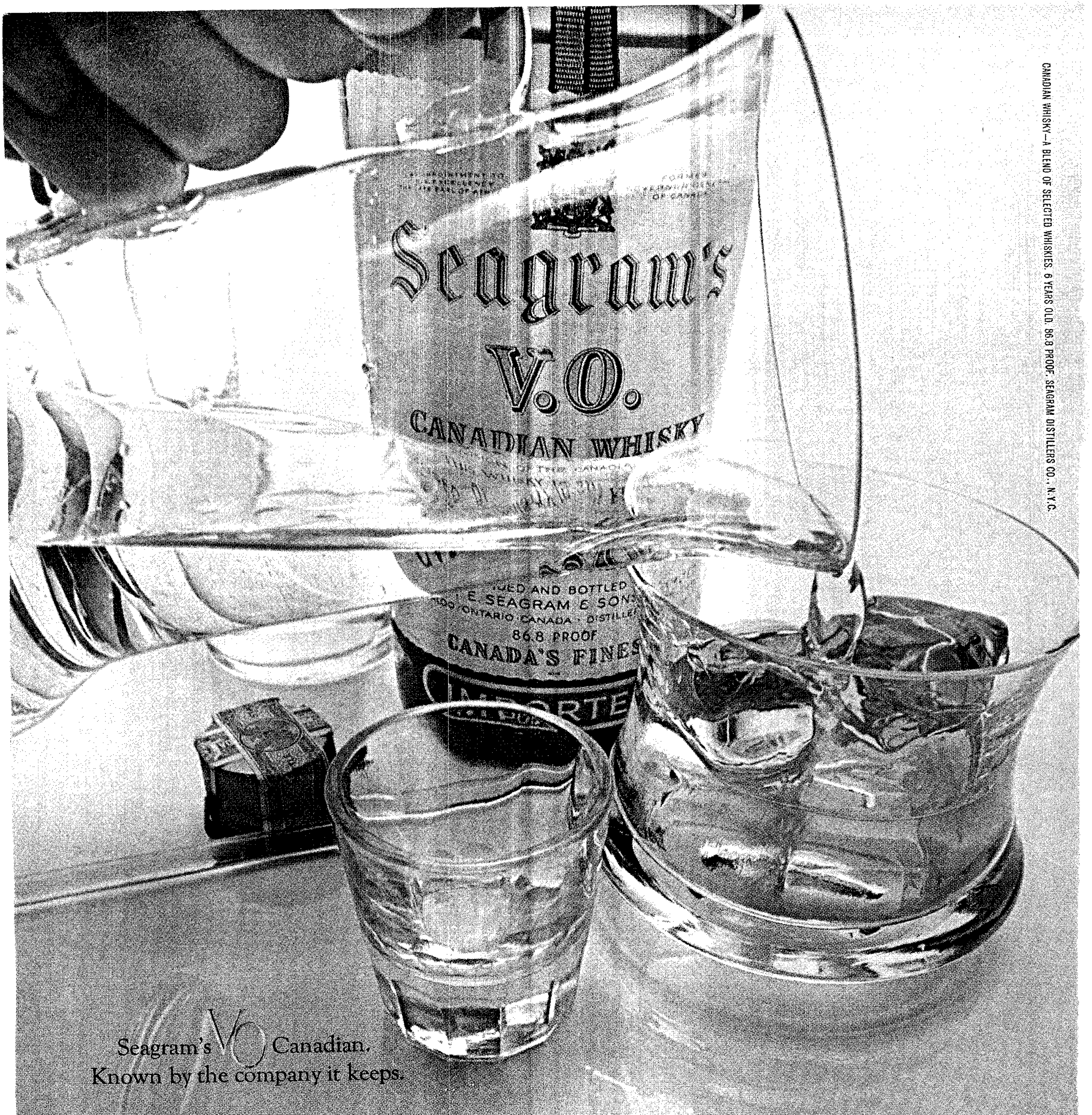
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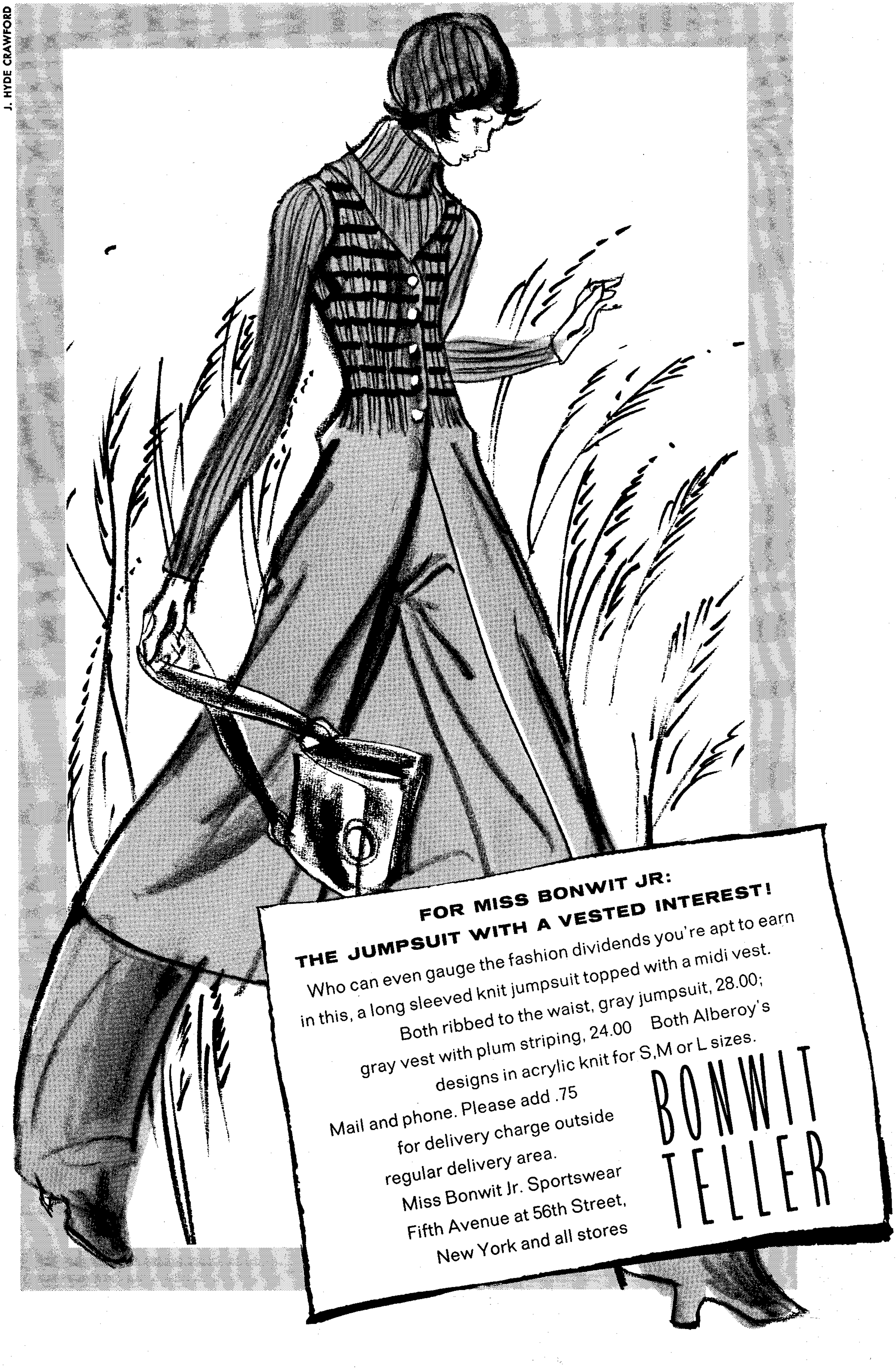

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BONWIT TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak but vivid play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Borstal Boy—Bringing back to life a Brendan Behan not in the least Lazarus-like but characteristically indignant and joyous. With Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Cage—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8.)

Charley's Aunt—The ancient Brandon Thomas farce is evidently capable of surviving anything, including this revival. In the cast are Louis Nye, Michael Goodwin, Rex Thompson, and Melville Cooper. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—Zoe Caldwell gives a great and totally satisfying performance in this fine dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, and she is ably supported by the rest of the cast. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of delightful songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by A. Larry Haines (substituting for James Coco, who will return on Monday, July 20), Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Room Service—Dick Shawn and a host of other high-strung characters rush through an admirable revival of this very funny classic. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Steambath—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**adaptation and next:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the boys in the band:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and

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DRAWINGS: *Whitney Darrow, Jr., Alan Dunn, J. B. Handelsman, Edward Koren, William Steig, Claude Smith, George Price, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, William O'Brian, Frank Modell*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE BOY FRIEND—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan enjoying a merry romp at a finishing school on the Riviera, back in the twittering twenties. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns *out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn* of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

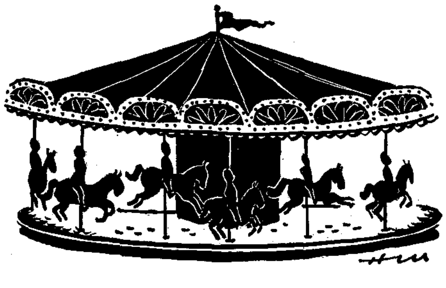
JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some *joyful* moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to agreeable samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from



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the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Stephen, still trembling at his soul's cry, heard warm running sunlight and in the air behind him friendly words. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) ... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Dedalus, come down, like a good mosey. Breakfast is ready. Haines is apologizing for waking us last night. It's all right. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** —*I'm coming, Stephen* said, turning: —Do, for Jesus' sake, Buck Mulligan said. For my sake and for all our sakes. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara *in an adaptation of the* movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. Reopens Tuesday, July 14, after a week's vacation. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. *Nightly, except Sundays, at* 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, July 8, at 8:15: "Concerto," "The River," and "Gaieté Parisienne."... ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:15: "Les Noces," "Times Past," "The Traitor," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:15: "Gartenfest," "The Traitor," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 2:15: "Gartenfest" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:15: "Times Past" and "La Sylphide."... ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 1:15 and 7:15: "Petrouchka," "The River," and "Etudes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

MOISEYEV DANCE COMPANY—A three-week engagement by a hundred and ten dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, July 25.)

OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART II:** Friday, July 10, and Saturday, July 18.... **RICHARD III:** Saturday and Sunday, July 11-12.... **WARS OF THE ROSES, PART I:** Friday, July 17. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, Beatrice Krebs, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort, like Ace Trucking Company, a group of comic improvisers who may not always reach the heights but usually manage to avoid the depths. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music—turned out by Joe Beck on guitar and electric piano, with a bass player assisting him—is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers intimacy, calmness, and cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Ron Carter's strong and able bass-and-guitar duo plays until Wednesday, July 15, when neatly swinging guitarist Kenny Burrell and bassist Larry Ridley will take over. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—*A lot of fundamental music as the* Zoot Sims quartet plays solidly and never without inspiration. Fridays through Sundays, Al Cohn will join in, and Anita O'Day sings. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of *Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia* efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Easterly the drift of traffic flow that takes the reveller to this most unlikely, and rather gloomy, part of town. The place of entertainment, it should be noted, is sufficiently cheerful in its simple way, and one may be assured of the continued patronage of Euterpe. Freddie Hubbard's quintet is on the stand until Tuesday, July 14, when the Elvin Jones trio will arrive. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—

Upstairs, where you can be as casual or as formal as you wish, Bill Evans' refulgent trio plays for cocktails and dining. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—every night from ten o'clock. Wednesday and Thursday, July 8-9: Jablac and Runt. Friday and Saturday, July 10-11: Supa. Sunday, July 12: Farmer Brown and 7th Century. Tuesday through Saturday, July 14-18: Elephant's Memory. A different feeling on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—This small and funky basement has seen a lot of jazz musicians come and go. Leon Thomas, the man with a voice like an electronic yodel, will sing through Saturday, July 11. On Tuesday, July 14, a jazz-rock foursome named Fourth Way will come in. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Sunday, July 12.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant, and the dinners and suppers are near-Lucullan. The crowd, a svelte one, dances on a little floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—If this is where it's at, then at it's where is this? Lots of moving lights and lissome people, along with indoor playground equipment that helps keep kids kidlike. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. Live groups alternate with high-powered records. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Soft carpets, the names of famous Frenchmen etched on glass, and a relatively timeless atmosphere. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four, but only on Fridays and Saturdays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Looking out the fifteenth-floor windows, you can see all manner of neon signs flashing, pulsing, and gleaming in the heart of the second biggest city in the world. The interior is all right, too. Dancing to music, both live and recorded, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club by day, a discothèque by night. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. Late dinners are available, and the view of the Park is fine. Sundays through Wednesdays, a group called Chartreuse plays. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—It would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, Clint Holmes does some singing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—Can be compared to a quaint old village street, with shops, lampposts, tables, and people sitting or strolling about. Not bad, if quaint old village streets are your bag. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Will come out of estivation on Monday, July 13, with Freeway on the bandstand. Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Hey. Jude, your mother should know the fool on the hill. Yesterday, with a little help from my friends, lovely Rita let it be a day in the life. Michelle? She's leaving home. (Dancing to records from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.)

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): As close as the city can come to a midsummer night's dream, by the light of the silvery moon and/or Con Edison—*en-plein-air* feeding and footing it featly, this last to music that runs from seven-thirty or so until quite late.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

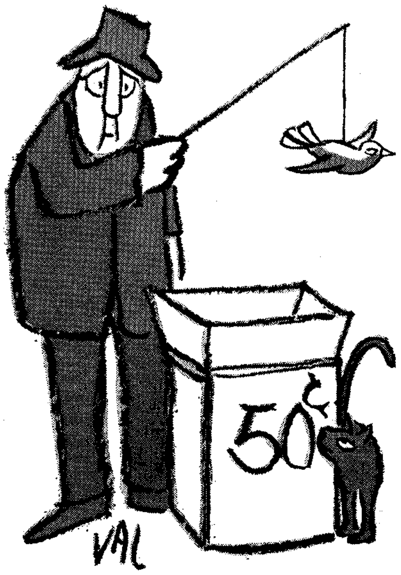
Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the one revue in town, is brightened by fitful gleams of humor, of which it could use more. The cast is brightened to approximately the same degree. Nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays and Mondays.



Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—A sort of *son et lumière* begins when Amalia Rodrigues, justifiable pride of Portugal, takes to her *fado* arias. Luis Rivera's industrious flamenco crew precedes her onstage. On Thursday, July 16, another scheme commences: José Molina's flamencans. No dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Juan Jimenez) and voice (José Sordiall). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Marian McPartland, who never forgets that jazz is a medium of exchange between the maker and the listener, leads her threesome from her piano; the party of the second part is Urbie Green's buoyant sextet, for which Kathy Preston is the chirruper. The milieu is fair-to-middling ale-and-chophouse. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A wonderful balloon on permanent station above midtown. John Lewis, Percy Heath, Milt Jackson, Connie Kay—put them all together (a consummation divinely wished) and they spell Modern Jazz Quartet. On Monday, July 13, Helen O'Connell, whose songs wear their hearts on their sleeves, will come back home to sing in the good, honorable, old-fashioned way that has nearly (tsk-tsk) gone out of fashion. Dancing, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Chucks' Composite, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Mirko, who has been a nostalgic guitarist for longer than anyone can remember, is now part of the entourage. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Paella,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men, equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000): The Palm Court, this summer the sole music room of this city within a city, offers Sandu Marcu on violin from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **Salum Sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Iperbole,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle haunted not by ghosts but by live musicians, such as Norbert Faconi, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, heartfelt pianist. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. No music Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A buttery of a certain importance, wherein Dick Hankinson addresses the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, this or that pianist serves as his lieutenant.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. Tony Gorody, the summertime pianist within, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays or Mondays.... **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays.... **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Every night.... **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): A newly discovered island in the midst of Manhattan—one prepared to indulge the guests in reasonably eclectic shore dinners to the tunes of the piano run by Buddy Barnes, the sometime accompanist of Mabel Mercer. Eight-thirty until two. Closed Mondays.... **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5731): Not the Great Outdoors, but at least a little one, with a scattering of real musicians who operate when the hordes come down from the hills around to dine—music from noon to two-thirty and eight to one, Mondays through Saturdays.

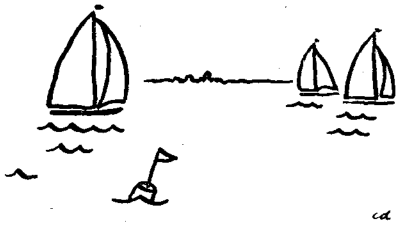
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

OSAMU SHIMODA—Fifteen geometric sculptures; through July 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by scores of artists—Shahn, Sheeler, Sloan, Avery, Bellows, Dove, Henri, and Marin, to mention a few; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by, among others, Ben Bishop, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, and William McCartin; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Forty-five Latin-American artists; starting Thursday, July 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, by Bearden, Duchamp, Jensen, Lam, Lindner, Man Ray, Noguchi, Ossorio, and others; through Sept. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by nineteen artists, including Breder, Castro-Cid, Ray Johnson, Gerald Laing, and Alphonse Schilling; through Sept. 4.... **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures, drawings on glass, and paintings by young artists; through Aug. 28.... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: One work each by Westermann, Beal, Pearlstein, Wiley, Saul, Maryan, and Leaf; through July 31. (Closed mornings.)... **GIBSON**, 27 E. 67th St.: Data on happenings and earthworks by Christo, Hutchinson, Insley, Kaprow, and Oppenheim; through Aug. 28. (Closed mornings.)... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Romantic" paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through July 31.... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and bronzes on Western wildlife themes by, among others, Remington, Charles Russell, Albert Bierstadt, and Paul Kane; through July 31.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings of beach scenes by such twentieth-century Americans as Sloan, Heliker, and Glackens; through July 31.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Friday, July 17.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Works done by the students of the Parsons School of Design in connection with the student protest movement against the war in Vietnam and repressions on the campus; through Saturday, July 11. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works by Larry Bell, Craig Kauffman, Robert Irwin, Nevelson, Krushenick, Dubuffet, and Sven Lukin; through July 31. ... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Klee, Léger, Masson, Picasso, and Trivigno; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Davies, Joseph Stella, Gorky, Hartley, and other American artists; through July 31.... **TIROCHE**, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings by Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and School of Paris artists; through July 24.... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: A show of graphics, with emphasis on works by twenty-six artists who withdrew from the United States Pavilion at this year's Venice Biennale in protest against American "aggression abroad and repression at home," among them Anuskiewicz, Baskin, Lichtenstein, Motherwell, Frank Stella, and Warhol; through Aug. 28.... **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Works by artists employing this gallery's specialties—prisms, reflections, motions, and changing colors; through July 31.... **ZABRISKIE**, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings by thirty or so twentieth-century American "primitives;" through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)



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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, some exhibited in period rooms; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1....¶ A hundred masterpieces (Duccio to Picasso) from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; through July 26. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States representing new directions, such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sept. 20....¶ New materials and techniques in graphics, including three-dimensional and shaped posters and spectator-participation works; through Aug. 9....¶ Recent acquisitions—a drawing by Matisse, a sculpture by Melotti, and paintings by Braque, Klee, Kokoschka, Miró, and Sophie Taeuber-Arp; through Sept. 11. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 10, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The tenth anniversary show of selections, arranged chronologically, from the Museum's permanent collection of works done since 1900 by Kandinsky, Chagall, Klee, Delaunay, Miró, Léger, and many others; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twenty-two large canvases representing the nineteenth-century trek of the Mormons to the valley of Great Salt Lake, painted by Carl Christensen, a member of the colony who made the trip; starting Tuesday, July 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Large steel and glass sculptures, models for projects, and prints by the Israeli artist Menashe Kadishman; through Aug. 4....¶ Works executed directly on the Museum walls by Artschwager, Bollinger, Lewitt, Morris, and others; through Aug. 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31....¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and seventy-five objects from Africa, the Americas, and the South Pacific representing birds, beasts, and fantastic creatures; through Sept. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sept. 20.... ¶ Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one conceptual artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and garments by a group of Chicago artists; through Aug. 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

CHORUSES

CHOIR OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE—George Guest directing this choir from Cambridge, England. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Thursday, July 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BANDS—Wednesday, July 8, at 8:30: The Billie and DeDe Pierce Band and the Kid Thomas Band....¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30: The Kid Thomas

Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: The Billie and DeDe Pierce Band. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.)

John Lee Hooker—Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, July 9, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

Grateful Dead and New Riders of the Purple Sage—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Sunday, July 9-12, at midnight.

Les McCann and His Trio—Museum of Modern Art. Thursday, July 16, at 7:30.

New York Pop—Friday, July 17, at 7: Grand Funk Railroad, Jimi Hendrix Experience, John B. Sebastian, Steppenwolf, and Jethro Tull. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 7: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends; Richie Havens; Ravi Shankar; Ten Years After; Tony Williams Lifetime; John McLaughlin; Larry Young; Jack Bruce; Eric Clapton; and Miles Davis. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 5: Joe Cocker with Mad Dogs and Englishmen; Dr. John, the Night Tripper; Mountain; Van Morrison; and the Voices of East Harlem. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the gate, call 644-4400.)

Newport Jazz Festival in New York—Friday, July 17, at 8: Gene Ammons, Dizzy Gillespie, B.B. King, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Pharoah Sanders, Mongo Santamaría, Sonny Stitt, and Leon Thomas. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8: Kenny Burrell, Albert King, the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, Ramsey Lewis, Herbie Mann, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and Sarah Vaughan. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

MUSIC OUTDOORS

(In the event of threatening weather, call 734-1002 for news.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—Final performances—CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Wednesday, July 8, at 8:30 (rain date, July 9), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30 (rain date, July 12), "La Bohème," with Dorothy Kirsten, Colette Boky, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Russell Christopher, Paul Plishka, and Gene Boucher. . . . CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW: Saturday, July 11, at 8:30 (rain date, July 12), "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 8:30 (rain date, July 16), "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Judith DePaul, Octaviano Naghiu, Dominic Cossa, John Macurdy, and Gene Boucher. . . . CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30 (rain date, July 16), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Colette Boky, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Robert Goodloe, and Louis Sgarro. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, July 17, at 8:30 (rain date, July 19), "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Robinson, Nicholas DiVirgilio, Frank Guarrera, and Paul Plishka. . . . BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL, Bronx: Saturday, July 18, at 8:30 (rain date, July 19), "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Robert Nagy, Abe Polakoff, and Dominic Cossa.

Central Park Mall—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursday, July 9, and Sundays at 8, and on Thursday, July 16, at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 16.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 8, at 7 and 9:30: Mongo Santamaría, Cal Tjader, and Ray Barretto. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 7:30 and 10: Tom Rush and Melanie. . . . ¶ Monday, July 13, at 7 and 9:30: Ike and Tina Turner and the Voices of East Harlem. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 7 and 9:30: The Four Tops and Eddie Holman. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 7:30 and 10: Stan Kenton, the Four Freshmen, and Chris Connor. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 7:30 and 10: Little Richard, Wayne Cochran, and the C.C. Riders. (Through Saturday, Aug. 22. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in another series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; through Friday, Aug. 14.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra. (Thursday, July 9, at 8:30, with Masako Yanagita, violin; and Thursday, July 16, at 8:30, with Louise Parker, contralto. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, July 10, at 8:30: "The Growing Castle," a chamber opera by Malcolm Williamson, with Clarice Carson and Nancy Williams, sopranos, and William Metcalf and Brent Ellis, baritones. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting a chamber orchestra in a program of Viennese music, with Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 10, at 7: A concert by the Choir of St. John's College. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting the Boston Symphony, with Huguette Tourangeau, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a performance of Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte" in concert form, with Phyllis Curtin and Teresa Stratas, sopranos; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Peter Serkin, piano, and the Corky Siegel Blues Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 7: A piano recital by Yuji Takahashi. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Takahashi; John Alexander, tenor; and James Stagliano, French horn. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lili Kraus, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 2:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Bethany Beardslee, soprano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Saturday, July 11, at 2:30: Delaney, Bonnie & Friends. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 7:30: Ike and Tina Turner. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 2:30: B. B. King. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 7:30: Miles Davis. (Lenox, Mass.)

Newport Jazz Festival—Friday, July 10, at 8: "Schlitz New Orleans Salute to Louis," with Louis Armstrong, Mahalia Jackson, the Preservation Hall Band with Billie and DeDe Pierce, Percy Humphrey, Punch Miller, Cap'n John Handy, the Eureka Brass Band, the New Orleans Classic Ragtime Band (with Bill Russell), Wild Bill Davison, Dizzy Gillespie, Bobby Hackett, Ray Nance, Joe Newman, and Jimmy Owens. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at noon: "Trumpet Workshop," with Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Newman, and Jimmy Owens. "Drum Workshop," with Art Blakey, Chico Hamilton, Elvin Jones, and Tony Williams. "Violin Workshop," with Stephane Grapelly, Ray Nance, Jean-Luc Ponty, and Joe Venuti. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3: Gary Burton's quartet (with Keith Jarrett), Chico Hamilton's quintet, Elvin Jones' quartet, Sadao Watanabe's quartet, and Tony Williams Lifetime. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: Nina Simone, Kenny Burrell, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet and Don Byas, Dexter Gordon, Stephane Grapelly, Herbie Mann's quintet, Ray Nance, Jean-Luc Ponty, Ike and Tina Turner, and Joe Venuti. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 1:30: Bill Cosby with Badfoot Brown and the Bunions Bradford Marching and Funeral Band, Roberta Flack, and the Fourth Way, plus "Jamming on the Blues Guitar," with Albert King, T-Bone Walker, and Shuggie Otis. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 8: Ella Fitzgerald, Cannonball Adderley's quintet, Les McCann, Eddie Harris, Buddy Rich and his orchestra, and Leon Thomas. (Festival Field. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Sunday, July 26—Wednesday, July 8, at 8:30: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tarantella," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:30: "Irish Fantasy," "Who Cares?," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 3:30: "Serenade," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Tarantella," and "Firebird.". . . [NOTE: A special concert will be given by Engelbert Humperdinck on Monday, July 13, at 8:30.]. . . ¶ Tuesday, July 14, at 8:30: "Prodigal Son," "Who Cares?," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 15, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Fantasies," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 16, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:30: "Prodigal Son," "Who Cares?," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 8:30: "Bugaku," "Valse-Fantaisie," "Fantasies," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 19, at 3:30: "Swan Lake," the new unnamed ballet, and "Tchaikovsky Suite." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 11: Soloists of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens and Ritha Devi. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 14-18: Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez and the American Mime Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Lucas Hoving Dance Company, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Friday, July 17, at 8:30: James Cunningham and his dancers, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 18, at 4 and 8:30: Meredith Monk and her company, outdoors, on the college campus. (New London, Conn. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, July 8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Montreal, Thursday and Friday, July 9-10, at 8:05; Saturday, July 11, at about 8:30 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 7:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio and other major-league stars of past years); and Sunday, July 12, at 2:05. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Oakland, Thursday, July 16, at 2; Friday, July 17, at 8; and Saturday, July 18, at 2.

Boxing—Emile Griffith, middleweight, vs. Dick Tiger, light heavyweight; 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, July 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 9-12.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 1. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 11; the Great American, Wednesday, July 15; and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, July 18. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 8. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 8; the Mon-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mouth Oaks, Saturday, July 11; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 15; and the Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 18. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, July 11, at noon, and Sunday, July 12, at 2:30. . . . BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Saturday, July 18, at 4, and Sunday, July 19, at 2:15.

TENNIS—Madison Square Garden Tennis Champions Classic. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, July 16, at 7:30.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 25. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43 on Fridays and Saturdays.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 14.

YACHTING—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Through Saturday, July 18.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 11, through Saturday, July 18.)

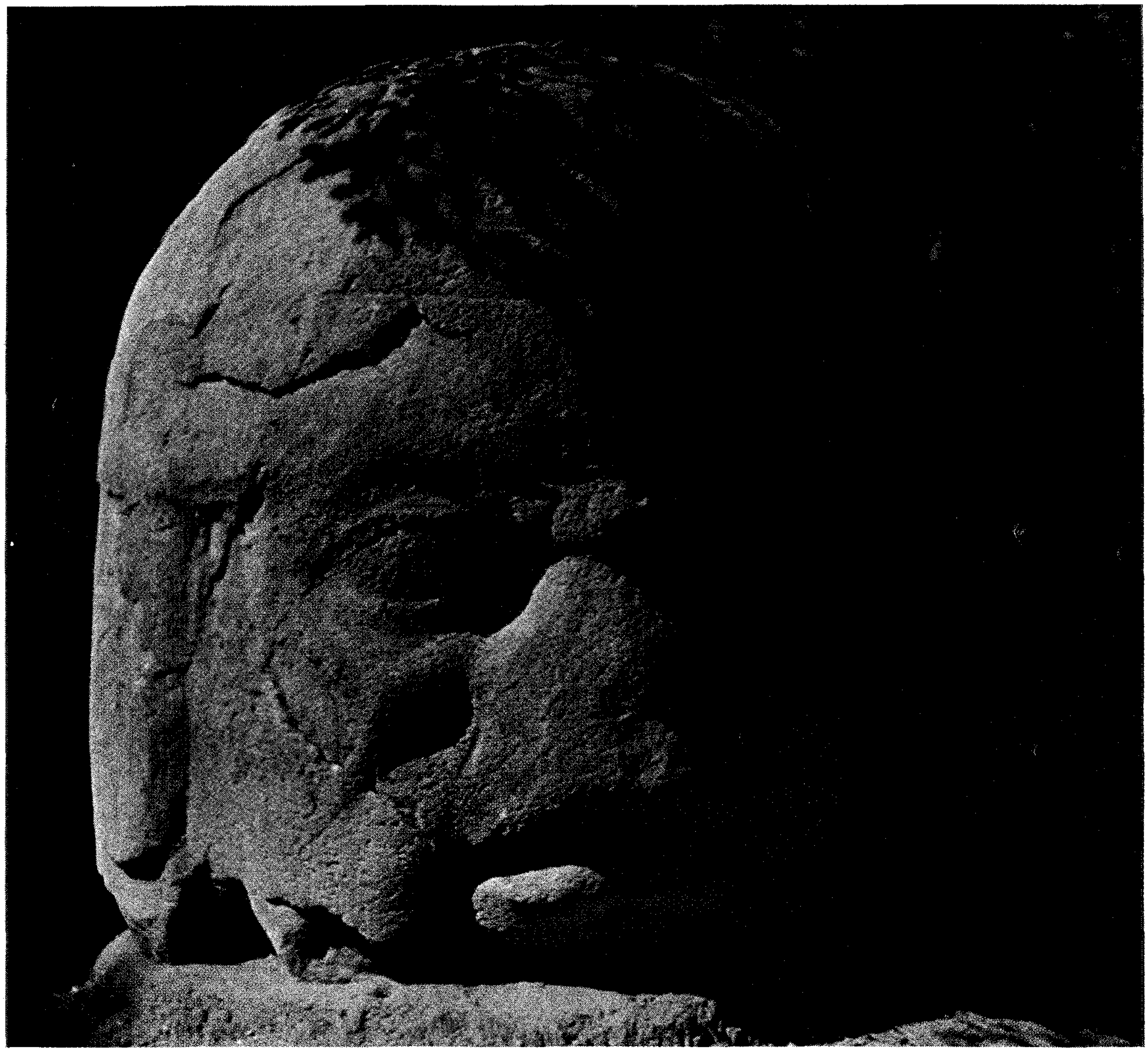
ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOUR—"Greenwich Village," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 12. Meets at the corner of Gay and Christopher Streets at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eight programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: July 8 at 2 and 5:30, "Muddy Waters" (1953); July 9 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Taki no Skiraito" (1933); July 10 at 2 and 5:30, "The Dancing Girl from Izu" (1935); July 11 at 3 and 5:30, "A Story from Echigo" (1964); July 12 at 2, "Kuragijima: Legends from a Southern Island" (1968); July 13 at 7 and July 14 at 2 and 5:30, "The Hoodlum Soldier" (1965); July 15 at 2 and 5:30, "Humanity and Paper Balloons" (1937); July 16 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" (1970). . . . ¶ July 11 at 11:30: "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936), "The City" (1939), and "Dixie, USA" (1939), all documentary films. . . . ¶ July 13 at 1:30 and 4: "Les Maisons de la Misere" (1938), in French, no English titles; and "Miner's Window" (1956). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 8: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ July 9: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ July 10: "The Palm Beach Story" (1942), directed by Preston Sturges, with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ July 11: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ July 12: "The Great McGinty" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Brian Donlevy. . . . ¶ July 15: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ July 16: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), directed by Billy Wilder, with Ray Milland and Jane Wyman. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

MEXICO



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16		

Animal Farm (1954)—A British animated version of the Orwell political satire. The animation, unfortunately, is not especially imaginative, so that the experience of the film becomes like looking at a political cartoon for too long. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Literate and civilized, but not very exciting. Richard Burton plays Henry VIII to Genevieve Bujold's Anne Boleyn. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 14.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 16.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen, and the movie is almost unbearably tedious. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd, SC 4-6745.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; and Paramount, B'way at 61st, 247-5071.)

China Is Near (1968)—A prissy, sneering seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his pompous Socialist brother's chances for political office. Marco Bellocchio's highly original political comedy, in which the people are so awful they're funny, is structured like a classic comic opera. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 16.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—A farcical uptown detective story without a dull moment, based on a novel by Chester Himes and directed by Ossie Davis. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040; through July 14.)

The Damned—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 14.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 8.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

La Femme Infidèle—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through July 14.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl that Charlie wins. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

International House (1933)—A Paramount musical revue starring W. C. Fields, with Peggy Hopkins Joyce (as his inamorata), and Rudy Vallée, Burns and Allen, Cab Calloway, and Baby Rose Marie. The songs are by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger. Eddie Sutherland directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's elaborately loaded courtroom drama, full of hocus-pocus and clarion calls to justice, with an impressively expensive all-star cast (Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, and so on). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums (1966)—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the pokey side. Robert Hamer directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting July 16.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 15.)

Lions Love (1969)—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong on matters of substance. In this, her first feature made in America, Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. It all looks very pretty, but the inanity becomes overpowering. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 16.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 14-15.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—From their titles, it's hard to tell the W. C. Fields movies apart; as John Mosher observed, "Fields is Fields, a rose is a rose." For the record, in this one Fields is Ambrose Wolfinger, and he and his daughter (Mary Brian) are the defenseless victims of his new wife (Kathleen Howard) and her sponging relatives (the worst is Grady Sutton). (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255. . . . ¶ Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through July 11. . . . ¶ Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting July 12.)

Moby Dick (1956)—Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—was a most unfortunate choice for Ahab; Richard Basehart's Ishmael and Orson Welles' Father Mapple provide some compensations. At times, John Huston's direction seems surprisingly perfunctory for a task of such magnitude, but even an erratic version of "Moby Dick" is more exciting than most movies. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 12.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drooly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 14.)

Nothing but the Best (1964)—At the start, a bitchy comedy about a social climber (Alan Bates) and the fallen aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) who trains him in British social graces. When it turns serious and melodramatic, it loses all its charm. Clive Donner directed, from Frederic Raphael's script. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 15.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 9-15.)

The Out-of-Towners—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Paint Your Wagon (1969)—It could be a whole lot better, but in its own graceless, butch-humor way this big musical, set during the Gold Rush, is relatively inoffensive. With Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood. Joshua Logan directed. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through July 14.)

The Passion of Anna—A wonderful new piece of work by Ingmar Bergman, even better than "Persona." Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reënactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are at the top of their power. In Swedish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323; through July 14.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

Petulia (1968)—Directed by Richard Lester, with Julie Christie and George C. Scott as swinging moderns pretending to feel no pain at all. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 15.)

The Pink Panther (1964)—There are some first-rate slapstick sequences in Blake Edwards' derivative but entertaining comedy, with Peter Sellers, David Niven, and Capucine. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Reivers—Tall tales and affectionate Southern

Americana out of Faulkner. With Steve McQueen and Rupert Crosse. Too "beguiling" at times, but awfully pleasant. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting July 15.)

The Sicilian Clan—Henri Verneuil's efficient thriller, which has flashes of humorous bile that are a little like Hitchcock's. Jean Gabin, Alain Delon. (In French at the Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through July 14. . . . ¶ In English at the Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 14.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Yarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; July 14-15.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable imposes a mood on the viewer and remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Strawberry Statement—An aimless student with a good heart is somehow driven to the barricades; it is not exactly clear how, but music, scenery, and dashing camerawork are used to make it seem like a fine thing to happen. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here—Writer-director Abraham Polonsky sets out to demonstrate that we are a nation with corrupted instincts. With Robert Blake as the Indian, Willie, being chased by sheriff Robert Redford, and everyone coming to a bad end. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 14.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 8.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, a poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 9-15.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of last summer's Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—How Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting July 15.)

Note—Kenneth Clark's thirteen films on art, generally headed "Civilisation," will be shown (free) at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium of the Loeb Student Center (Washington Sq. S and LaGuardia Pl.) on the following schedule: "Romance and Reality," July 8 at noon, 3, 6, and 9. . . . ¶ "Man—The Measure of all Things" and "The Hero as Artist," July 14 at noon, 3, 6, and 9.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 14: **MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S** (in French).
From July 15: **Z** (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Censorship in Denmark: A New Approach," a documentary film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
THE CIRCUS (silent); and **THE GOLD RUSH**.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through July 14: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French); and "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."
From July 15: **THE REIVERS**; and "A Man Called Horse," Richard Harris, Judith Anderson.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 14: "Watermelon Man," Godfrey Cambridge, Estelle Parsons.
From July 15: "Joe," Peter Boyle.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
M*A*S*H.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CATCH-22.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Rider on the Rain" (in French), Charles Bronson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 11: **M*A*S*H.**
From July 12: "Hello-Goodbye," Michael Crawford.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 12: "The Landlord," Beau Bridges, Lee Grant.
From July 12: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx," Gene Wilder.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Zodiac Couples."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Getting Straight," Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," Liza Minnelli.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy," Joanna Shimkus, Franco Nero.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Myra Breckinridge," Mae West, John Huston, Raquel Welch.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 14: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From July 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 14: **PAINT YOUR WAGON.**
From July 15: **Z** (in French).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
PATTON.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Kelly's Heroes," Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," Barbra Streisand, Yves Montand.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"They Call Me Mister Tibbs," Sidney Poitier, Barbara McNair.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 14: **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS**; and **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From July 15: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA STRADA (in Italian); and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 14: **THE SICILIAN CLAN** (in French).
From July 15: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through July 13: "Brand X," Taylor Mead, Sally Kirkland.
July 14-15: **THE MAGICIAN** and **SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT** (both in Swedish).
From July 16: **CITIZEN KANE**; and **THE LADY VANISHES.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine, Clint Eastwood.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Beneath the Planet of the Apes," James Franciscus, Kim Hunter.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE OUT-OF-TOWNERS.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Boatniks," Robert Morse, Stefanie Powers.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 14: **THE PASSION OF ANNA** (in Swedish).
From July 15: "The Revolutionary," Jon Voight.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 11: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls," a Russ Meyer film.
From July 12: **M*A*S*H.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Dreamer" (in Hebrew).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 16 (tentative): "Horoscope," a Yugoslav film.

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
CATCH-22.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through July 14: **COTTON COMES TO HARLEM.**
From July 15: "The Hawaiians," Charlton Heston, Geraldine Chaplin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 14: **THE SICILIAN CLAN.**
From July 15: To be announced.

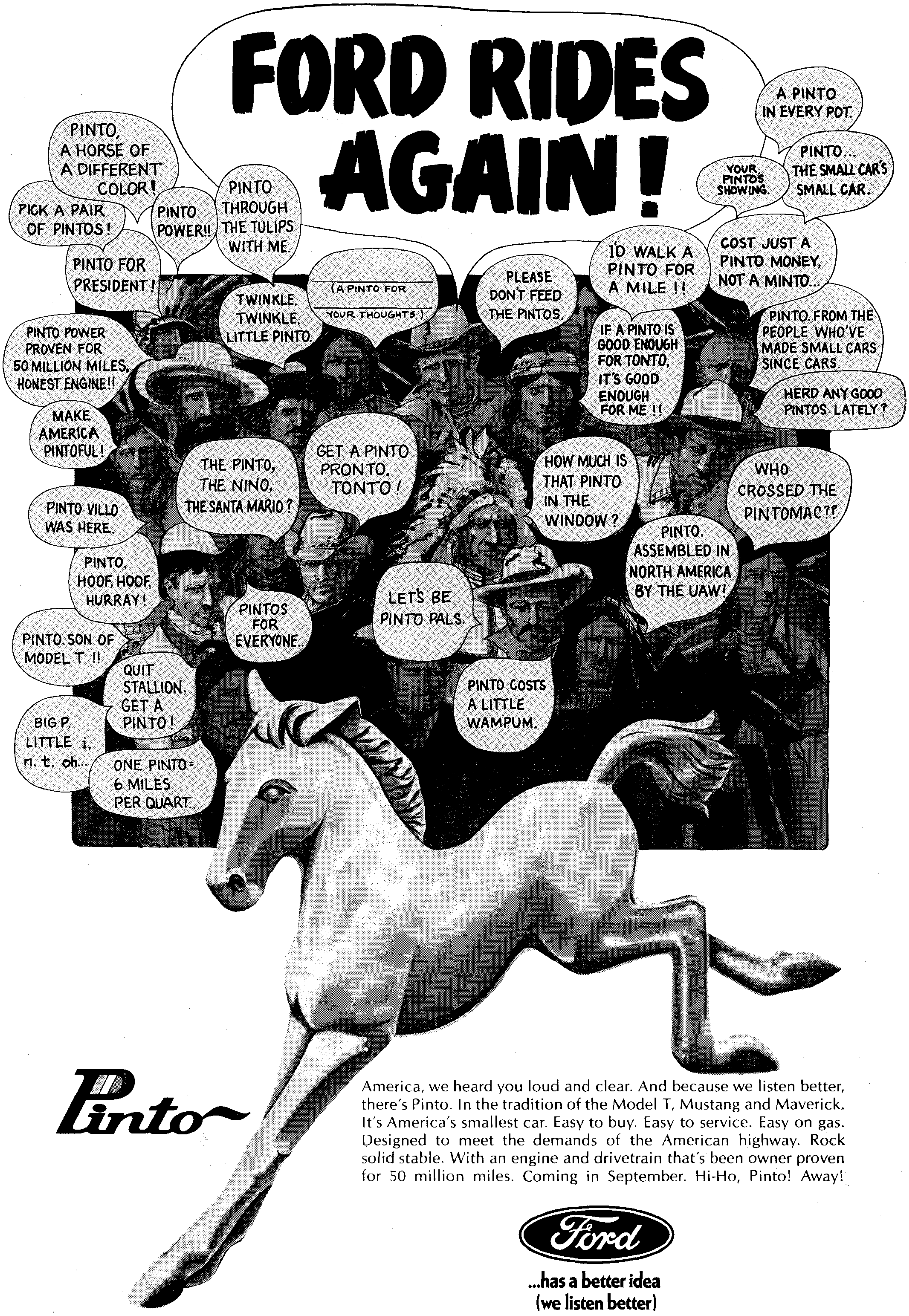
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE; and "Otley" (1969), Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 8: **TONI** and **A DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (both in French).
July 9-15: **ON THE WATERFRONT**; and **THE WILD ONE.**
From July 16: **LIONS LOVE**; and **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 14: **THE DAMNED**; and "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), George Segal, Jack Warden.
From July 15: **THE LION IN WINTER**; and **PETULIA.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 8: "St Matthew Passion" (1952), Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English) by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists, plus "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (1951; in German).
July 9: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.**
July 10: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian); and "Murder Czech Style" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.
July 11: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**; and **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE.**
July 12: **MOBY DICK**; and **ANIMAL FARM.**
July 13: **KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS**; and **THE PINK PANTHER.**
July 14: **ECLIPSE** and **VARIETY LIGHTS** (both in Italian).
July 15: **THE BIRTHDAY PARTY**; and **NOTHING BUT THE BEST.**
July 16: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals); and "The Eternal Mask" (1937; in German).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 14: **THE SICILIAN CLAN.**
From July 15: **Z** (in French).


FORD RIDES AGAIN!
PINTO, A HORSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOR!
PICK A PAIR OF PINTOS!
PINTO POWER!!
PINTO THROUGH THE TULIPS WITH ME.
A PINTO IN EVERY POT.
YOUR PINTOS SHOWING.
PINTO... THE SMALL CAR'S SMALL CAR.
PINTO FOR PRESIDENT!
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE PINTO.
(A PINTO FOR YOUR THOUGHTS.)
PLEASE DON'T FEED THE PINTOS.
I'D WALK A PINTO FOR A MILE!!
COST JUST A PINTO MONEY, NOT A MINTO...
PINTO POWER PROVEN FOR 50 MILLION MILES. HONEST ENGINE!!
IF A PINTO IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR TONTO, IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!!
PINTO. FROM THE PEOPLE WHO'VE MADE SMALL CARS SINCE CARS.
HERD ANY GOOD PINTOS LATELY?
MAKE AMERICA PINTOFUL!
THE PINTO, THE NINO, THE SANTA MARIO?
GET A PINTO PRONTO, TONTO!
HOW MUCH IS THAT PINTO IN THE WINDOW?
WHO CROSSED THE PINTOMAC?!
PINTO VILLO WAS HERE.
PINTO, ASSEMBLED IN NORTH AMERICA BY THE UAW!
PINTO, HOOF, HOOF, HURRAY!
PINTOS FOR EVERYONE..
LET'S BE PINTO PALS.
PINTO. SON OF MODEL T!!
QUIT STALLION, GET A PINTO!
PINTO COSTS A LITTLE WAMPUM.
BIG P, LITTLE i, n, t, oh...
ONE PINTO = 6 MILES PER QUART..
Pinto

America, we heard you loud and clear. And because we listen better, there's Pinto. In the tradition of the Model T, Mustang and Maverick. It's America's smallest car. Easy to buy. Easy to service. Easy on gas. Designed to meet the demands of the American highway. Rock solid stable. With an engine and drivetrain that's been owner proven for 50 million miles. Coming in September. Hi-Ho, Pinto! Away!

Ford

...has a better idea
(we listen better)

We made obsc

XEROX IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF XEROX CORPORATION.

lescence obsolete.

The trick is not to leave well enough alone.

We don't plunk a Xerox copier or duplicator down in your office, and forget it.

We're forever going back to your office to update our machines. Changing something or other inside. On one model alone we've made *130 improvements* like this already.

So a Xerox machine doesn't get obsolete on the job—it only gets newer.

You don't pay a penny extra for this, either.

It's all part of your rental agreement with us. Along with a 15-day cancellation clause, which helps us outwit obsolescence another way.

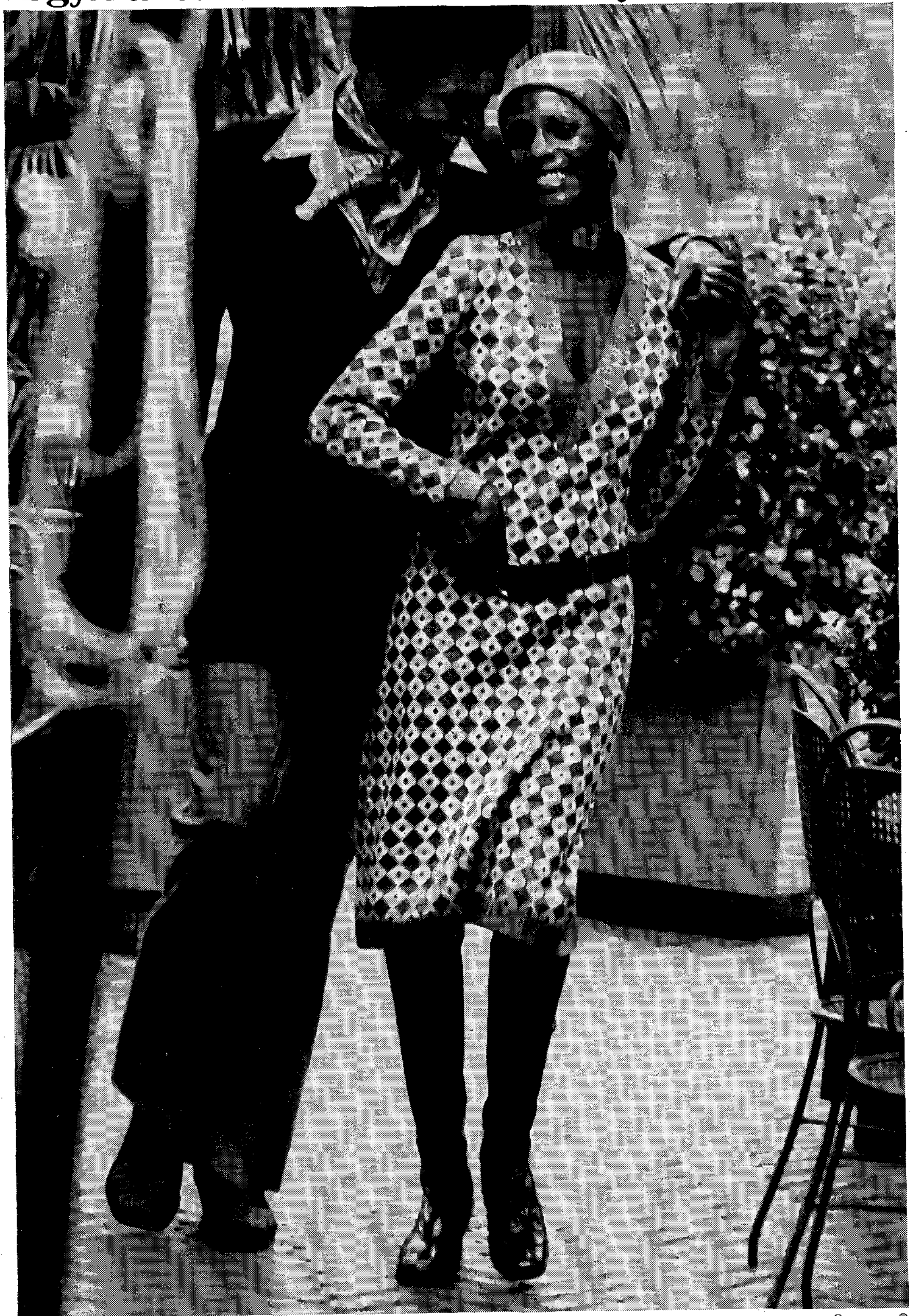
Suppose something about your operation changes. And pretty soon the Xerox machine you have doesn't square with your needs as neatly as another one might.

The cancellation clause lets you make a switch easily—to whichever of our 20 different machines you want.

If there's some other Xerox model that's better than yours, it's yours.

XEROX

Argyle about town in a Celara Knit by Chuck Howard



Celanese® Celara®

Chuck Howard Boutique does the longuette sweater look in depth. It is a Celara Knit of Celanese Acetate from Buddy Fabrics. Rust with creme. 4-14. About $75. At Lord & Taylor, New York; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indiana; I. Magnin, West Coast; Bettes, Dallas.

CELANESE ACETATE
A Celanese fashion fiber in tested fabrics

THE NEW YORKER

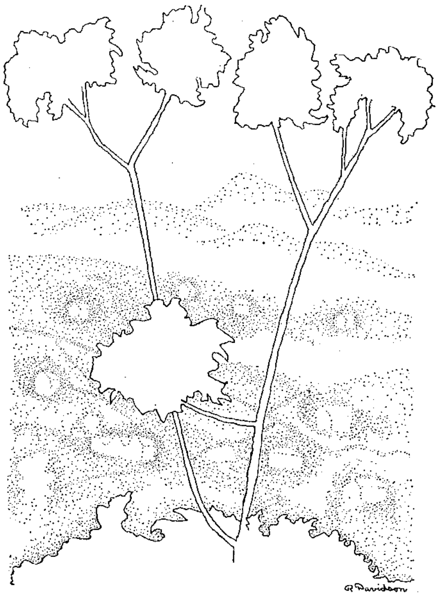
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT keeps coming at us in the program breaks on television—a spot showing black and white children playing joyously and soundlessly together in schoolyards and parks, with, for audio, a sweet voice echoing some old Rodgers and Hammerstein sentiments:

> You've got to be taught to hate
> and fear.
> You've got to be taught from
> year to year.
> It's got to be drummed in your dear
> little ear.
> You've got to be carefully taught.

It is a message from the New York City Commission on Human Rights, out of "South Pacific." The pictures are charming, the melody is engaging, the thought—we suppose—is hopeful. One wonders, though, whether it is helpful—or, more bluntly, whether the words are, or ever were, true. Granted that bigots are certainly made, not born, our experience has been that it takes very little—sometimes almost nothing—in the way of instruction to produce hate and fear in human beings, young or old. All that it seems to take, as a rule, is a perception of human differences, of otherness, and this is particularly true when the otherness has some physical manifestation, or, as they say nowadays, "visibility." A number of years ago, a friend of ours took his very young daughter, who had been brought up in the country and had seen few people except her parents—then quite young themselves—and her brother and sister, to her first restaurant. After a while, there entered the room a man without a single hair on his formidable head. With terror in her eyes, the child said, "Daddy, why has that man got skin all over his head?" Our friend tried to explain baldness calmly to one who had grown up in a world in which hair was as much a part of the human condition as the head itself. It was not easy. The fear and terror remained—at least until her dear little ear had taken quite a drumming. It can be said, of course, that in a great metropolis people with differing physical characteristics see each other all the time, from childhood on, and that they must therefore be beyond what might be called the shock of non-recognition. The child in question outgrew her fear of baldness (it became commoner around the house as the years went on), visited the city often, and travelled in several parts of the world, yet even in her early teens she was able to believe that there was some profound moral difference between the students in the high school she attended and those in a very similar one seven or eight miles away. To her, for a while, there was no question but that all the basketball players from the other school were cheaters and dirty players, while those in her school were Galahads without exception. Nonsense, her parents said, explaining (teaching) that they all came from similar backgrounds, that the two communities shared the same, not very high morality. In time, she learned, and she is now a passionate non-hater. But she had to be carefully taught *not* to hate and fear.



Candy Butcher

—butcher. An old-fashioned, almost obsolete suffix word = *vendor*, probably from circus vendors; especially one who hawks or sells food or drink in the street or at sporting events (*beer butcher, candy butcher, coffee butcher, "Coke" butcher, paper* (newspaper) *butcher . . . —Dictionary of American Slang.*

WHEN we learned from a railroad buff of our acquaintance about a seventy-six-year-old man, named Samuel Jacobs, who first sold candy on trains in 1911 and is now one of the five remaining candy butchers on the Penn Central trains, we made arrangements to accompany him on his rounds. Mr. Jacobs, a small, spare man with gray-blue eyes and gray-black hair, met us in Grand Central Terminal one recent Wednesday at 4:50 P.M.; ten minutes later we pulled out with him on the Merchants Limited, the Boston-bound train, whose first stop is New Haven. Mr. Jacobs was wearing street clothes, a black leather apron, and a cap with "Union News Company" stitched on it in red (since the cap was manufactured, Mr. J.'s employers have changed their name to Ancorp National Services, Inc.), and he carried his stock-in-trade in a wicker basket.

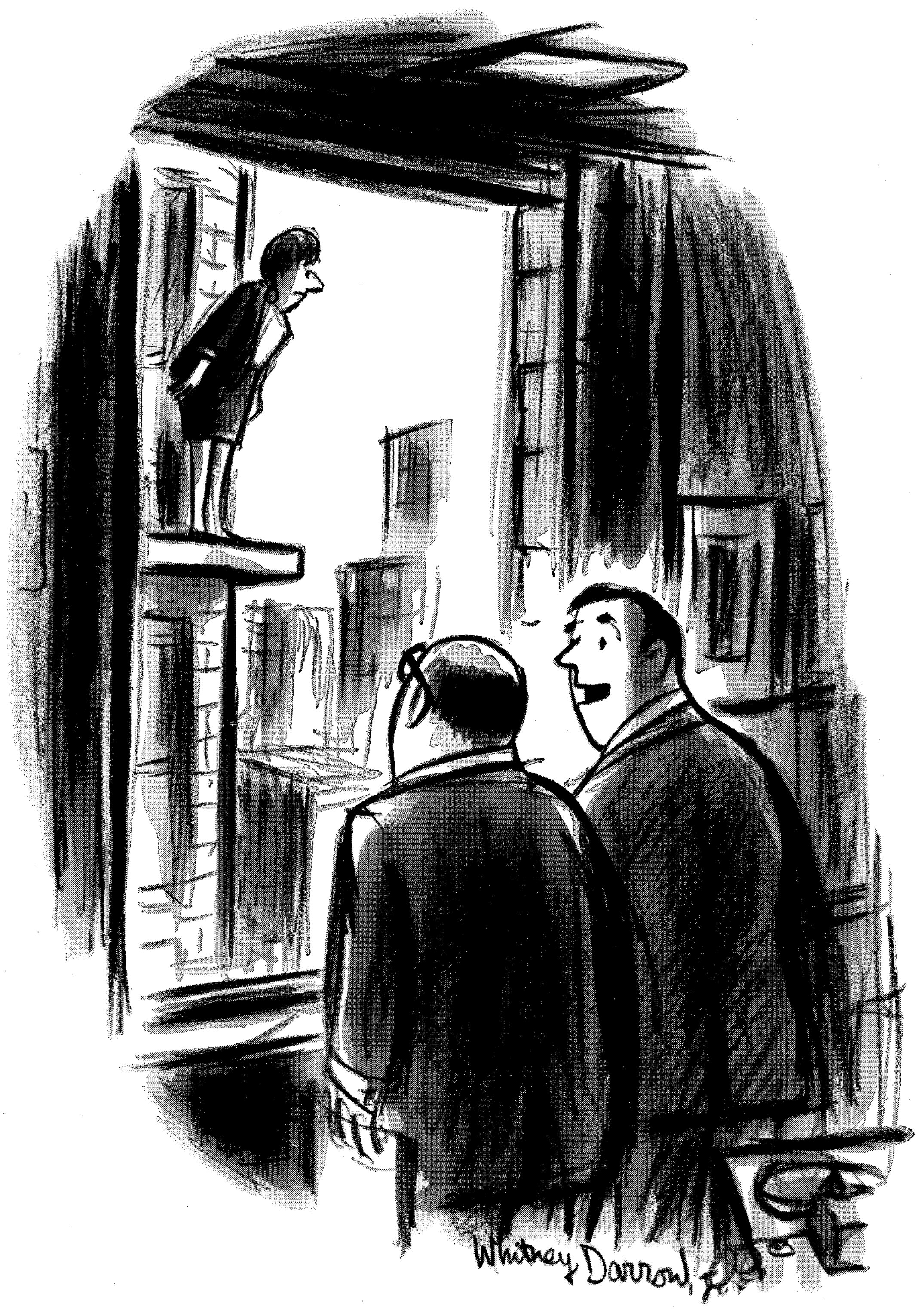
Soon after the train—four coaches, a diner, and two parlor cars—got under way, Mr. Jacobs started through it, calling out, in a New York accent, "Candy bars here! Chocolate bars! Cashew nuts! Salted peanuts!"—or some variation thereof—three or four times per car. Despite inflation, every seat in the two parlor cars was occupied, but it wasn't a candy-buying crowd. "In the old days, we weren't allowed to announce our wares in the parlor cars," Mr. Jacobs told us between selling a package of cigarettes (sixty cents) to an elderly man and selling a box of Junior Mints (forty cents) to a plump woman. The dining car was almost empty, and Mr. Jacobs sold only one magazine there before proceeding to the coaches, which were about two-thirds full. He sold six or eight items in each of the four coaches—a pack of Juicy Fruit gum (fifteen cents) here, a large Hershey bar (thirty-five cents) there. Mr. Jacobs makes a round trip between New York and New Haven six evenings a week; a number of regular passengers greeted him as Sam, and he exchanged small talk with them. Most customers simply selected what they wanted and paid for it silently, whereupon Mr. Jacobs said "Thank you" and continued on his way. ("I'm never grouchy," he told us.) His selling expedition lasted fifteen minutes and grossed seven dollars and fifty cents.

"The great days for me and the railroad are gone forever," Mr. Jacobs said as we sat down with him in a pair of empty seats in the last coach. "Now there are only eight trains a day to Boston. Twenty-five years ago, there were more than twice that many. In the nineteen-forties, there was a train called the Narragansett, which was supposed to leave New York for Boston at twelve-forty-five in the morning, but they sent it out in sections as they filled it up. On Sunday nights, the first fifteen-coach section left at ten-thirty in the evening. There'd be about a dozen sections altogether. The trains were jam-packed in those days. Now we often have fewer people sitting in the coaches than we had standing in the vestibules in the old days. It used to take me forty-five minutes to get through a coach, and sometimes the aisle was so crowded I never could get through. The best customers were the servicemen, who'd be travelling from Army camps like Devens and Edwards, in Massachusetts, to New York on week-end furloughs. Young people are free spenders, and those boys had eyes bigger than their stomachs. They'd rather buy twice as much candy as they could eat and leave it on their seats than risk running short. Besides the servicemen stationed all over New England, we also had college students on the trains during the school year, and, in the summertime, people going to the Cape for a holiday and kids bound for camp. Nowadays, everyone's riding planes, cars, or buses. The older people who still take trains don't indulge in candy. I carry forty dollars' worth of goods in my basket, and I also have a spare box, which holds a hundred dollars' worth, on the train with me, but unless something unusual happens I don't sell out. Middle-aged people—they've had a bad day at the office, their stocks have gone down, and they don't buy unless a bridge is up and the train is delayed an hour. Then they get nervous and I sell a lot. But it happens very seldom."

One of a pair of gin players seated across the aisle from us—a young clothing man, we learned later, who lived in New Haven and worked in New York—had been half listening to Mr. Jacobs, and now he said, "It's been all downhill with the railroad for years, Sam." Mr. Jacobs replied that that was perhaps true for the last two decades, but that if the young man had ridden trains sixty years ago he wouldn't think so. Mr. Jacobs went on to say that he was born in Minsk, immigrated to this country at the age of six, and left school, on the lower East Side, in 1907, when he was thirteen, to go to work. As a boy, he held a variety of jobs—delivering newspapers, selling sporting goods, and, on and off between 1911 and 1918, selling candy on trains. (Thomas Alva Edison, the most famous candy butcher of them all, was an even earlier school dropout; he was selling candy on the Grand Trunk Railway, in Michigan, at the age of twelve.) "The trains before the First World War weren't so comfortable," Mr. Jacobs informed the gin player. "They were slower and bumpier than you could imagine. They were lighted by gas lamps, and, of course, they burned coal. The spaces between cars weren't enclosed, and when I walked from one car to the next a hot cinder would often hit me in the neck, and that really hurt." In 1918, Mr. Jacobs enlisted in the Navy, and he served for two years on the U.S.S. Leviathan—two years that he recalls as "the best time of my life." When they were over, he sold papers at two out-of-town-newspaper stands in mid-Manhattan for some fifteen years. He preferred that line of work, but the stands folded—casualties of the Depression—and in 1936 he went back to candy-butchering. He has been at it ever since.

As Mr. Jacobs remembers it, not very many changes had occurred during his eighteen years away from the railroad. Within the next few years, however, the railroads began to get modern equipment—diesel engines, stainless-steel cars, reclining seats, and so on—and the best trains were making the Boston-New York run in four hours. The nineteen-forties were the golden years, and Mr. Jacobs fondly remembers the passenger amenities (a porter in every coach car, for instance), the adherence to the timetable, the uniforms with which news agents (as candy butchers are officially known) were supplied, the candy-buying servicemen, the hard work but concomitant good money ("During the Depression, people stopped buying the dollar-a-pound boxes of chocolates, but I could sell all the ten-cent candy bars I could carry"). But train service, train promptness, the number of passengers carried, and Mr. Jacobs' business had all taken a downhill turn in the mid-nineteen-fifties, just as the young man had suggested. In a recent attempt to placate passengers who were disgruntled by the fact that the Boston-New York train was so often late, the timetable was changed, Mr. Jacobs reminded us; the run is now pegged at four hours and fifteen minutes instead of four hours.

A few minutes before we reached New Haven, Mr. Jacobs went through the train a second time, grossing another seven-fifty. The train pulled into New Haven at 6:50 P.M.—ten minutes late—and we disembarked with Mr. Jacobs. He had something to eat, and afterward played cards in the conductors' room in the station for a while. Then he walked through the Patriot, a Washington-Boston train, when it stopped in New Haven between 7:34 and 7:40; he sold six dollars' worth of candy, gum, cigarettes, and magazines. At 7:53, we boarded the Boston-to-New York Merchants Limited with him. There were no more than a hundred people on the train, and Mr. Jacobs, on his two trips through it, sold a total of five dollars' worth of merchandise. Of the evening's twenty-six-dollar gross, he would keep only his commission—thirty per cent, or seven-eighty. "We've never been unionized, so we don't get salaries or paid vacations," Mr. Jacobs said not long before we pulled into Grand Central, at 9:50 P.M.—again ten minutes late. "The only profitable nights now are Fridays and Sundays, when I sell about a hundred dollars per night. I'm lucky. I get Social Security now, and my wife and I live with our married daughter on Long Island, so we don't need much. I wouldn't know what to do with myself at home. I like to see and talk to people. Many years ago, twenty-five of us worked the trains. Now we're down to five, and one of the five is in the hospital. It's only a matter of time."



"I didn't realize Akerman, Burbee & Smith had women in key jobs."

• •

Parade

ON June 29, 1969, city police raided the Stonewall Inn, a well-known gay bar on Christopher Street, in Greenwich Village. A gay bar is a bar frequented by homosexuals. The Stonewall was raided for alleged violations of the liquor laws, and, as is the custom, the place was cleared and many of the customers as well as the employees of the bar were arrested. For the first time in a raid on such a bar, however, the patrons did not go quietly but fought back—and fought back against both the police and the bar itself. Homosexuals in New York have for a long time been harassed by policemen and exploited by bar owners. The Sunday before last, in commemoration of the events of a year ago, ten thousand homosexuals paraded from the Village, up Sixth Avenue, to the Sheep Meadow, in Central Park.

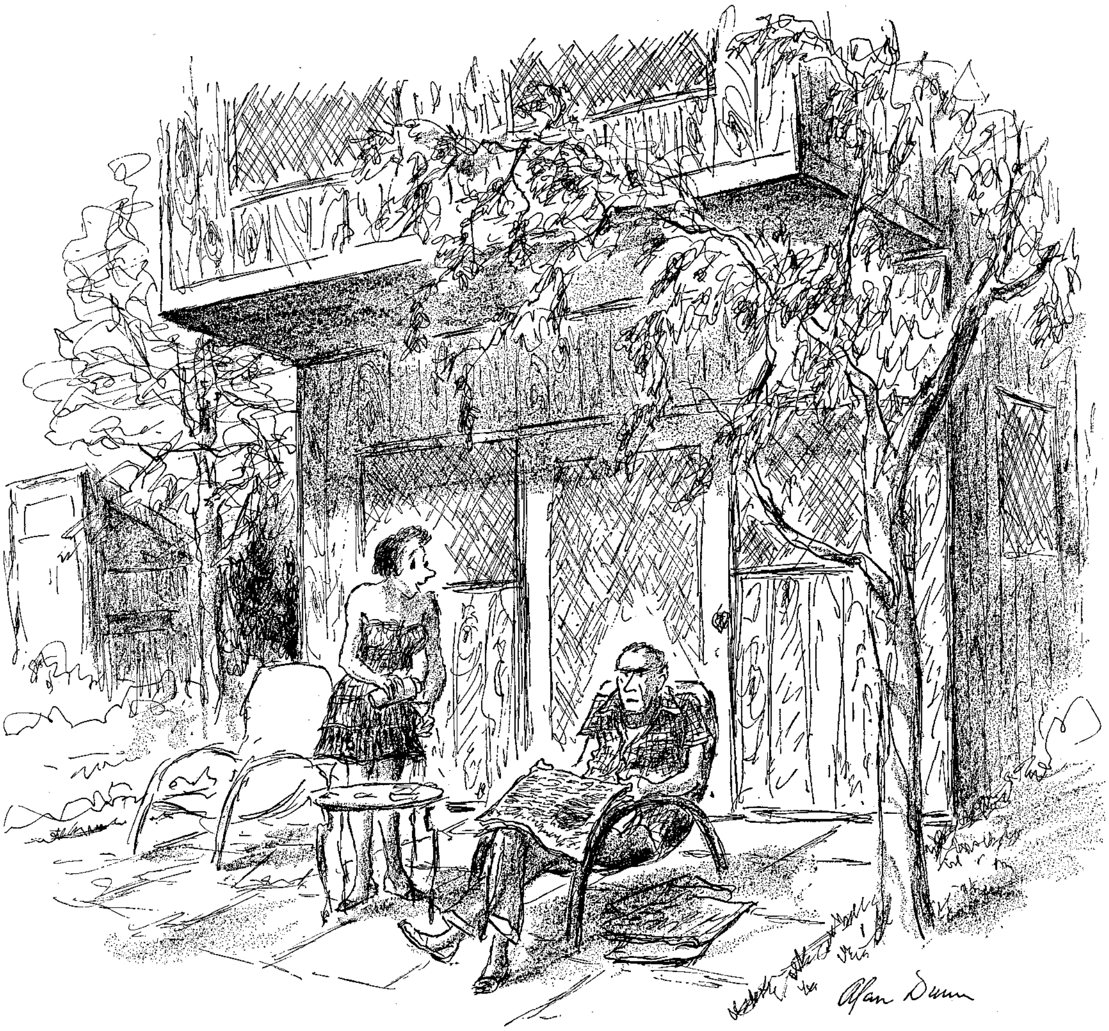
The parade was organized by the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee, and it began at two in the afternoon from a staging area on Washington Place, just off Sixth. Half an hour before the parade, a good-sized crowd had gathered and was ready to march. The crowd was mostly young, but not entirely, and it consisted of both young men and young women. Parade marshals, from the Christopher Street Liberation Day Committee, were standing around wearing orange armbands. They handed out flyers that said, "Welcome to the first-anniversary celebration of the Gay Liberation movement. We are united today to affirm our pride, our life-style, and our commitment to each other." A number of policemen were also standing around, looking benevolent and keeping an eye on things. Many of the marchers were carrying banners that identified them as members of homosexual organizations, like the Gay Liberation Front, the Mattachine Society, and the Gay Activists Alliance. The symbol of the G.A.A. is a lambda, which physicists use as a symbol for wavelength, and many of the kids were wearing purple T-shirts with yellow lambdas on them.

Most of the marchers chatted in anticipatory tones, and a few reporters went among them looking for interviews. One approached two boys standing together and asked them the question that reporters always ask: "How do you feel?"

One of the boys said, "I feel proud."

At the head of the parade, one boy stood carrying the American flag. Near him stood a man talking to another man. "Homosexuals are very silly," said the first man. "They congregate in certain areas and then spend all their time walking up and down the street ignoring each other."

There were various banners. One girl had a Frisbee in one hand and, in the other, a sign that said "Homosexual Is Not a Four-Letter Word." Another



"Don't worry. I hear Nixon is going to appoint a commission to defuse all problems before they become critical."

• •

sign said "Latent Homosexuals Unite!" and a third said simply "Hi, Mom!" A dachshund had strapped to its back a sign that said "Me Too!"

At two, the parade moved out, up the left lane of Sixth Avenue, while the police cleared away the traffic and told motorists to keep moving. The marchers flashed V-signs at people on the sidewalks and began to chant "Say it loud! Gay is proud!" and "Two, four, six, eight! Gay is just as good as straight!" and "Out of the closets! Into the streets!" Some of the marchers held hands or linked arms. Some of the people on the sidewalks had cameras and took pictures of the paraders. In general, though, the onlookers displayed little emotion. Just south of Fourteenth Street, there was a man with an American flag and a hand-lettered sign that said:

SODOM
+
GOMORRA

Just south of Twenty-second Street, a girl leaned out of a second-floor window and tossed streamers of film in honor of the parade. She was cheered. On the lampposts were handbills that read:

NO PARKING
SUNDAY
PARADE
—POLICE DEPARTMENT

The parade was about five blocks long. Occasionally, the tag end began to lag, and when that happened, a cop in a prowl car that was following the march would yell, mildly, "All right, girls, let's close up the gap!" An eighteen-year-old boy from Long Island who was marching in the middle of the parade with his arms around two friends said, "I've been up since six-thirty. I was so excited I couldn't sleep. I wasn't going to come, but then I figured I'm gay and I might as well support my people. So here I is!" Sometimes the marchers addressed the onlookers. "Join us!" they called, and "Come on in, the water's fine!" They got a few grins for this, and once or twice somebody did step out from the crowd and join the parade. These people were roundly cheered by the marchers. Just south of Central Park, a well-dressed middle-aged woman on the sidewalk flashed the V-sign. A marcher, a young man with a mustache, shouted to a cop, also a young man with a mustache, "It isn't so bad, is it?" The cop shouted back, "No!"

As the parade entered the Park, a young marcher said, "Would you believe it! It looks like an invading army. It's a gay Woodstock. And after all those years I spent in psychotherapy!"

A friend of his laughed and said, "What will your shrink do without you? He's dependent on you for the payments on his car."

The first young man laughed, too, and said, "He's got a Cadillac by now!"

As the line of march reached the far end of the Sheep Meadow, the first marchers turned around and applauded the marchers behind them. They turned around in their turn, until the whole parade was applauding latecomers. One boy climbed on another's shoulders. A third boy looked on approvingly and said, "You've got the grooviest sign in the whole parade."

After a while, the paraders broke up into groups, and pretty soon they were mingling with the other occupants of the Sheep Meadow—picnickers, folk singers, kids playing with whiffleballs and baseballs and Spaldeens, and a man circulating petitions to save Central Park from encroachment by a subway tunnel. Some of the paraders started rapping with whoever felt like talking. A man from the Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C., was asked why he thought it necessary to announce the fact that he was gay. He said, "I see no reason either to announce it or hide it. Society is making it an issue, not me. Have you ever been through a federal investigation? Well, I have. They ask you intimate questions, and they hire you only if you pretend you're straight. Well, people are fed up with this and tired of pretending."

Free-Ka

A MELODIOUS new affront to the cause of metropolitan noise abatement has turned up here in the form of a corrugated plastic hose, an inch and a quarter in diameter and about a yard long, called Free-Ka, which produces an agreeable warbling howl when it is swung around in the air. We first heard its ululations the other evening at a street fair in the Village, where orange, green, and hot-pink Free-Kas were being sold by the hundred at two dollars apiece and the night was filled with flashing colors and burbling, amorphous music as children and older merrymakers whirled the tubes this way and that, enchanting themselves and dumfounding the dogs in the neighborhood. Wondering how such a simple instrument could pour out such cascades of notes, we made some inquiries on the spot, and the next day tracked down the inventor, Robert Rubenoff, to an office on East Thirty-fifth Street, which Mr. Rubenoff, a large-boned, restless man in his twenties, with moderately long hair, shares with a business associate, Allan Gradowitz, who is about the same age but is more managerially inclined. Mr. Rubenoff, who was wearing dark trousers and a nondescript blue shirt open at the neck, told us he was sure he had hold of the hottest thing since the hula hoop.

We asked him how it came about, and he said he just happened to think of it. "I see things in my head, and then I make them," he told us. "I know something about sound, and I know something about hoses. I was working with my father distributing kinkless rubber hoses—garden hose, radiator hose, marine hose—and one day I tore my pants on a turnbuckle on my brother-in-law's boat. The turnbuckle was on a shroud, and it occurred to me that it ought to have a protective shield, so I thought one up and marketed it myself. It was a plastic tube. Then I began to see other things that could be done with a plastic tube, and out came Free-Ka." He said he had experimented with tubes of various sizes and materials before he settled on the present one, which turns out notes in the harmonic series, with a C fundamental. They ascend in pitch as the tube is swung harder and harder. As far as Mr. Rubenoff knows, David Amram is the only person so far who has mastered the instrument to the point where he can play a tune on it. "Amram is writing a part for it in a composition he's doing for his jazz combo," Mr. Rubenoff said. "The basic principle, of course, is air being forced centrifugally through the tube and over the ridges of the corrugation. Just any old corrugated tube won't work, though. You can swing a vacuum hose or the hose from a hair dryer all day and you won't get much of anything. Also, the material has to be light and pliant, otherwise somebody would get hurt, with all the swinging. So the answer was plastic—polyethylene. I had three hundred tubes made up in the first batch, to see how they would go."

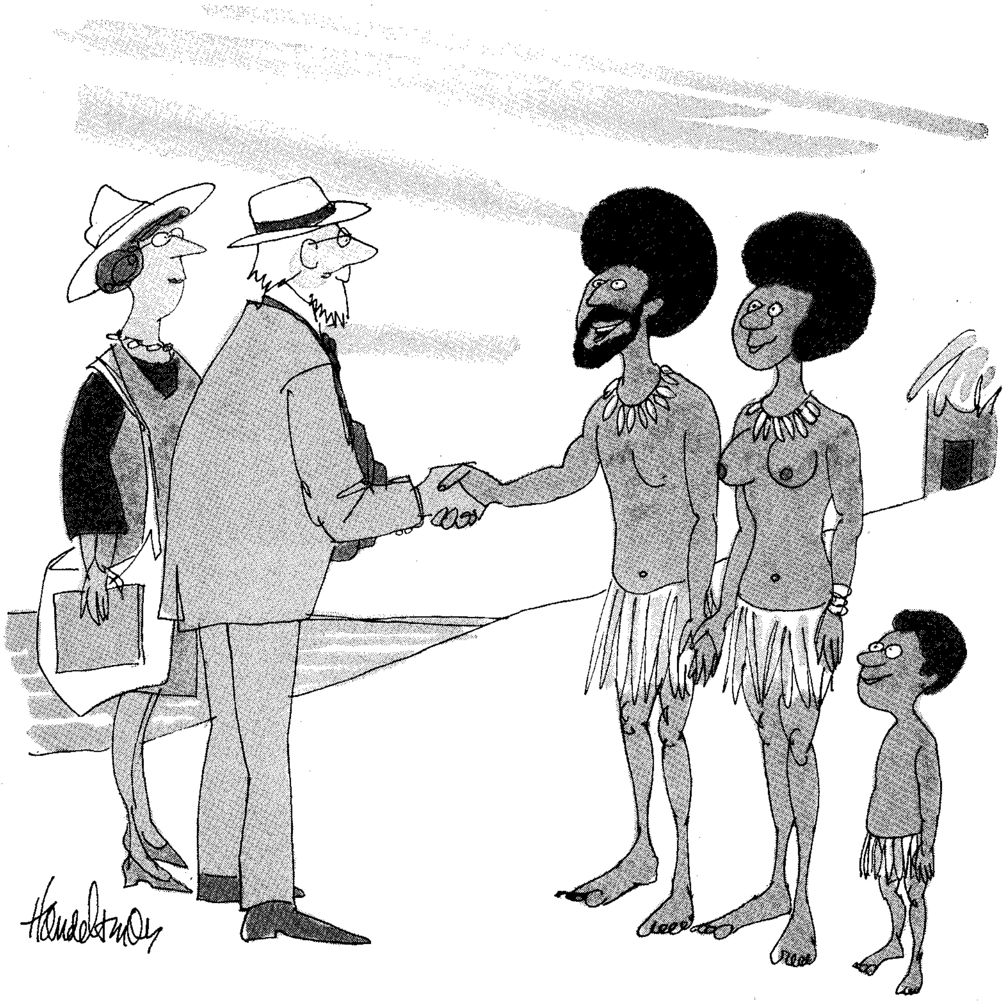
"They went fine," said Mr. Gradowitz, who is somewhat smaller than his partner, and was dressed in a subdued sports jacket, slacks, and a black turtleneck. "We're making them by the thousand now. Bob and I worked out the name Free-Ka together. It has many connotations—'freedom' and 'freak' and so on. We collected a bunch of our friends—about twenty-five of them—and we went up to Central Park and played the things in unison. In *harmony*. You should have heard it. We had a big crowd around us in no time. They all thought it was beautiful. They all wanted one."

"I've got a lot of other things in my head," said Mr. Rubenoff. "But we have to get this out of the way first."

"It's a *peaceful* toy," said Mr. Gradowitz. "It lets everybody do his own thing with it. I like to think of a huge Peace March with everybody carrying a Free-Ka and swinging it. Boy! Would that ever be heard!"

A Big Country

THE golden-anniversary celebration of the year of the first radio broadcast (crystal sets received it: the Harding-Cox election returns, on the night of November 2, 1920) was held last week in the form of the annual Consumer Electronics Show, at the Americana and Hilton Hotels, and we marched around them, along with twenty-five thousand retailers, distributors, and manufacturers of, mainly, radios, television sets, record-players, and tape recorders, trying to get an idea, through all the audio and video, of what's what. We noticed a lot of signs about pollution: "Sock Ear Pollution in the Eye," "Stamp Out Ear Pollution," "Stop Ear Pollution with Jensen—The Purest Sound in Speakers." Jensen had three items going simultaneously over fifteen (by our count) speakers: Doc Severinsen and his orchestra playing "When It's Sleepy Time Down South," anonymous strings playing



"You have no idea what a drag it is, living in this godforsaken place, waiting for anthropologists to turn up."

Brahms' Hungarian Dance No. 5, and percussion sounds on a record known as "Provocative Percussion, Vol. 4."

The digital-clock radio was a popular item. Almost every exhibitor featured it, each digital-clock radio about as streamlined and as handsome as the others. ("Stock prices closed mixed today. . . . Penn Central was down a half. Parke-Davis was up one-eighth. . . . And now the weather. It's eighty degrees and cloudy, with light showers.") There were a lot of Japanese companies represented, with Japanese men and women in attendance. One of the Japanese was a young man from Panasonic (Matsushita Electric Corporation of America), who wore a badge identifying him as F. Yamanaka. He motioned to us to come over and see Panasonic's talking-clock radio. It was on a white plastic pedestal and looked *very* streamlined and handsome. Mr. Yamanaka said, "This is the only talking clock in the world." We didn't doubt it. He touched the top of the clock, and it said, in a woman's voice, "Three-fifty-seven."

"Doesn't it disturb you at night?" we asked.

"No," Mr. Yamanaka said reproachfully. "You not put on light. You touch and hear time but not have to put on light. Very nice."

"Very nice," we said. "Who thinks these things up?"

"*We* do," Mr. Yamanaka said, and he gave a proud, loud, Japanese giggle.

There were a lot of television sets with brand names we had never heard of before: Craig (Los Angeles, California), Arvin (Columbus, Indiana), JVC America, Inc. (Maspeth, New York), Broadmoor (Broadmoor Industries, Ltd., Des Plaines, Illinois), Curtis Mathes (Dallas, Texas), Hitachi (Hitachi Sales Corporation of America, Long Island City), Midland (Midland International Corporation, Kansas City, Missouri), Viscount (Maspeth, New York). Craig had twelve color-television sets, with screens ranging in size from nine to eighteen inches, all tuned in on "The Secret Storm." On the screens, a good-looking man with a beard was shown talking on the telephone: "Amy, I'm going to drop by for a visit." Cut to middle-aged attractive woman with furtive, guilty manner, also on the telephone: "Oh! Oh! Do you think you *should*?" Cut to commercial: "I'm so grateful to Lipton Instant . . ." Cut to another commercial: "Phase Three. The mildest deodorant soap you can buy. It contains no alkali." Cut to the man with the beard again, this time in Amy's living room. He says to Amy, "This sneaking around makes me feel like a criminal." All times twelve.

A suite occupied by products and personnel of the Sansui Electric Company (Tokyo, Japan, and Woodside, New York) had a bar, administered by a Sansui man wearing a badge that identified him as Takano Hiroshi.

"Scotch? Gin? Vodka? 7-Up? Candy?" he asked us, grinning and holding out a large box of chocolates.

"Japanese candy?" we asked.

"Barton's," said Mr. Hiroshi. "You like some Barton's Nutty-Dutty? We have many candies for our customers."

We looked over the Sansui line. Beautiful. Sansui two-speed four-track stereo tape deck. Sansui AM/FM solid-state stereo tuner. Sansui AM/FM multiplex stereo tuner-amplifier. ("Four-o'clock news. The war in Indo-China last week took the lives of a hundred and four Americans.")

"Some Nutty-Dutty?" Mr. Hiroshi was asking us, grinning.

"Thanks," we said, and took some.

A display called Cartrivision had television sets tuned in on "Gomer Pyle," but with the sound off.

"We just keep this stuff on our sets when we're not demonstrating *our* stuff," said Mr. Samuel Gelfman, a streamlined and handsome Cartrivision executive with a bald head but with curly locks going from behind his ears to the edge of his shirt collar.

"What is Cartrivision?" we asked.

"One of the great instruments of social change—the greatest, I would say, since the printing press," Mr. Gelfman said. "Our set is a color-television set, but it's also a cartridge-television player. With this set, you can have your own cartridge library. You slip a cartridge in the slot, press the button, and watch up to two hours of your own choice of movie. A great football game. Anything you want. What's more, we've built in an off-the-air recorder to pick up shows when you're not at home. It doubles as a camera with a portable microphone. You can make your own movies and have instant replay. We'll sell the set for between eight and nine hundred dollars. Our cartridges—blank ones—from nine-ninety-eight for a fifteen-minute tape to twenty-four ninety-eight for a two-hour tape. The movie cartridges we'll rent. Three dollars for overnight. What's important is for the first time we're going to be able to provide what you *want* to see. You don't have to worry about sponsors anymore." "Gomer Pyle" was still going strong on the Cartrivision sets.

We asked Mr. Gelfman what he had to offer in the demonstration fare.

"A medley," he said. "A football game. A demonstration of facial care. Excerpts from 'Exodus.' "

We had seen all of "Exodus" on television last year, so we made for the JVC television sets, under the care of a solid-looking American gentleman named Gerald Orbach, who told us he was JVC's merchandise manager. "Meet Mr. Masuda, our president," Mr. Orbach said, introducing us to a solid-looking Japanese gentleman.

JVC had seventeen television sets going, and also a number of radios and record-players. "Gomer Pyle" was still being favored. The commercial: "Close-up dentifrice and mouthwash. Your breath close-up fresh. Your teeth close-up white . . ."

We asked Mr. Masuda why we had never seen his television sets in the shops.

"Merchandise manager answer," Mr. Masuda said, extending a hand, palm upward, in the direction of Mr. Orbach.

"We're just starting to penetrate the American market," Mr. Orbach said. "Our television sets happen to be rated highest in Japan, so we know we've got a good thing to offer."

At last, "Gomer Pyle" was over. On the seventeen screens of JVC's seventeen sets came "The Mike Douglas Show," with co-host Joan Rivers, looking blond and rather miserable. "Tell me," Mike Douglas asked her. "How did you and Edgar meet?"

We turned back to Mr. Orbach. "Is there enough of a buying public for all these different kinds of television sets?" we asked.

"This is a big country, with a tremendous electronics market," Mr. Orbach began, ushering us into a room with four spherical speakers, one in each corner, out of which came the sound of a baritone sax playing jazz.

"This is what they call total-environment sound!" Mr. Orbach shouted to us. "It's the newest thing!"

On our way out, we were pursued by sound ("Axion wins the real test of clean . . ."), and as we said goodbye to the Consumer Electronics Show, Carnegie Electronics, Inc. (Glendale, California), record-player speakers blinked psychedelic lights. "We *show* you how the music sounds!" a Carnegie man named William A. Briggs called after us.

Next year, the Consumer Electronics Show is going to be held in Chicago.

NEWSLETTER

BOARD MEETING:

THE last meeting of the Board on Wednesday, June 10th, ended with a general manifestation of mutual respect and Christian fellowship. Ralph Hammer, speaking for the Deacon's Committee, said that the Deacons had decided to withdraw their mass resignation of March 18th. Recent developments within the church, he said, had convinced the Committee that their action had been precipitous. He pointed out that although the Deacons did not mind turning their robing room over to the new Ecology Center, in view of the grave threat represented by the environment, they felt that other apportionments of space within the church had been, perhaps, precipitous. His examples were the discothèque and the Encounter Pool. However, he said the Deacons would bend to the will of the majority, in these instances. Ralph raised the question of the audit, noting that the accountants had refused to certify the last-quarter accounts because they were blurred. Something ought to be done about this, he felt. Bill Quantrill, representing the New Priorities Committee, thanked Ralph and all the other Deacons for their valuable work in the past and said that some provision would have to be made for them in the new scheme of things. This would be worked out, he said.

The question of the stolen mailing list was discussed. Elaine Berube said that there was no point in talking about who could have walked off with four drawers of Addressograph plates or for what purpose, and that the thing to do now was reëstablish contact with the membership. It was decided that everyone would be asked to call in their name, address, and telephone number, and that this issue of the Newsletter, containing that emergency request, should be placed prominently in the vestibule and in places in the community, such as laundromats. So please comply! Margaret Akin is in charge of reconstituting the list. She will be at 695-9445 between 2 and 4 P.M. daily for an indefinite period.

The Board voted, 19–2, to allow the Film Group to "fly" a screen in the altar area. To "fly" means to hang the screen so that it can be pulled down during a screening, and pulled up during regular services. There was some debate as to whether the screen, when in the pulled-up position, would be visible from the sanctuary. Chris Robeson, director of the Film Group, said just the bottom of it. The schedule of films for August was also announced (listed elsewhere in the Newsletter).

Three hundred and forty dollars was voted for a new set of drums. These will be purchased from G. Schirmer, Inc.

Helen Meadows pointed out that while consciousness-raising and radicalization have a place in the Sunday services, we must not forget continuity. When asked for examples of continuity, she suggested flowers regularly, with special attention to such special occasions as Palm Sunday and Easter. Pierre Spirot said that flowers were not of as much value as situational experiences.

Meeting adjourned at 4:35 P.M.

AUGUST FLICKS:

"GIZZARDS," with Tanya Fritz and Paul Capelle, August 8th, 8 P.M. "A Man and a Man" (Gregory Ratatouille), August 11th, 8 P.M. "I," with Berger Resthaus, August 15th, 8 P.M. "House of Chains," with Antonio Taxi, August 29th, 8 P.M.

KARATE CLASSES:

A NEW series of Karate Classes will begin on Monday, July 20th, under the direction of Patti-Lee Ivens, a Black Belt. They will be held in the Bell Tower.

BABA MAHEESH:

BABA MAHEESH, formerly Theodore Lily, Ph.D., will lecture on "Transcendental Meditation" Thursday, July 16th, at 8 P.M. His subtitle is "Improving Our Emotions." There will be a 50¢ contribution.

CENTERS:

THE Astrology-Telepathy Center, the Third World Center, the Dance Center, and the Center for the Study of Ecstasy have been discontinued. Their rooms will be assigned to new projects as new needs are felt.

REPAIRS:

THE contractor fixing things up after the fire reports that extensive water damage presents problems. The building is structurally sound, he said, and the load-bearing walls weakened by the explosion have been shored up. The work is running well ahead of estimates, he stated. The new Encounter Pool is already installed. It is, as previously noted here, big enough for eight. A schedule of hours for the Encounter Pool will be posted as soon as the water heater is connected.

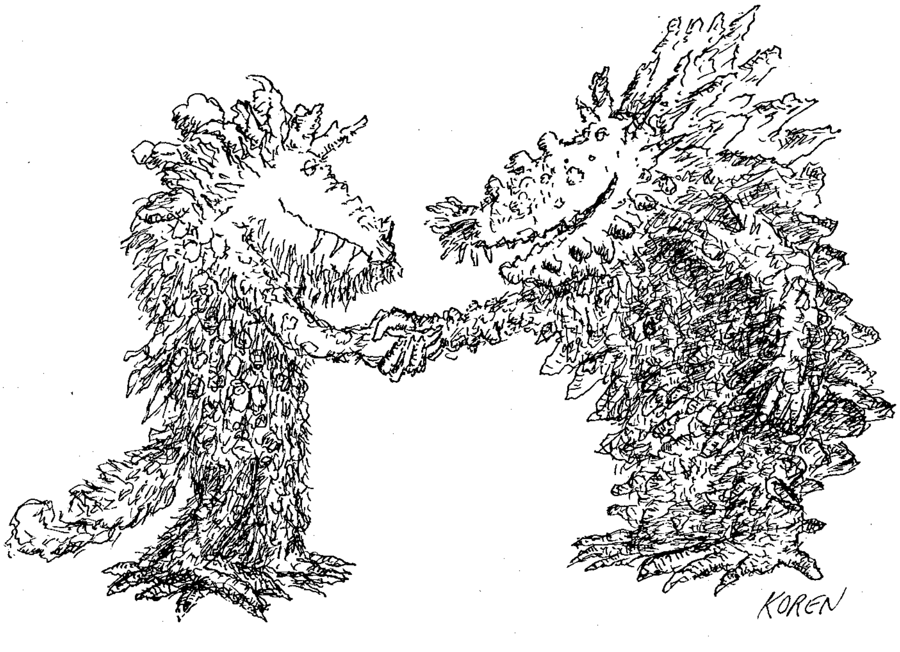
MINISTER:

OUR minister, Ripley Bligh, is continuing his leave of absence. He is back in town and looking for a small apartment in the neighborhood.

ORGAN:

ANYONE having any information as to the whereabouts of the organ, which has been missing from the choir loft since about May 1st, please contact Bill Quantrill. He promises no prosecution or recriminations of any kind and says that the organ is needed so that we can continue to go forward on an even keel in the spirit of love and Christian fellowship.

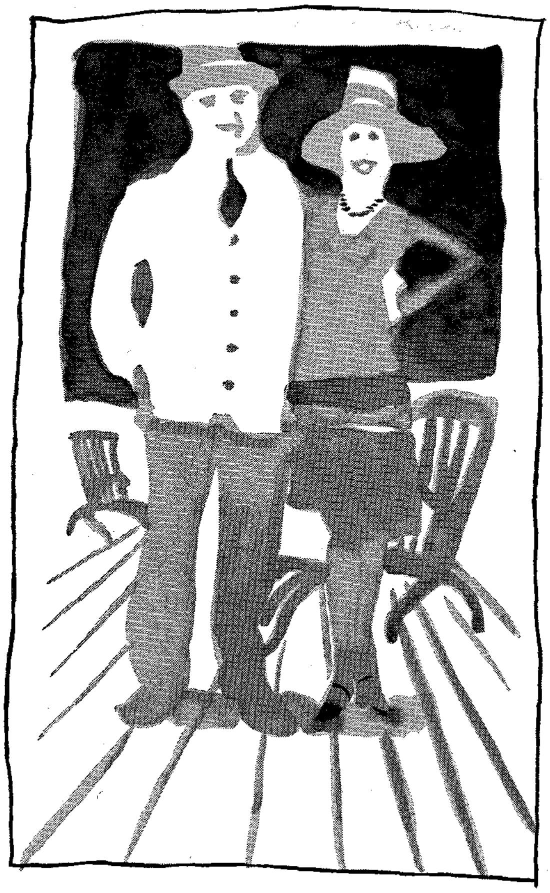
Peace! —DONALD BARTHELME



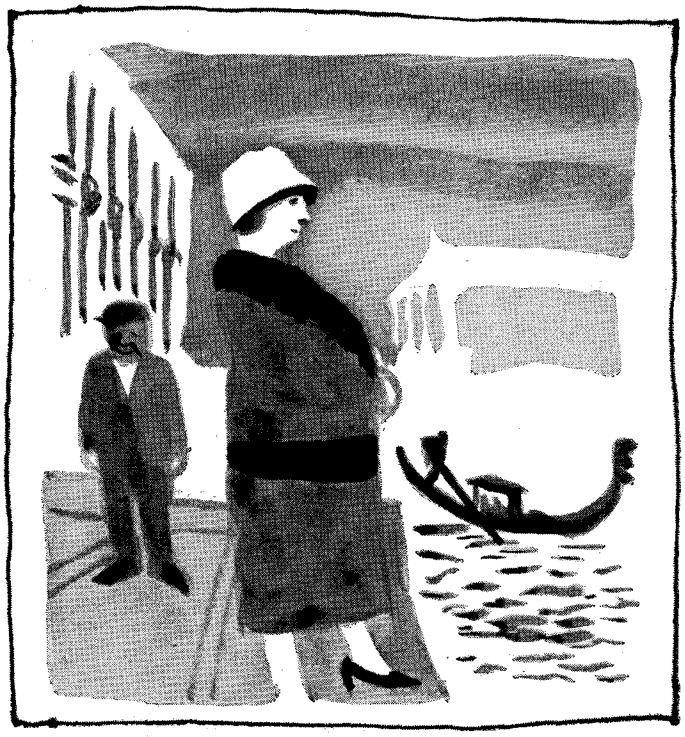
"Wonderful seeing you!"

ALBUM FROM THE ATTIC

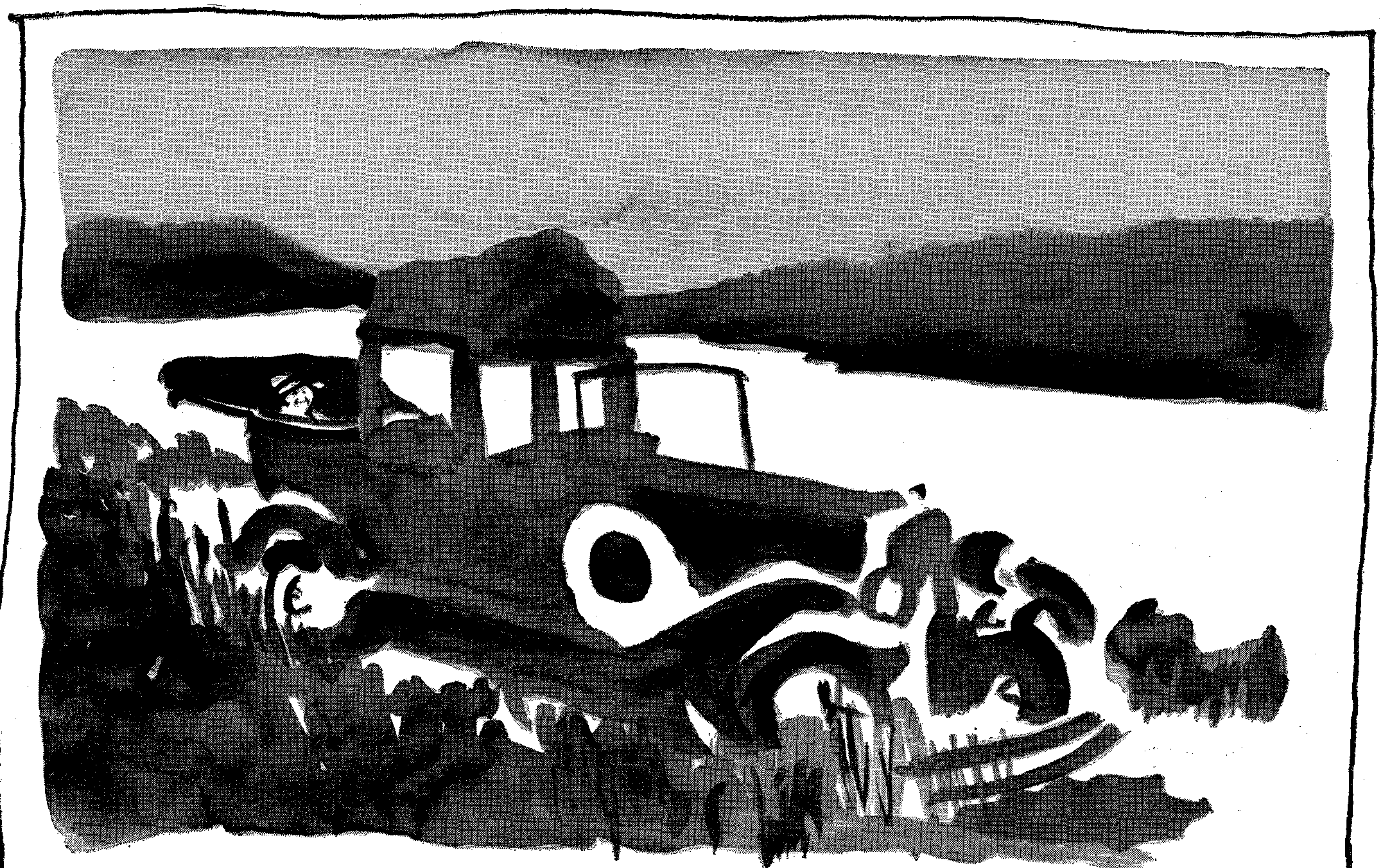
EUROPEAN TOUR, 1926



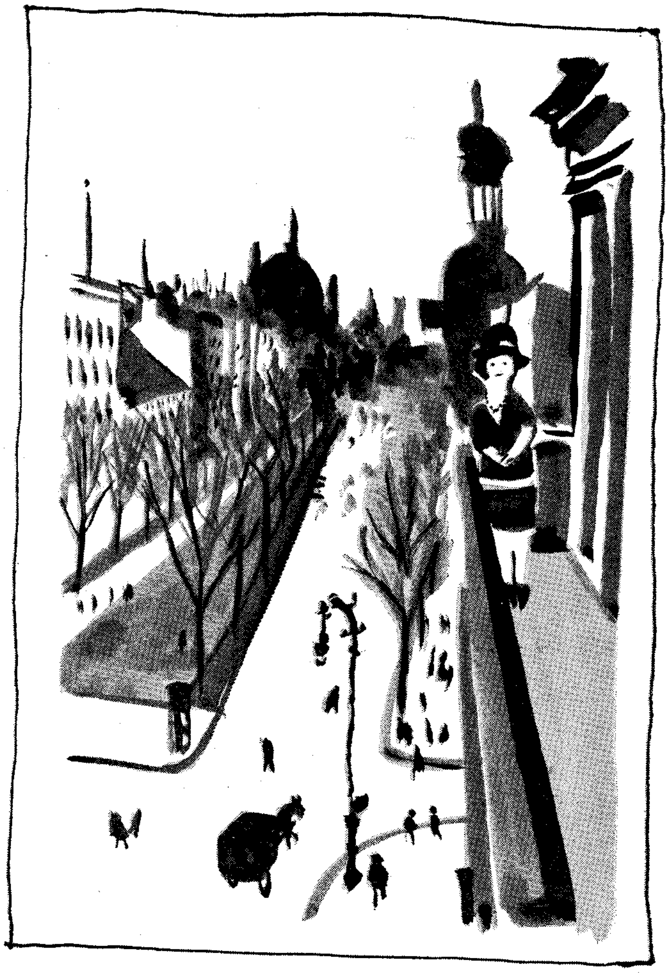
Aboard the Empress of Scotland



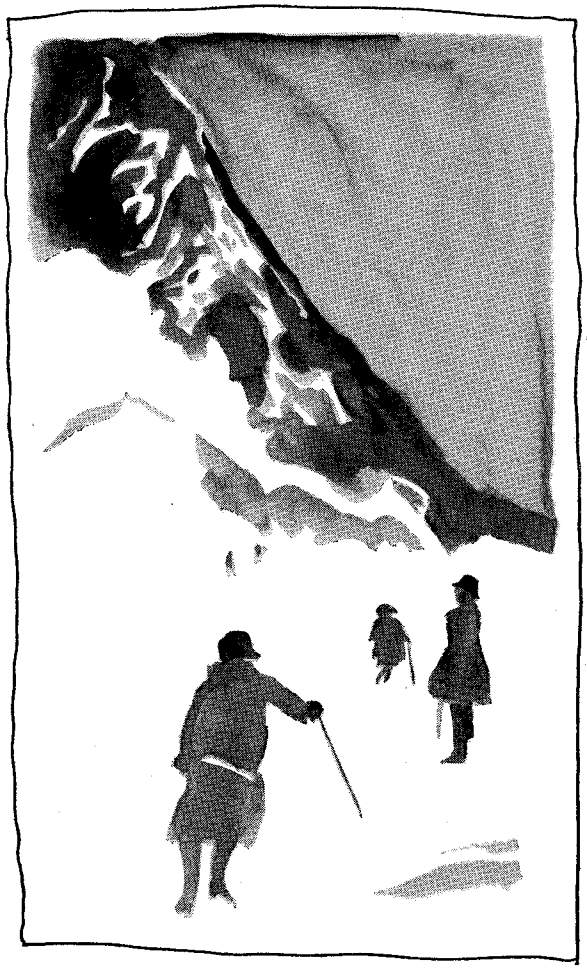
Venice



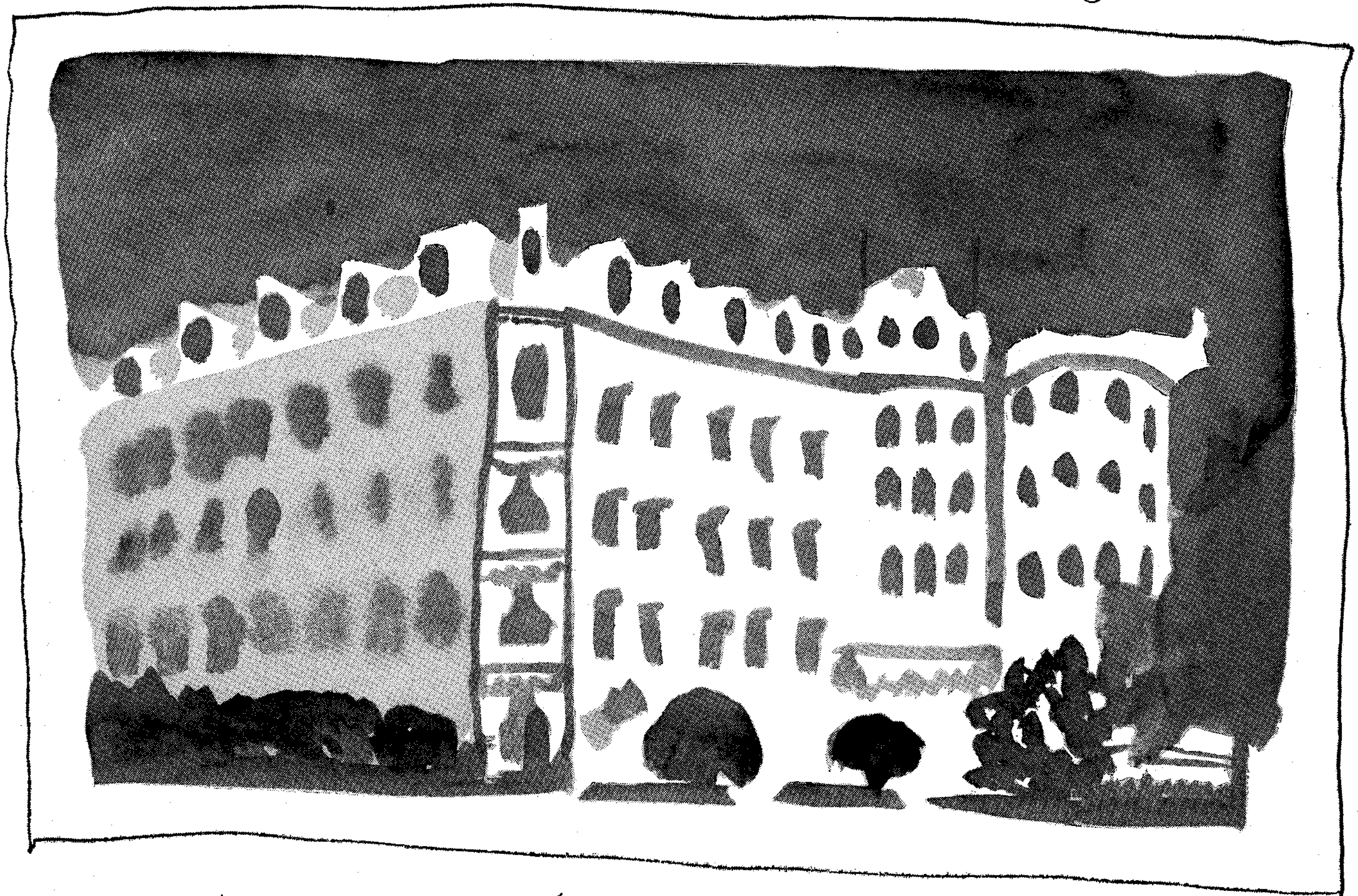
A flat tire at Lake Lucerne



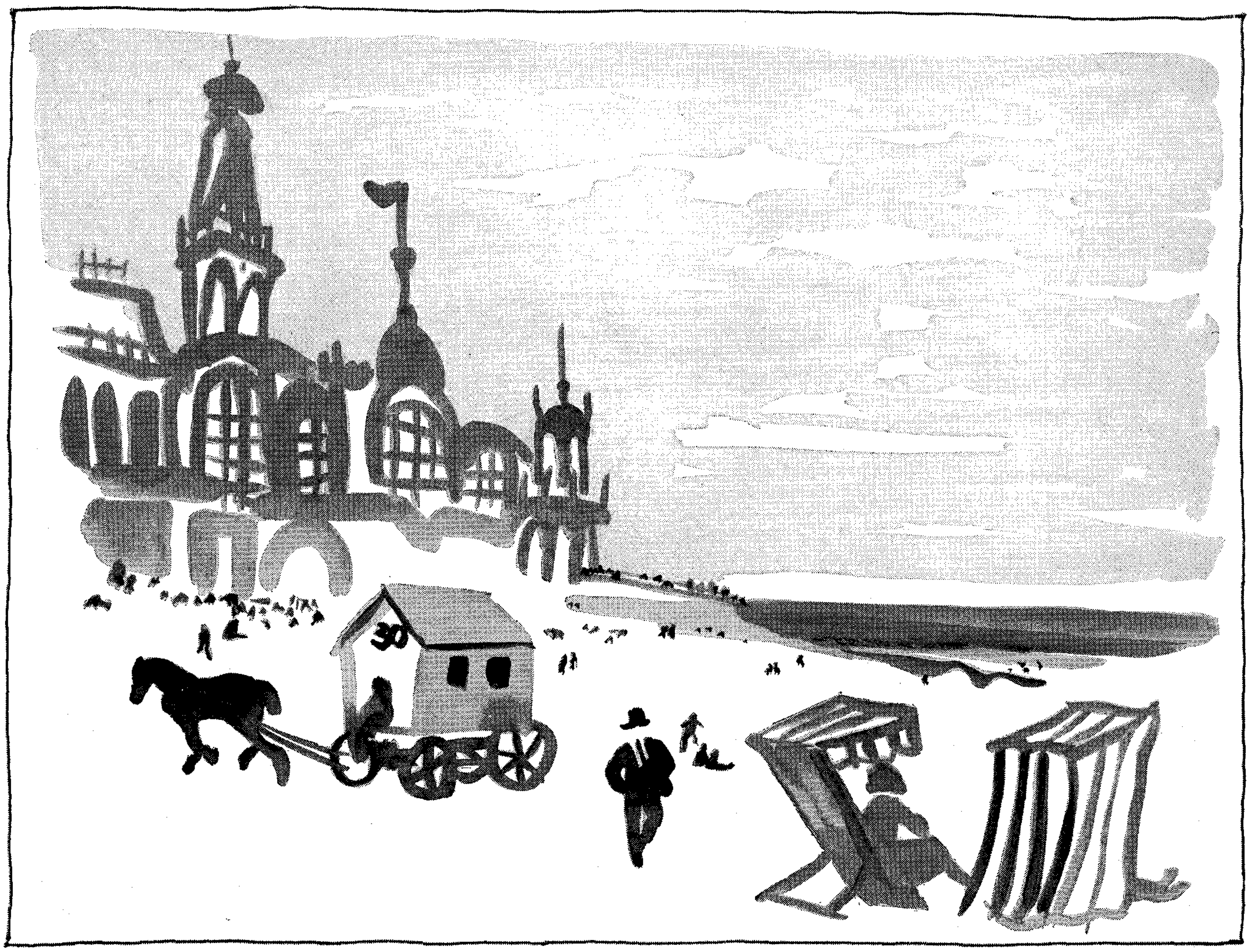
Berlin



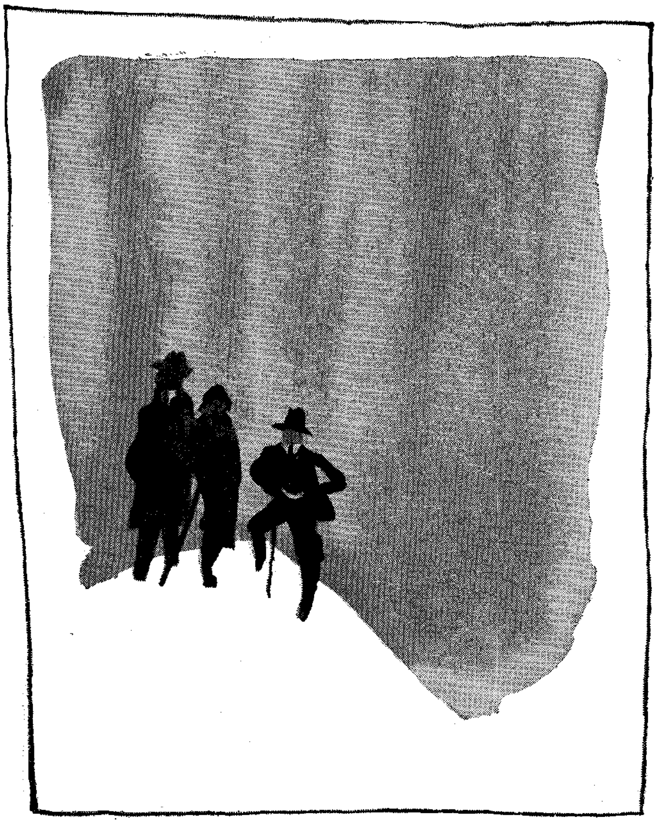
Alice and Don climbing Mont Blanc



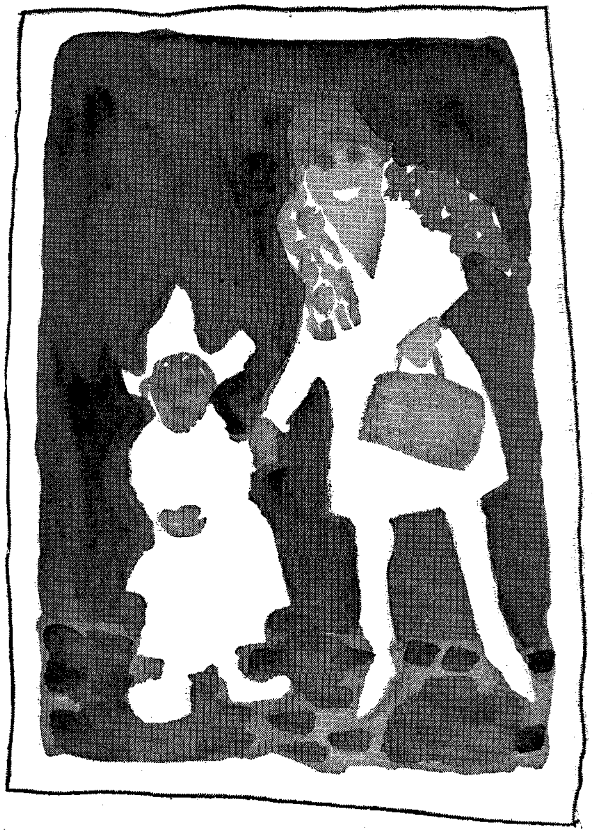
Hotel Beaurivage (our room was on the other side)



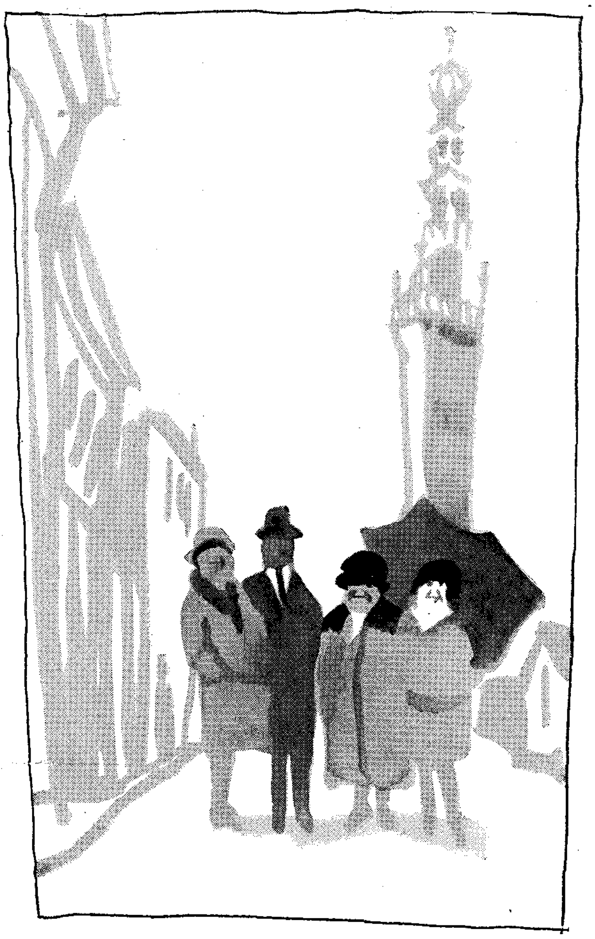
The beach



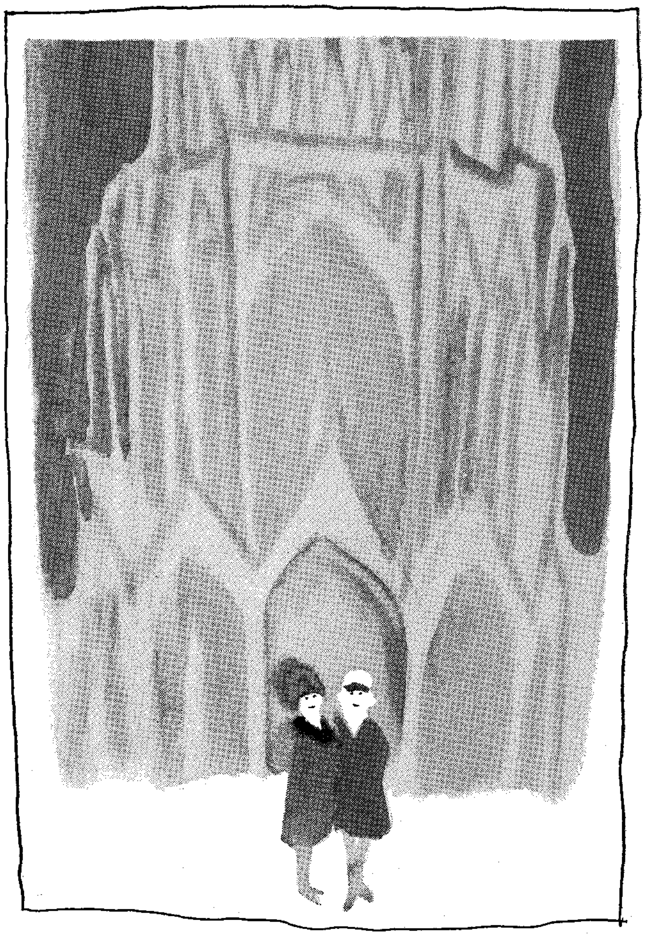
Chamonix (not the top)



Nancy met a little Dutch girl in Amsterdam



A friend of Ed's from Amherst and his wife and her sister and aunt



Notre-Dame Cathedral, or Amiens

Passing the Caronia

THE FOUNTAIN

IN the forest of Morb, which means untouched, there is a fountain known as Llorndy, which means unchanging. The forest stretches for many days' ride over the plateau. Other trees must have grown there once. Now there are none but the oaks. They are immense, and everywhere. There are no clearings. The forest is so tall and dense that no birds live in it except owls and the little wren that can make her way through the unlit veins of the earth to its heart and find nourishment on the way: the bird of the goddess of wisdom, who cannot find her mistress; and the bird of the sovereign of darkness, who sings to herself. No one lives in the forest. No building will stand. Springs well up wherever one stone is placed on another, and the walls topple and sink into the earth before they can be said to be walls. No roads cross the forest. Water emerges from them before they have been laid, and they become long, deepening quagmires. No paths cross the forest. Even fresh paths of deer and badgers grow old after a few yards and then vanish as though the undergrowth or the bed of leaves had never been disturbed. No one hunts there. The owl and the wren follow intruders, calling out wherever they go. There is no other voice, except their echoes. The oaks are so high that the rustling of the leaves cannot be heard from the ground, but the murmur seems to prevent any other vibration from entering. Only around the fountain of Llorndy and along its little stream of sweet water is there a continuous thread of sound.

The fountain emerges from a large rock on a gentle slope—a piece of pale-gray stone, limestone, though the rocks in the forest and in the piled mounds of stone around it are granite or basalt or slate. Its pallor is startling, as though it were a faint light among the dark vegetation. It rises in a vaguely conical shape, with two columns down the front and the green stain between them where the water flows to begin the stream. The shape of an animal, seated erect, with no head. At the level of the collar, the water wells out and brims over, blind, tireless, unchanging.

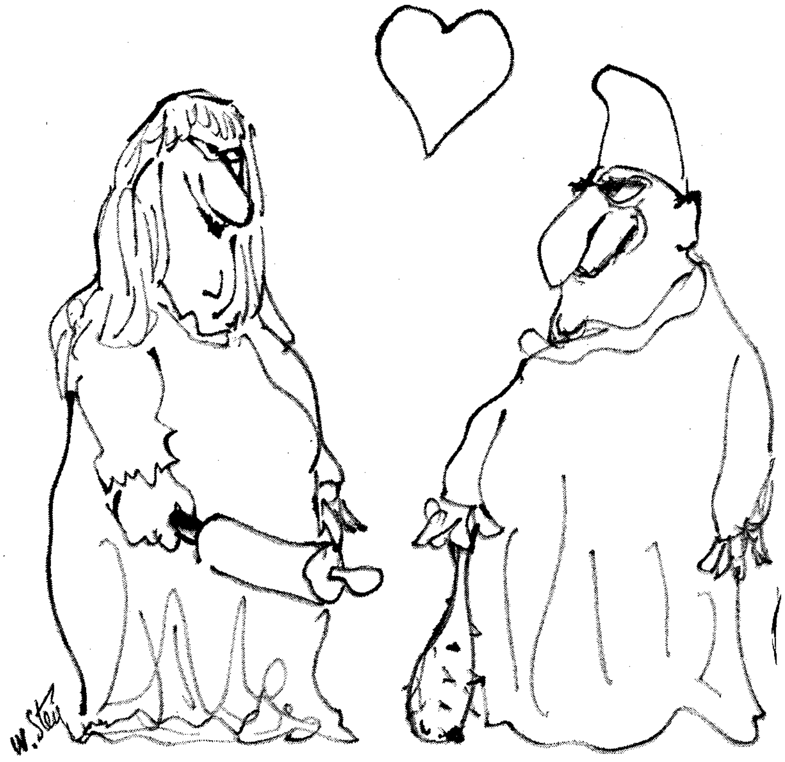
Once, the forest was a great kingdom, rich and beautiful. Its farms were well stocked and peaceful. Its arts were old and sure. Its borders were safe. It was on good terms with its neighbors. It was ruled by a king who was cultivated, intelligent, kind, and beloved of his subjects and of his family. But he was not happy, because he had a hard heart. He knew it. He had tried everything: women and religion, the company of children, the contemplation of flowers, the presence of animals, the sky itself, and he loved them all but he could tell that his heart was still hard. He loved them, he confessed to himself, only because he could imagine that they were his. And his heart remained as it was.

When his secret had been weighing on him for several years, the kingdom began to suffer from drought. In spring and autumn, when rain normally fell plentifully, the clouds gathered as usual but less and less rain fell every year, and in some years there was almost none. The winters were moistened only by condensation and the humors remaining in the earth. New wells were dug but they ran dry almost at once. Dams were made but their water seeped away into cracked mud. The pastures grew bare; the farms were hungry. One by one, family by family, the inhabitants of the kingdom asked permission to leave. The king was kind and granted it, without exception, giving each family some present as it left, and provisions for the journey—dry provisions, and even a supply of precious water. Some were too ashamed to ask, and left without a word. The kingdom grew emptier as the months passed, and drier. The king sat in his darkened throne room. He had hung the walls with mourning. The windows were smoked, the columns and the candles were painted black. It was painful for him to converse with anyone, including his family. He knew that the kingdom was suffering this misfortune because his own heart was hard.

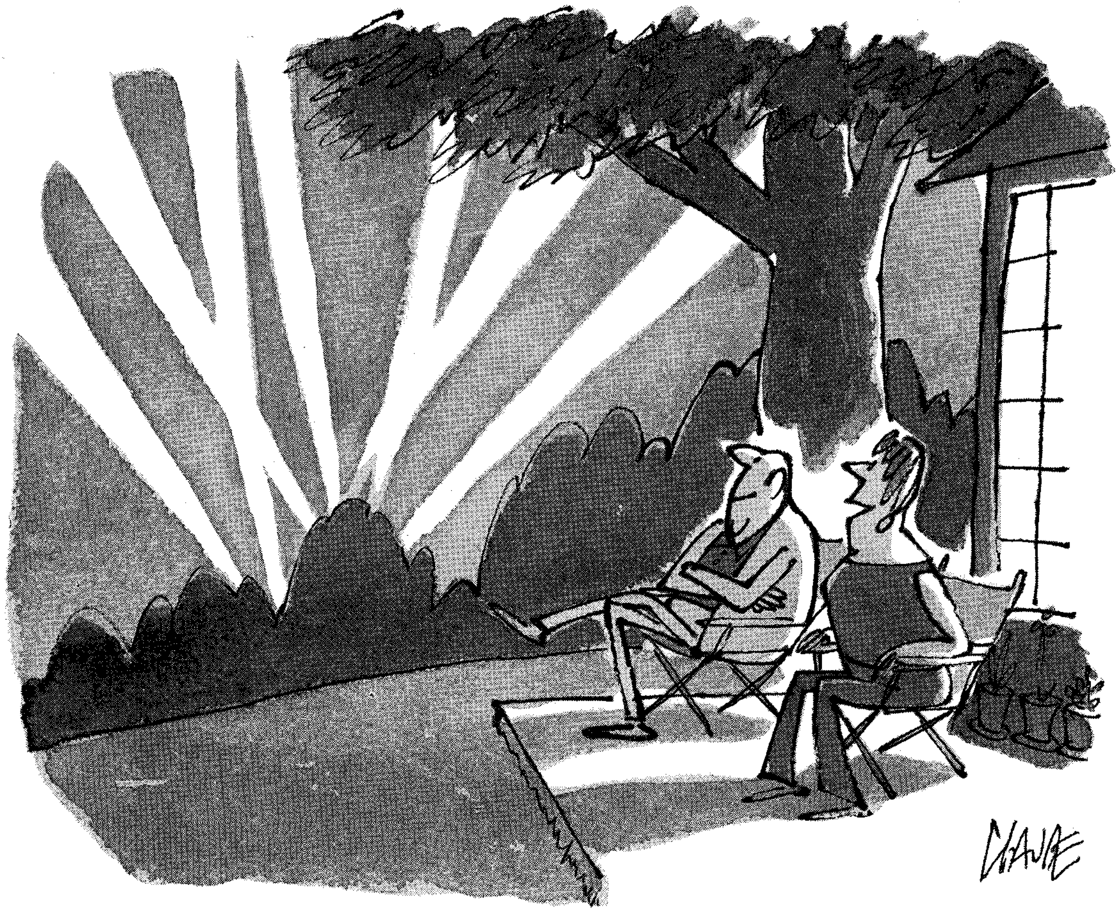
"And if only my heart were not as hard as it is," he said to the black columns, "I would know what to do. Should I go away? Is there any reason to imagine that that would solve the matter? As long as my heart is hard, this which is the result will go on. Furthermore, it was here that it grew hard. Being somewhere else will not change it. If it is to be changed it had best be changed here, or else I will never be sure.

"Should I die? But what difference would that make? If I died with a hard heart would anything be changed? Everything might very well go on just as it is.

"Should I abdicate? It would make no difference. My own hard heart brought about this revulsion in nature; there is no way I can leave that behind. Even if I went and lived in a shepherd's hut, out on the plateau where the sheep have all died of starvation or thirst, my heart would be the same, and so nothing would change."



ONE day an animal came to see the king. He had never seen an animal like that one. It was larger than a horse but was shaped more like a dog. Its eyes were set so deep in its head that he could not see them at all. They seemed to be nothing but holes. The animal was covered with long pale fur, almost white, and had a thick tail, and paws like a cat's. The claws clicked on the darkened stone floor of the throne room. The creature came close to the black candle burn-



"Well, if it isn't the aurora borealis, I just hope it isn't another of those shopping centers."

ing in front of the throne although it was broad day outside, and there it greeted him.

"What can I do for you?" the king asked.

"I don't need anything," the animal said. "It's I who've come to help you."

"No one can help me," the king said.

"What do you want?" the animal asked.

"I want the rain to fall and my kingdom to be happy as it was," the king said. "And for my heart not to be hard anymore."

"Why do you want those things?" the animal asked.

"Can you doubt that I want them?" the king said.

"I see no reason to believe it."

"Do you think I'm indifferent to the state of the kingdom?" the king asked.

"No, I don't think that."

There was a pause. The king looked into the holes that were the animal's eyes. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

"I used to live here," the animal answered. "Before this palace was built. Before anything was built here."

"I thought all the beasts from those days were dead," the king said.

"What do you know about death?" the animal answered.

"How do you propose to help?" the king asked.

"Here," said the animal, tearing a tuft of fur from its breast. "Take this. Give it to your elder son. Send him to the northern part of the plateau, to the driest place. Tell him to make a hole in the ground with his hands and plant this tuft of hair. When he has done that, I will come back and tell you what you owe me."

The animal turned and went slowly across the throne room, with its claws clicking on the darkened stones, and out the door.

The king sat in the dark with the fur in his hand, turning it, fingering it. It was damp to the touch. It offered no explanations. He had to admit that he was afraid, and not sure why. What should he do now? He did not believe that the fur would make any difference to anything, but what if it did? What might it do? What might the animal demand in return? Though surely if he did nothing now it would seem as though he really were indifferent to the state of his kingdom. It would be a proof that his heart was growing still harder. He sat pondering the matter for the rest of the afternoon and only when night fell did he call his elder son.

The young man had too profound a respect for his father, for the throne, and for his father's unhappiness to show any surprise. He took the fur from his father's hand and left that night.

By the next night he was back, but the news had travelled ahead of him. No sooner had he planted the fur, he said, in the driest place in the northern plateau, than a spring of water welled up from the spot and spread swiftly into a wide basin, brimming over and flowing away across the plain. If it went on, the pastures would begin to inch back over the shrivelled wastes. The sun would be a blessing again. A week passed, two weeks, a month, and the water went on flowing. The king felt a deadly misgiving in his heart but he could not run it to earth. The throne room remained dark. He waited for the animal to return.

And when the month was up the animal reappeared. It came in and sat before the throne. "Have I helped you?" it asked.

"I am not sure," the king answered.

"Has the water not come back?"

"It has."

"Was that not what you wanted?"

"It was."

But the king knew that his own heart was as hard as ever. And yet he was ashamed to mention the fact to the animal, when the water had already made such a difference to the lives of many of his subjects. He felt that that would be selfish. It would also be difficult to explain. What do animals know about the hardness of human hearts?

"What do I owe you?" the king asked.

"I wish to be restored to my ancient office," the animal said. "I wish to be appointed Warden of the Waters, with full authority over the use of all the waters in your kingdom."

The king bowed his head and thought. Had he the right, he asked himself, to grant to an animal control over the prosperity and even the lives of his subjects, to leave their welfare and their futures in the hands of a creature he knew nothing about except that water came from its planted fur? That was the first objection he admitted to himself. Then there was another. Suppose the animal did administer the waters fairly and even magnanimously. The king's heart would remain unchanged. And it was the hardness of the king's heart, he reminded himself, that had caused the drought. If the water flowed now from some other cause, his heart might never be able to change again. And for another thing, could any relief of the drought that came from outside be regarded as trustworthy, in the circumstances, or even real?

"Ask something else," the king said. "I cannot give you that."

"You do not know what you want," the animal said. "But maybe you will find it anyway." It turned and went out of the throne room.

The next morning, the elder son was found dead in his bed. And in the afternoon news came that the spring in the northern plateau had dried up. The king sat in the throne room, numb and cold.

A MONTH passed. The drought was unchanged. Once more the animal stood before the king.

"There's no point in your coming again," the king said.

"Do you think that if your heart were to break . . ." the animal began.

"What?" the king asked, trying to look into the animal's eyes.

"Water would flow from the cracks, and everything else would be whole again?"

"It might be," the king answered. "But my heart will not break."

"How do you know?" the animal asked.

"It should have broken by now."

"Do you still care about your kingdom at all?"

"Would I be here otherwise?"

The animal tore out another tuft of its fur and held it out to the king. "Give this to your other son," it said. "Tell him to take it to all the dry stream beds in the kingdom and drop a hair in each. I will come back and tell you what you owe me."

Once more, after the animal had gone, the king sat in silence pondering the tuft of fur in his hand, feeling as though he were drifting out over an abyss. In the evening he summoned his other son and told him what to do.

Day after day the news came in from the kingdom that the streams were flowing again, the lakes were filling, the old mill wheels were beginning to turn with a terrible screeching and shrieking after so long standing parched and split. There were even fish in the streams and ponds, as large as though they had been growing through the whole time of the drought. The other son came home happy, with messages of affection and presents from all parts of the kingdom, and his carriage full of pretty girls.

The king was polite. But he trusted nothing. He grew, if anything, more withdrawn. Curtains were made for the throne room, because the light hurt his eyes.

A month after the return of his son, the animal reappeared. "Great king," it said. And then it sat down in front of the throne.

"Why do you call me that?" the king asked.

"Because of you the kingdom is happy again."

"I wish it were so," the king said.

"You can make it so," the animal said.

"I do not know how."

"Give me my ancient office. Appoint me Warden of the Waters of your kingdom."

Again the king considered the matter. Yes, suppose it was true that the animal could make the springs rise and the streams flow as it willed. What other powers might it not have that could involve the country in greater miseries than any it had yet suffered, if the king were to grant the creature a position of such authority. And if the original cause of the kingdom's disasters lay, in fact, in the king's own heart, would any change of the external circumstances be likely to last? Would it be something on which to base the future of the kingdom? Would it not simply remove all hope that the king's heart might ever change? It was true that this time the king was afraid of the animal. But could he allow his own fears, even for those near him, to influence him in his duty to the kingdom?

"I have no right to grant you that," the king said.

"You know nothing about rights," the animal said. "And you will never know anything about them. You can give me what I ask. Or you can refuse."

"I cannot give you what you ask."

"You can give me whatever you want to give me. That is what a king is," the animal answered.

"No," the king said at last, still hoping that one day his heart might undergo a change. And the animal went away.

The next day the king's other son was found dead in his bed, and the news began to come in that the streams were shrinking and the ponds drying up. At the king's orders the whole country went into mourning. All the flames in hearths were covered with ashes and

WINDOW SOLSTICE

(JUNE 21, 1969)

Decalcomanied at a window, Place des Pyramides,
I look down upon a swarm of tourists, busy
as Napoleon's bees, buzzing their buses for the
Tomb, that they in turn look down on in the Invalides.

Last evening, from the shore of Tuileries trees
slumbered a violet ocean to a cockleshell
of moon.

One cymbal-hemisphere (had man let well
enough alone) struck gold—not needing the Indies.

Through parted window hangings, from below tonight
late lighted street lamps cast our balcony's upright
railing bars in a fan of shadows that exactly
cage this room, above my bed.

The Conciergerie,
imprisoning André Chénier in the Revolution,
left him free to count the hours till his execution.

—HAWLEY TRUAX

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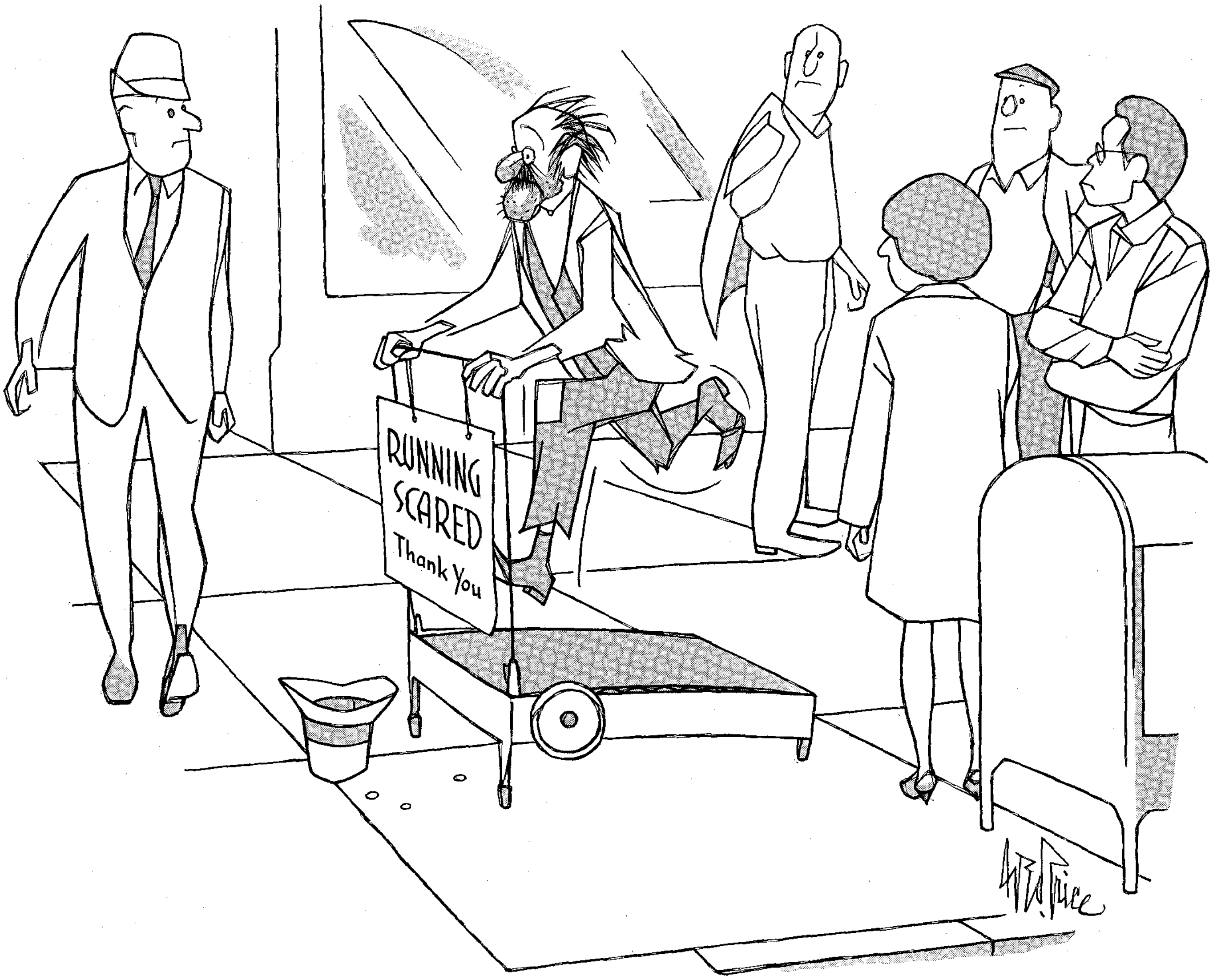

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gave off nothing but smoke. White bones were hung against the doors and windows and rattled in the wind.

AT the end of a month, the animal entered the dark throne room again.

The king stared at the creature with hatred and dread. "Why have you come back?" he asked. "We have nothing to say to each other. Each of us must pursue his own nature."

"I've no quarrel with that," the animal said. "But I keep thinking that I can help you. That's part of my nature. It's never changed."

"I won't make you any promises," the king said. "I am not sure of anything any longer except one quality of my own heart."

"Its darkness?" the animal asked.

"Its hardness," the king said.

"Here," the animal said, tearing out a third tuft of fur and holding it out to the king. "I'll try once more. Take this everywhere in your kingdom. From every rock on which you lay a hair a trickle of clear water will begin to flow. From every hillside on which you lay a piece of fur a stream will begin. Merely brush the village fountains with the ends of it and they will leap into the air. Keep the fur. It will last you as long as you need it. I will ask you nothing in return. Not now. Not in the future."

The king felt the fur in his hand. He looked at the animal sitting in front of him. He looked at the empty eyes. He imagined going out with the fur, the springs flowing, the joy in the land. He thought of how he would owe all of that to this animal. And then he thought of his own heart. Nothing would ever change it again. The flocks would fatten, the people grow rich and happy and bless him. It would all be due to this beast who was really the Warden of the Waters. And meanwhile his heart would remain as hard as ever, and no happiness would be real, and one day, promise or no promise, the beast might return and demand . . . anything. . . . He stopped there.

There was a way out. It was hard, but it was a solution. Or at least it was a decision. It came from that very hardness of his heart. He thought of his dead sons. He thought of the possible threat to the future of the kingdom. He clutched the fur in his left hand, and with his right he drew his sword as he leapt to his feet. With one stroke he severed the animal's head from its shoulders.

And the candles went out. And the windows fell in. And the throne collapsed. And the ceiling peeled away like shavings and rolled down the crumbling walls. And from the animal's neck the fountain began to flow. The fountain of Llorndy, on its way to the salt. But the king fell back on the stones and from his heart the first of the oaks raised two tender leaves.

—W. S. MERWIN

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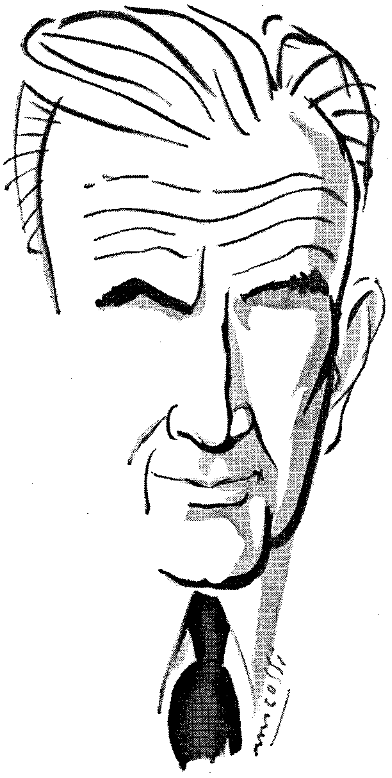
Tass said that after 14 orbits and 20 hours in space Soyuz 9 was circling the earth every 89.05 minutes 132 to 166 inches above the earth.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Hark!

PROFILES

A GOOD EYE

THE city of Verona, in the north-Italian province of Venezia (which also takes in Venice), has been a historic center for the craft of printing. Although Venice was the greatest printing center of the world at the beginning of the sixteenth century—lower-case type was introduced there—the first book to be printed in Verona appeared as early as 1472. Today, the enormous Mondadori printing plant—the largest in Italy—lies at the edge of Verona. It is the creation of a rags-to-riches industrialist named Arnoldo Mondadori, who was once an errand boy in a drugstore. It employs about thirty-five hundred workers and turns out everything from comic books to encyclopedias, including twenty-two magazines, which have a combined circulation of a hundred and fifty million; thirty-two million books, hardback and paperback; and the Italian edition of the *Reader's Digest.* At the opposite end of town, in a private house on a hill in a quiet suburb, is a printing plant of an entirely different sort. This is the Officina Bodoni, run by Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig, a naturalized Italian of German origin. Dr. Mardersteig is a thin, shy, birdlike man with a sharp aquiline nose, who looks as though he had been sculptured out of some fine hard wood by a master hand. He is, however, extraordinarily mobile for a man of his age, which is seventy-eight; in fact, his agility suggests an age nearer forty or fifty. He has brown eyes, his hair is gray, and he is about five feet eight inches tall. His education is profound. He is not particularly sociable, and though his manner toward strangers is always affable, he is communicative on only one subject—the craft of printing. The moment it is mentioned, his eyes light up and he talks with great animation. He pursues that craft with the degree of dedication found among virtuosos of all sorts, whether they are pianists or ballet dancers, and he is always slightly uneasy about wasting time away from his printing press.



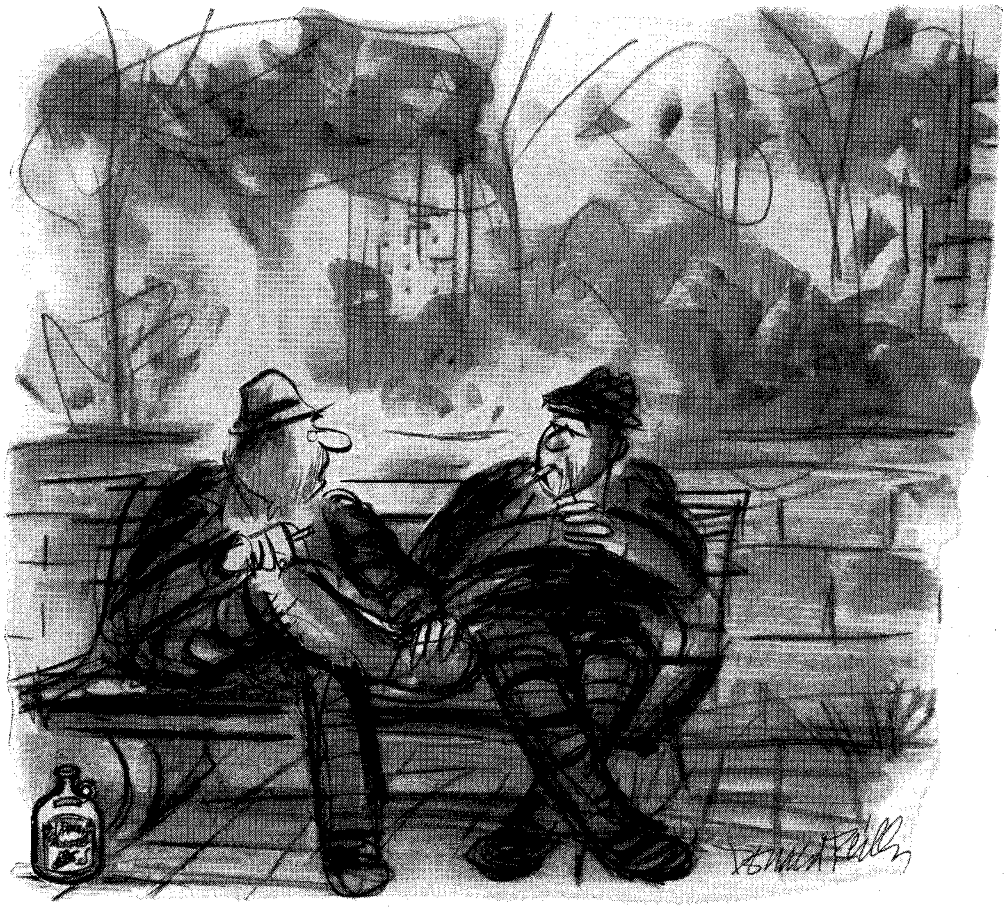
Giovanni Mardersteig

His printing press is not a rotary press, such as is used almost universally in the industry. It is an old-fashioned hand press, and it occupies a room in his house. It differs only slightly from the one used by Gutenberg. It is what is known as a "flatbed" press, meaning that the type (hand-set) lies in a horizontal frame upon which a sheet of paper (handmade) is laid, the impression taking place when a handle is pulled to exert the proper pressure. In Mardersteig's operations, the paper is dampened before printing, so that the finest serif of the type will not be marred and the paper itself will not refuse the ink. Even the inking of the type is done by hand. This process, plus the subsequent binding, which is also done by hand—he has his own binder in his house—results in the most exquisitely made books to be found anywhere in the world today. Whereas Mondadori can print books at the rate of ten thousand an hour, Mardersteig prints perhaps five hundred a year. His fastidious workmanship is known to collectors of fine books all over the globe, and his books tend to rise in value exactly like the works of famous etchers and painters. Though he shrugs off the title, Giovanni Mardersteig is widely regarded as the world's greatest printer, and the legend "Editiones Officina Bodoni," which appears on the colophon page of each of his books, makes them sought after, regardless of their contents, by bibliophiles on at least three continents.

But the contents are always of great literary interest, too. Mardersteig is a literary scholar and a man of impeccable taste. Sometimes he fills commissions for individuals, or for organizations like the Limited Editions Club, in New York, or the One Hundred Friends of Books, in Florence, but most of the time he himself decides what to print, and the mere news that a new Mardersteig edition is off the press brings bibliophiles to his door. His editions at the Officina Bodoni never run to more than three hundred copies. "I do not like these books to come into the hands of those who do not appreciate them," he remarked recently to a visitor. "I prefer them to belong to discriminating collectors or to the libraries of great universities." He prints in every major modern European language, and in Latin and Greek as well, and he speaks, reads, and writes fluent English, German, Italian, and French. (He is inclined to be modest about his Latin and Greek, but friends say that he is nearly as adept at them.) He has lived in Verona for over forty years, and during that time he has printed only about a hundred and thirty titles on his hand press. All are regarded as masterpieces of the bookmaker's art.

But even Giovanni Mardersteig has had to cope, for practical reasons, with a demand for larger editions than the Officina Bodoni can produce. (For one thing, there is not enough hand-set type at the Officina to print very long books.) So he has created a second printing establishment, in a garden-like environment a block or so from his house, which has five flatbed presses, run by machinery, and can handle bigger jobs. This establishment is known as the Stamperia Valdonega—named for the Valdonega Valley, in which both it and Mardersteig's house are situated. The Stamperia Valdonega represents no compromise with commercial printing methods, however. Its type is set not in the almost universally used system of linotype, which produces a full line of type as a unit, but in monotype, in which each letter is cast separately, so that corrections can be made without resetting, and possibly disturbing, the other letters in the line. The Stamperia Valdonega works very slowly for a printing plant of its sort. A more commercially inspired plant might turn out as many as four thousand printed sheets an hour. The Stamperia is content with fifteen hundred, all very carefully supervised. The products of the Stamperia, too, are regarded by bibliophiles as works of art, though of a lesser kind. Mardersteig leaves the work of the Stamperia in the hands of his son, Martino, who is also an expert printer. (He studied the craft in Germany and spent six months working for the Connecticut Printers Company, in Hartford.) To the naked eye, there is very little difference between the work of the Officina Bodoni and that of the Stamperia, but Mardersteig willingly shows any visitor the difference with a magnifying glass. With this aid, one can see that each letter in the work of the Officina Bodoni is absolutely sharp, while the work of the Stamperia shows a very slight indistinctness of outline. Both printing establishments use paper expressly suited to their operations; the Officina's is handmade, and the Stamperia's almost might be. The Stamperia is, of course, capable of quite large editions. Its largest—eight thousand sets of an eighty-six-volume collection of the classics of Italian literature from 600 to 1950—has been in the process of being printed there for more than two decades. (Currently, the Stamperia is at work on the volumes covering the mid-eighteen-seventies.) The Stamperia has also printed books for Kurt Wolff's Pantheon editions and for New Directions, in New York. The latest job undertaken by the press is an English edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," with illustrations by the American artist Leonard Baskin, for Grossman Publishers. This, when finished, will consist of six thousand copies. Such large editions are, however, exceptional; fifteen hundred copies are more usual. Where the Mondadori plant employs thirty-five hundred workers, and the Officina Bodoni employs three or four, in addition to Mardersteig himself, the Stamperia Valdonega employs from twenty-two to thirty, depending on the volume of work.

Connoisseurs of printing often speak of "the five hundred years of the printer," and they regard Mardersteig as the last practitioner of the craft. Modern rotary-press printing holds no interest for them. Within the framework of their thought, and according to their lofty standards, they are right. Mardersteig is the last of a long line of craft printers, dating from Gutenberg, and, with his hand press, he is carrying on a dying tradition. His work has been exhibited in Antwerp, Hamburg, the British Museum, The Hague, the Royal Library in Brussels, and the Morgan Library in New York. He has been made an honorary citizen of Verona, and has been awarded many other distinctions by various societies and governments. But his methods of printing are obviously dying out, and they will probably not survive him. His work is so non-commercial that he actually runs the Officina Bodoni at a loss, which he makes up, in a small way, at the Stamperia. "A hand press is no good for making money," he has said. But he follows his craft with passionate devotion, and though he is subject to the self-doubt that often afflicts artists ("This is positively the last book I shall ever print," he has been known to declare in disgust after producing a volume that did not immediately please him), he usually comes around to admitting that his work is pretty fine after all. He is, among other things, a student of the history of the art of printing, and in most practical ways he works exactly like a Renaissance printer. This work includes not only the printing itself but also the designing of new typefaces, which he puts to use on his presses. And the designing and manufacture of his new types follow Renaissance methods. "The classical models for type were all established within fifty years of Gutenberg's first presswork," he said recently. His ideals are elegance of form and legibility. "I dislike German Gothic type—you can't really read it," he said. "Old typefaces are not always suitable for modern presswork. They are likely to be either too thick or too thin, or to have other shortcomings, though they were beautiful when they were first used." The Renaissance methods that Mardersteig uses in making the type he has designed are extremely interesting to specialists in the craft. First, the design for each letter is drawn—much larger than the ultimate product. Second, a so-called punch cutter—in the past, usually a goldsmith—goes to work, carefully engraving each letter on the end of a steel punch that somewhat resembles a very large horseshoe nail. Third, the punch is hardened by being brought to white heat and then plunged into cold water. Fourth, the punch is hammered into what is known as a matrix—a flat piece of alloy composed of copper and other metals. The matrix, of course, receives a negative impression from the punch. Fifth, the type itself, made of a softer alloy of lead, antimony, and tin, is cast from the matrix. Nowadays, the hammering of the punch into the matrix (a delicate job—it must penetrate just so far) is done mechanically, but the method itself is as old as Guten-



"I thought that rather a snivelling little muscatel, didn't you?"

berg, and Mardersteig is probably the last printer who will ever use it, since modern commercial type is designed and manufactured by processes involving photography. Mardersteig's own typefaces, cut by a French engraver named Charles Malin (now dead), include a rather heavy, robust, proclamatory face, Zeno, after Verona's patron saint, and two more delicate faces—Dante, because it was first used for an edition of Boccaccio's "Tratello in Laudi Dante," and Griffo, for one of Mardersteig's heroes, the Bolognese punch cutter Francesco Griffo, who moved to Venice in the fifteenth century and cut the typefaces used by the great Venetian printer Aldus Manutius. Mardersteig is writing a biography of Griffo, who has remained an obscure figure, though he was a man of immense importance in the history of type design. (The original Griffo faces were imitated by the great French type designer Claude Garamond in the sixteenth century, and their influence is still to be found in the modern type that bears Garamond's name.) The biography will, of course, be printed in Mardersteig's Griffo. Mardersteig has designed other typefaces, but these three, he says, are the most important. Only the Griffo departs to any great degree from classic models. Mardersteig is a great respecter of tradition. Several of his typefaces have been produced commercially and are in general use throughout Europe—among them Dante and Fontana, which he created for the Glasgow publishing firm of Collins.

LAST SONNET

You are not in me always, as of old,
Grave music, which to keep was all my care,
To capture you in language my sole prayer,
Through years of labor and torments manifold—
Labor how vain, how vain the hope to hold
In a mere web of words, a puff of air,
The hidden music sounding everywhere,
The secret that has never yet been told.

But still, in quiet moments, now and then,
Or darker hours of brooding and of doubt,
I hear those far, ineffable strains, as when
Bows, dragged in unison over the strings,
Drag music's tide to the very truth of things,
Unbearably—and beyond—till the heart cries out.

—John Hall Wheelock

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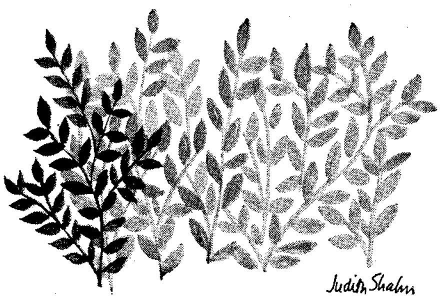
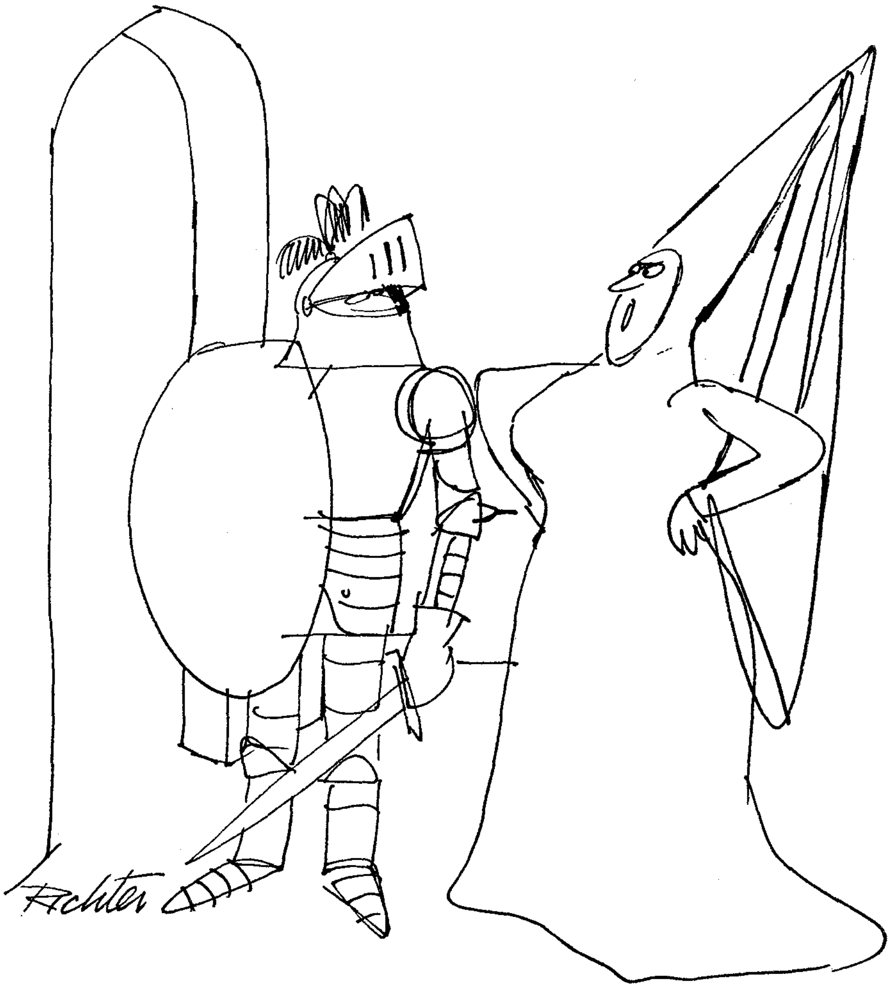
At home, Mardersteig is surrounded by an affectionate family. His wife, Irmi, a German woman of exceptional warmth and intelligence, is a former sculptress. Giovanni, whose original German name, of course, was Johannes, is known about the house as Hans. Mrs. Mardersteig is a superb cook, and though the Mardersteig villa is a large one, she manages to care for it with the help of only a daytime maid and a gardener. The Mardersteigs are all enthusiastic motorists. Giovanni drives a German-made Ford, which is much heavier than most Italian cars, and he drives with caution. Mrs. Mardersteig drives a little Fiat 600, which she says is perfect for getting about the narrow streets of Verona. Martino drives a Lancia—too fast, according to his mother. Martino, a tall, dark young man with blue eyes, has become as interested in printing as his father. Originally drawn toward architecture, he was at first in no way inclined to spend the interminable hours that fine printing demands. But once when his father was short of help, he offered to assist with the presswork, and immediately became converted. He and his father have an affectionate, sometimes bantering relationship. The elder Mardersteig doesn't exactly like the way the world is headed at the moment, "though I certainly wouldn't go so far as to agree with Spengler." Martino, on the other hand, thinks that for every loss there is a compensating gain, and that things are, on the whole, going very well. But this difference in the attitudes of youth and age does not apply to politics. It might be expected that the elder Mardersteig, having been brought up under the Hohenzollerns, would have at least a slight nostalgia for monarchy, but he has not. "Papa is a Maoist," Martino gleefully informed a visitor—an exaggeration, but indicative nevertheless of Mardersteig's interest in contemporary political movements. All the Mardersteigs are multilingual, and switch from English to German, French, or Italian quickly, speaking each with hardly a trace of accent. As for Mrs. Mardersteig, she pretends to be critical of her husband's continuous absorption in his profession, but it is obvious that she regards his work with great respect. "He's like a dog with a bone," she said to a visitor not long ago. "He just gnaws and gnaws, and can't let go of it. Now Martino is gnawing on the same bone."



When Mardersteig first settled in Verona, in 1927, he rented the house he is now living in. At the time, it had no water and no electricity. He installed these utilities at considerable expense, and later on he was virtually forced to buy the place, since the owner wanted to sell it and Mardersteig had already put so much money into it. He was then still single; he got married on a trip to London in 1932. The room in which the Mardersteigs entertain visitors is an unostentatiously furnished parlor with a balcony that overlooks Verona. Beneath the balcony, terraced on a rather steep slope, is a garden where not only flowers grow but also grapevines, olive trees, vegetables, and all manner of herbs, such as capers and basil and sage. The place is almost a self-sufficient island; Mrs. Mardersteig points out proudly that the family makes its own wine (the gardener stamps on the grapes in the time-honored fashion) and cures its own olives. In the parlor, as might be expected, are massive shelves of books—a library that contains not only the products of the Mardersteig presses but also a large collection of books on the history of printing, and old books that exemplify this history, most of them bound with great elegance in morocco or vellum. A grand piano, a sofa, a tea table, and some comfortable chairs complete the arrangement.

Many people visit the Mardersteigs, but they themselves seldom go out. Mardersteig is, in fact, rather antisocial by temperament. ("He is like a snail," his wife once observed.) But when printing is discussed, he becomes voluble, and he jumps to his feet to rummage about the library in search



"The Crusades or me! Make up your mind!"

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of books to illustrate what he is talking about. In the course of a recent conversation, he pulled down, first, a book by the fifteenth-century mathematician Luca Pacioli, who was a teacher of Leonardo da Vinci. It was called "De Divina Proportione," and it related to elegant proportion in type design. The illustrations were reproductions of drawings by Leonardo himself, and the book had been edited and reprinted, with specially cut type, by Mardersteig. Then, there was the "Alphabetum Romanorum," a book that Mardersteig wrote as well as printed. It contains drawings of capital letters by Felice Feliciano, a fifteenth-century Veronese who wanted to illustrate his theory that all roman letters should conform to a geometrical pattern involving a circle within a square; all early typefaces, Mardersteig informed his visitor, were based on the calligraphy of humanist scholars in the Renaissance, plus roman capitals. (Lower-case inscriptions, which evolved from the careless writing of capitals, did not appear systematically until the Carolingian era—and then were written, of course, not printed. The small letters in Renaissance calligraphy descended from these.) Though the "Alphabetum Romanorum," except for its illustrations, was obviously an original work by Mardersteig himself, there was no mention of his authorship—only the colophon of Editiones Officina Bodoni. Another book to come off the shelves was the "Manuale Typographica" of the great Giambattista Bodoni himself, which Mardersteig had reprinted with type cast from Bodoni's own matrices, having got permission from the Italian government to borrow them from the Bodoni Museum of Parma. To the "Manuale" Mardersteig had contributed a preface concerning Bodoni's life and his influence on printing. Bodoni was an eighteenth-century Parmese who created a series of typefaces that are in use all over the world today. Forty years ago, however, they had fallen into neglect, and it was Mardersteig's "Manuale" that repopularized them. "I am very grateful to Bodoni for allowing me to follow in his footsteps," he remarked at one point. Still another historical item that came up in the conversation was Mardersteig's series of studies on the life and work of Francesco Griffo. At one time, Griffo's type foundry supplied all of Venice's printers. In 1501, Griffo invented italics by imitating a cursive style of calligraphy known at the time as *cancelleresco*, or chancellery style, which was used by the pope's secretaries at the Vatican. Mardersteig explained that at first Griffo designed and cut several versions of the same letter, intending them to be used in different contexts on a given page and thus to imitate, to some extent, the variations of handwriting; only in later life did Griffo standardize his letters. Griffo met a rather sad but typically Renaissance fate. Angered by his son-in-law's treatment of his daughter, he took up a large piece of iron and bashed the younger man over the head, killing him. "It is believed that Griffo died in jail following this event," Mardersteig said.

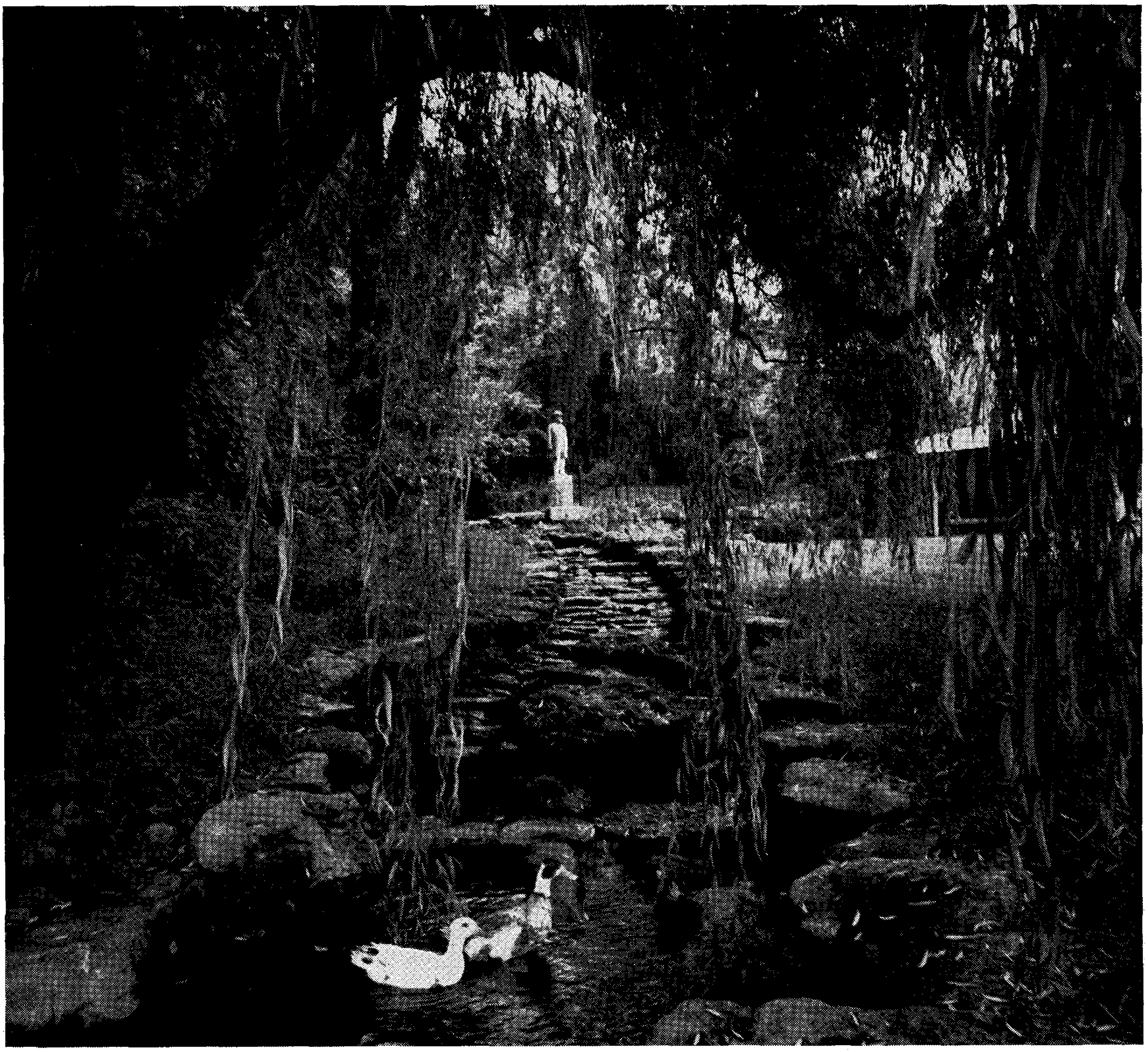
And before Griffo? Well, Mardersteig explained, Italy was among the first countries to become great centers of printing after Gutenberg's invention. The first printers in Italy were expatriate Germans who had fled there following a small war between two rival archbishops in Mainz. The younger archbishop, who won the war, showed little interest in printing, and as a result Mainz's printers, finding themselves with nothing to do, migrated to Italy and set up their presses there.

But Mardersteig's interests are not confined to the history of printing, and neither is his library. Classics of world literature are there, some printed by the Officina Bodoni, some by the Stamperia Valdonega, and many by other presses. Mardersteig is a connoisseur of poetry and other literature in all the Western languages, and his tastes are quite up to date. "I have been trying to print the works of the best poet of each country in the best possible way," he told his visitor. So far, he has printed several volumes of Ezra Pound's works, including the "Cavalcanti Poems." "Cavalcanti, you know, was a Veronese poet who was Dante's teacher, and Pound's translations of his poetry are more than translations," he said. "He added a great deal of his own. After I printed Pound's English versions, I printed an edition of Cavalcanti's original poems in Italian. The difference is instructive." The Officina Bodoni has also printed much of T. S. Eliot, including "The Waste Land," and a good deal of Dylan Thomas. At the moment, it is occupied with an edition of the works

"For Pete's sake! They were just beginning to bite!"

of Jorge Guillén, a Spanish poet who teaches at Harvard.

The Mardersteigs do a good deal of travelling—mostly to Switzerland, for Mardersteig's health, which has never been particularly robust, and to London, where they have many friends among the city's publishers. The father and son have also visited New York, and two years ago Mardersteig delivered talks here at the Morgan Library. Though Mardersteig has never taken much exercise and has no interest whatever in sports, he does like to go twice a year to a place called Vietri, near Salerno, in southern Italy, for the swimming, and occasionally he retires for a rest to a cottage he has in Switzerland—in Montagnola di Lugano, on the southern slope of the Alps and only a few doors away from the scene of his first printing activities. There he has no telephone, and his privacy is complete. The Mardersteigs, who became Italian citizens just after the last war, have come to love Verona in their forty years of living there. Mardersteig speaks well of the gigantic Mondadori plant on the other side of town, saying that it does very good work for a printery of its kind, and he is a good friend of Arnoldo Mondadori, who is only a few years older than he. In fact, Mondadori has long wanted to take Mardersteig on as an artistic director, and sometimes consults him on aesthetic matters. While Mondadori has made millions out of his industrial printing activities, Mardersteig has been content with a very small income. But he has received an enormous number of medals and other honors. Curiosity about these awards on the part of a visitor recently caused a flurry of rummaging around in the Mardersteig home. Everybody had forgotten where they were. "Where *can* we have put Hans's medals?" Mrs. Mardersteig asked worriedly. After much searching, a box was found that contained the medals, along with several reels of old typewriter ribbon and some pencil stubs. They included the Gutenberg Prize, awarded to Mardersteig by the City of Mainz on the occasion of the five-hundredth anniversary of the death of Gutenberg; the Premio San Zeno, awarded by the City of Verona; the Gold Medal of the Bodoni Museum of Parma and of the American Institute of Graphic Arts; a medal from the City of Leipzig; and the Benemerito award from the Italian government. After digging out these impressive testimonials to her husband's skill, Mrs. Mardersteig had a further thought, and more rummaging produced an immense star inlaid with some sort of cloisonné work and appended to a cloth necklace, plus a similar star designed to be worn on the left hip. This was the order of Grand' Ufficiale of the Italian government, one of the highest orders that Italy confers. Mrs. Mardersteig explained that the Italian President, Luigi Einaudi, had once come to Verona to inspect an agricultural exposition and had visited the Mardersteigs while he was there. Later, a telegram arrived from Rome asking the printer to come to the Quirinale to receive the decoration. The family wanted to go along for the ceremony, but Marder-



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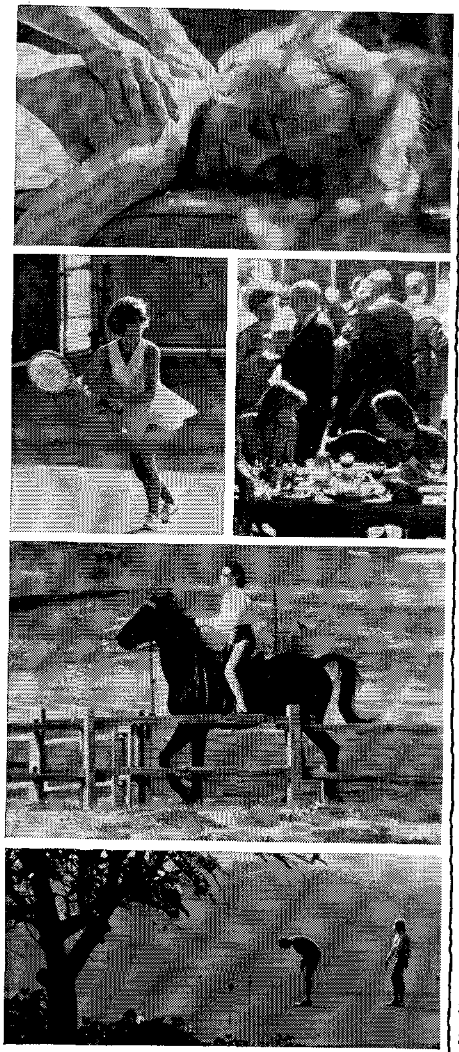

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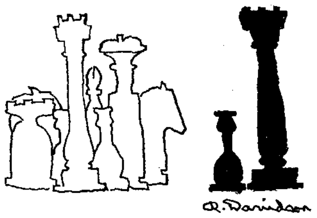
steig would not hear of it. “We do not even talk about such things,” he said, and he went alone. He has never worn his insignia as a Grand’ Ufficiale, and though the honor entitles him to some sort of crest on his car and on his stationery, he has never used these things. Nor is his attitude toward exhibitions of his work—such as the one in Antwerp or the one at the British Museum—particularly enthusiastic. “I like to do my work, and I like to do it well, but I am not interested in showing it,” he says.

THOUGH Mardersteig is a Roman Catholic by upbringing, he does not go to church, he told his visitor, adding, “Just the same, I regard myself as a very Christian man.” The name Mardersteig was originally Martyrsteig, which may have originally referred to the Stations (“*Steig*”—“path”) of the Cross, or may have originated as Martyrsteck, meaning “martyr’s staff.” He is one of those Germans who, like Thomas Mann, took a very hostile attitude toward Hitler on religious grounds from the beginning, and he is thankful that he left Germany as early as he did, in 1922. He is a good example of the familiar medical prescription for a long life—“Get a good ailment, and take care of it.” His health has always been frail. He has evidenced symptoms of tuberculosis, which sent him to Switzerland at an early age, and he has also had attacks of meningitis. (It was while lying in bed recovering from the latter ailment, in 1931, that he designed the Zeno typeface.) He is an extremely active man, but he does tire easily. His eyes, with the help of spectacles, are as good as ever, and this is important, for, as he has often remarked, “the first requisite for a printer is a good eye.” He has written that “only he who has actually printed a book on a hand press and thus trained his eye in the slow course of preparation, choosing the right tone of ink and printing, is able to appreciate that a hand press is just like the pencil of a draftsman, whose subtlety no machine can ever attain.”



Mardersteig was born in Weimar, into a family that included three brothers and a sister. The family was one of artists. His maternal grandfather was a well-known sculptor named Gustav Bläser, whose works included, among other things, a bust of Alexander von Humboldt that still stands in New York’s Central Park, and a bust of Lincoln that is to be found somewhere in Washington. His paternal grandfather was a painter and graphic artist and a friend of Goethe. He was, as Mardersteig modestly observes, “a historical painter—something that is all out of fashion today,” but an example of his work hangs in his grandson’s workshop at the Officina Bodoni, and it shows all of the craftsmanship of a fine early-nineteenth-century artist. Mardersteig’s father strayed from the family’s artistic traditions to become a lawyer, specializing in riparian law; indeed, much of the riparian law still in use in Germany was written by him. At the age of four, Mardersteig was given his first book—Bechstein’s fairy tales, printed in Fraktur, an old-style German Gothic type. He could not read it himself, but his mother read it to him. His favorite story was “The Wolf and the Seven Little Kids,” and before long he knew it by heart. He would often take the book with him to a neighbor’s house and pretend to read it. Then he demanded a bookcase to keep it in, and his grandparents were prevailed upon to give him a little one; he still has it in his office at the Stamperia. When it came time to go to college, he attended the universities of Bonn, Kiel, and Vienna (somewhat fitfully, because it was so often necessary for him to go to Switzerland for his health), and he finally took his diploma at the University of Jena. At college, he dutifully studied law, according to his father’s wishes, but his absorbing interest was the history of art and of literature. After graduation, he taught school for a time in the Swiss town of Zuoz, in the Engadine. “It was a very modern school, based on the English model,” he recalled recently, “and I loved teaching, but I found that I couldn’t stand the long hours of talking, and so I had to give it up.” During his teens, at home in Weimar, he had come in contact with a certain Count Harry Kessler, who was a diplomat, a man of letters, a publisher, and the owner of a private printing press. Count Kessler was also the director of the Weimar Museum of Modern Art and often consulted Mardersteig’s father. Among the Count’s many interests was the English private-press movement, then already publishing books of exquisite quality. The movement’s leading figures were William Morris, the omnifarious designer and inventor, Charles

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Ricketts, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Edward Johnston, Douglas Cockerell, Emery Walker, and Eric Gill. Count Kessler wanted to establish something of the sort in Germany, and in 1905 he invited Walker, Johnston, Gill, and Cockerell to Germany to help bring out an edition of the works of Goethe, with a title page designed by Gill. The first volume appeared in 1906, and Mardersteig, fascinated by its quality, longed to continue the fine printing tradition that it represented. Eventually, he did. But he started his career as a publisher.

In his late twenties, no longer a schoolmaster, he joined the eminent German publishing house of Kurt Wolff, in Leipzig (later in Munich). Wolff, who died some seven years ago in Germany, after founding Pantheon Books in New York, was at the time Germany's most enterprising publisher. Mardersteig set him off on a new tack. Ever since he had arranged an exhibition of modern art in Zurich in 1917, Mardersteig had been interested in the Expressionist movement, and he now suggested that Wolff put out some modern-art books illustrated by the very best modern artists. Wolff agreed, and placed him in charge of the project. One outcome was the original Pantheon art series, which was illustrated with black-and-white reproductions (it is now, of course, very much out of date); another was the publication of a biennial magazine called *Genius*, which Mardersteig edited. *Genius* lasted a couple of years, and the quality of its printing would have satisfied anybody but Mardersteig, but he was disturbed by a certain lack of unity in the magazine's format, and he came to the conclusion that nothing really superb in this line could be produced unless the editing, the printing, and the binding were supervised by a single individual. After five years with Wolff, he moved to Montagnola di Lugano, where he set up his hand press and embarked on his career as an artist printer, under the legend "Officina Bodoni." Some idea of his cosmopolitan literary tastes may be gained from the list of his products during the next five years. He printed elegant editions of Angelo Poliziano's "Orphei Tragedia" (the model for the librettist of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" and one of the first dramas written in the Italian *stile vulgare*, originally popularized by Dante); the poetry of Michelangelo; Shelley's "Epipsychidion;" Goethe's "Das Roemische Carneval;" Shakespeare's "The Tempest;" Alfred de Musset's "Les Nuits;" the Venetian poet Ugo Foscolo's "Dei Sepolcri;" Frederick the Great's "Letter to the Marquis d'Argens" (in French); Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese;" and Dante's "La Vita Nuova," with a preface by Benedetto Croce. All these were printed by Mardersteig alone, working at his hand press. Later on, he hired a compositor, and, still later, a Greek binder named Peter Demeter, who had worked for Cobden-Sanderson. Ever since 1912, when he was only nineteen, Mardersteig had been making frequent trips to Italy, where he had discovered old books printed by the great Bodoni and had started a small collection of them. Now, through an influential friend, he got permission from the Italian government to cast type from Bodoni's original matrices. He chose a dozen of Bodoni's numerous typefaces, including italics, for his own use, and thereafter everything printed on his press was done in that typeface. Later on, Mardersteig got tired of Bodoni's type, which he came to consider rather heavy and unsuitable for use in illustrated books, but in Montagnola Bodoni was his ideal. The books he printed there soon began to attract international attention. The great British historian of typography Stanley Morison (he is most widely remembered as the designer of the type used by the London *Times*) came to visit. Morison urged Mardersteig to extend the range of his types, and introduced him to the American printer Frederic Warde, who had designed a new typeface called Arrighi, with a second version called Vicentino, both based on a writing book by the Renaissance calligrapher Ludovico Arrighi detto Vicentino. This type had been cut in Paris. At Montagnola, Warde set two books in the new type, and Mardersteig printed them—a facsimile edition of Arrighi's "Calligraphic Models" and an edition of Plato's "Crito." Morison also introduced Mardersteig to Charles Malin, the French engraver, goldsmith, and punch cutter.

In 1926, a competition was held by the Italian government for the honor of printing the complete works of Gabriele D'Annunzio, who was then regarded as Italy's foremost poet and writer. Arnoldo Mondadori, who had developed a great admiration for Mar-

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dersteig's work, put his name up, and Mardersteig won the competition. In order to facilitate his work on the D'Annunzio project, he moved the *Officina Bodoni* to Verona, where Mondadori made space for him in the big Mondadori printing plant. Verona was an obvious choice of a site, since D'Annunzio lived nearby, on Lake Garda, and could be consulted about every page. It was a long job, lasting five years; the complete works of D'Annunzio finally filled no fewer than fifty volumes. ("Hmm," Benedetto Croce muttered on seeing the set. "About five of them will survive.") All during those five years, Mardersteig drove himself back and forth between Verona and D'Annunzio's residence, with its famous landlocked battleship whose bridge the celebrated poet paced. (Like most Napoleonic characters, he was very short.) D'Annunzio was, of course, a sort of imitation Lord Byron—poet, lover, soldier, and extrovert. On his first visit, Mardersteig was surprised to find himself greeted by a thirteen-gun salute. He was not particularly taken aback, but he did wonder about D'Annunzio's neighbors, since the hour was past midnight. D'Annunzio was being kept under a sort of mild house arrest by Mussolini, who was made nervous by the great poet's enormous popularity as the liberator of Fiume during the First World War, and all appointments between Mardersteig and D'Annunzio had to be arranged through a government official. Mardersteig recalls that D'Annunzio had a reasonable taste in literature but a terrible taste in household furnishings, which inclined in the direction of pseudo-Oriental Art Nouveau. He also recalls that D'Annunzio was perfectly capable of carrying on a serious conversation when the two of them were alone but that the minute a third party entered the room his manner became highly theatrical and pompous. D'Annunzio was addicted to proclamations. Once, when Mardersteig had difficulty in being passed at the gate, D'Annunzio wrote out and caused to be placed at the entrance a huge proclamation to the effect that Maestro Mardersteig was to be permitted to enter at any hour. On another occasion, when D'Annunzio had not had time to see him, he wrote Mardersteig a thirteen-page letter that, when boiled down, said simply that he was sorry he had not been able to see him. The two men often talked together until five in the morning, and Mardersteig got to be somewhat fond of the tempestuous poet. "I will say that

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he was generous," Mardersteig acknowledged recently. "I once found in his library a rare edition of Leonardo's prose works, and expressed my admiration for it. D'Annunzio immediately had it wrapped and placed in my car." Mardersteig still has it, complete with D'Annunzio's bookplate, which displays a naked boy lying languorously on a bench in a forest. D'Annunzio was much impressed by Mardersteig's taste as an editor. Once, Mardersteig complained that there were too many commas on a page and that the result was ugly; D'Annunzio started removing commas with such enthusiasm that he had to be stopped, for fear he would make the text incomprehensible. The edition of his complete works, when it finally appeared, consisted of two hundred sets on Japanese vellum, nine sets on real vellum (Mardersteig is one of the world's very few virtuosos in the art of printing on vellum, which is slightly greasy, has a right and a wrong side, and expands and contracts with the humidity of the air), and two thousand sets on handmade Fabriano paper.

Benedetto Croce, whose "Aesthetica in Nuce" Mardersteig was later to print, was a very different sort of man, and became a lifelong friend. Like D'Annunzio, Croce was a small man, but the resemblance ended there. Croce gave an impression of great energy. "He distributed his time in a beautiful way," Mardersteig recalled recently. "He was furious when people were not punctual. He didn't talk much. But when he spoke it was always to the point. He went to a certain café in Naples every day, and people would gather there to talk to him. He was practically the intellectual center of Naples. His taste was wonderful." When Mardersteig undertook his vast edition of the Italian classics, he devoted the first volume to Croce, who himself selected the contents.

In 1932, with the D'Annunzio job finally completed, Mardersteig felt restless, so when the editors of the Collins Cleartype Press invited him to Glasgow he went. He spent a year there. He became dissatisfied with the clarity of the Collins type and designed an entirely new typeface for the press—the face that came to be known as Fontana. Always interested in local printing traditions, Mardersteig created it in the general style of an eighteenth-century Scottish printer and type designer named Alexander Wilson. Ultimately, the Collins editors released Fontana for general manufacture, but they still use it; many of their detective stories are printed in it. Marder-

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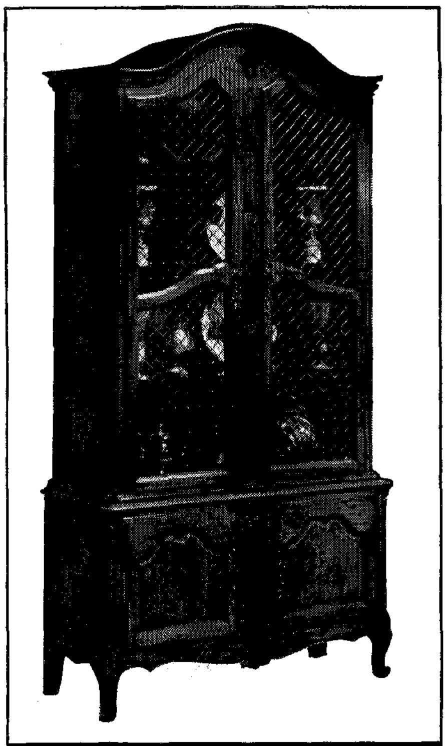

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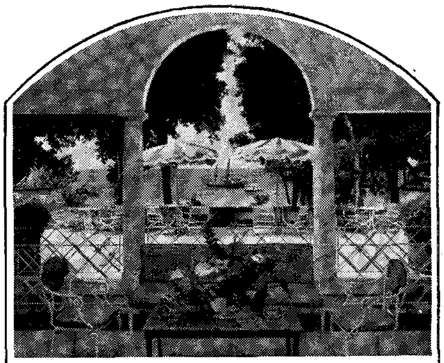
steig himself used it for an edition of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" that he printed for the Limited Editions Club of New York. When he returned to Verona from Glasgow, Mondadori wanted to take him on as art director, but he declined. He wished to resume work at his hand press and to do research on the history of typography. In 1937, his Officina Bodoni was removed from the Mondadori plant to its present site in his house. At about the same time, he extended his typefaces to include Garamond, Baskerville, and Bembo, all in monotype form. Bembo, a monotype form of his Griffo type, was named for Pietro Cardinal Bembo, a sixteenth-century Venetian for whom Mardersteig has enormous respect, and on whom he has privately conferred the title of Perceptor Linguae Italinae. When Pietro Bembo was a very young man, he made a visit to Sicily, and on his return he described Mount Etna to his father. The conversation between them has been preserved, and Mardersteig thought so highly of the young Bembo's style that he printed the Latin text, under the title "De Aetna," in Griffo type—the type that was later used commercially under the name Bembo.

The Mardersteigs weathered the war in Verona, and it was not a pleasant experience. The city was heavily bombed, and its ten bridges over the Adige River were destroyed, but through it all Mardersteig worked away at his hand press, turning out, of all things, an edition of Voltaire's "Candide, ou L'Optimisme." It was the second "Candide" he had published. The first one, done very early in his career, had illustrations by Paul Klee. Today, he finds it disappointing; somehow, he thinks, Klee never caught the spirit of the work. After the war, Mardersteig began to think of his hand press as an anachronism, and in 1949 he founded the Stamperia Valdonega.* But there were still collectors, especially in England, who were anxiously awaiting more products from the Officina Bodoni. So Mardersteig continued his work at both presses.

One of the questions that might well be asked about all this old-fashioned printing of classics is, of course, whether Mardersteig fills an important place in the modern world. Collectors of limited editions would answer emphatically in the affirmative, and any appreciator of fine craftsmanship—something that is dying out in book publishing—would agree. For that matter, Mardersteig has printed a great deal of original contem-



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porary material for the few collectors who can afford his prices, which run as high as two hundred dollars a copy. But when one considers his enormous influence on modern typography, his resuscitation of forgotten Renaissance typefaces, and the standards he has imposed on the present printing industry, it is obvious that something more than elegantly made books is involved. He is a master printer to whom publishers everywhere look for ideas on format and typography. Meanwhile, he works continuously—at research on the history of type, at biographies of leading type designers, at the production of examples of ancient types as well as those he has designed himself, at editions based on the most critical scholarship, at the publication of rare and interesting items, but above all at the printing of beautiful books.

Mardersteig remembers a cynical friend who once said of this kind of printing, "What is the good of laying one egg after another?" His reply was, typically, a Latin quotation, from Vergil: "*Trahit sua quemque voluptas*," or "Every man is driven irresistibly by his passion." At the end of a short autobiographical sketch that he has had printed—modestly, at the Stamperia rather than at the Officina Bodoni—he has stated his credo, which, translated from the German, reads as follows:

> First, service to the author, searching
> for the form best suited to his theme.
> Second, service to the reader, making
> Reading as pleasant and light for him
> as possible.
> Third, the giving of the whole an attractive appearance
> Without imposing too much self-will.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Baltimore Evening Sun*]

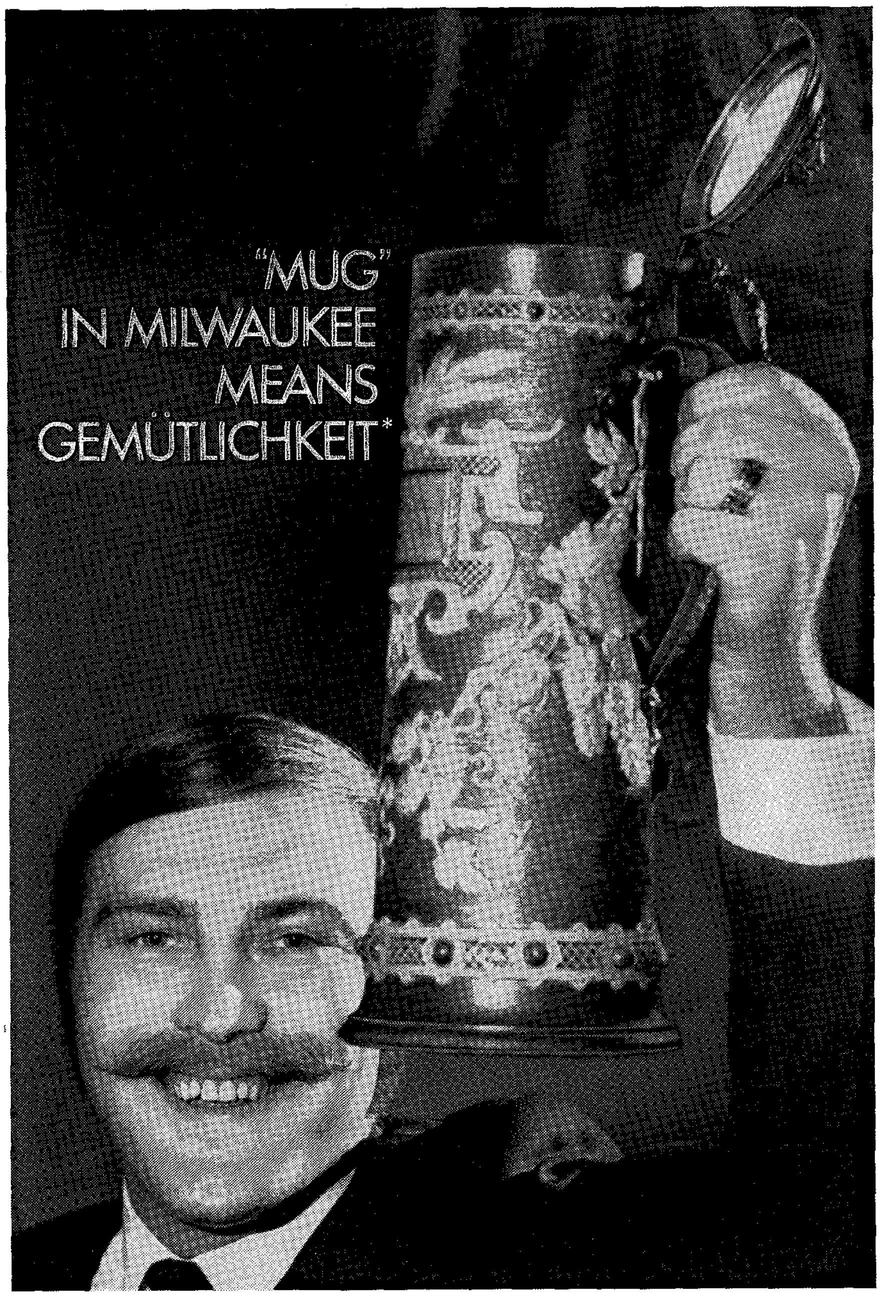
LOUISVILLE (AP)—The letter from the out-of-State firm was signed "Phillip Page" so Brainard Ray decided to put in a long distance call to the writer.

The telephone operator made an exhaustive search but could find no such listing. Finally, she located someone at the firm and asked how she could complete Ray's long distance call to Page.

•

NEW JERSEY, CONNECTICUT AND ROCKLAND AND WESTCHESTER COUNTIES—Sunny and warm today, highs from 85 to 90 and lower along the coast; fair tonight, lows from the upper 50's to the 60's. Partly sunny, hot and human tomorrow.—*The Times*.

In New *Jersey*?



Today, 'mug,' meaning cup, is rapidly being overshadowed by 'mug' meaning assault and strong-arm robbery.

Except in Milwaukee, the safest large city in the country.

In Milwaukee, 'mug' still evokes the traditional gemütlichkeit of friendship, good food, and drink.

Nationwide, serious crime increased by 11% in 1969 according to *FBI figures. In Milwaukee, serious crime decreased by 14%*, continuing an impressive record of crime *control* and *reduction*.

That's very important when you're thinking of moving your plant or business — and your people.

Write or call the Division of Economic Development for the information you need on Milwaukee as your best move. Better yet, pay a visit or hold your next sales meeting or convention in Milwaukee.

You'll agree that Milwaukee's gemütlichkeit is truly a refreshing way of life. Write for *Gemütlichkeit* folder — Dept. NY-770.

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Division of Economic Development
City Hall — Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202

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*Milwaukee hospitality, gracious living, concern for neighbors, cordial acceptance and friendliness.

THE THEATRE

BOTCH

FUN CITY was dealt a dastardly blow last week in the form of a revival of "Charley's Aunt" at the Brooks Atkinson. The old farce is a marvel of its kind; after seventy-eight years and uncountable thousands of performances all over the world, its sturdy machinery of disguise and mistaken identity works with but muted creakings of gears (and not unwelcome creakings, mind you, for when it comes to farce, the more familiar one is with the plot the more one relishes it). Indestructible as "Charley's Aunt" assuredly is, on this occasion a production of quite exceptional ineptitude brought the poor thing to its knees and caused me, out of respect for Brandon Thomas, its late author, again and again to shut my eyes and ears to the maiming taking place onstage. What were the producers thinking of when they cast the play? On the evidence, they were not thinking at all—they were playing Russian roulette with the Equity directory. The chief figure in "Charley's Aunt" is Lord Fancourt Babberley, an Oxford undergraduate. Here he is played by the well-known TV comedian Louis Nye, who is in his late forties and who, having suffered the indignity of being rouged, powdered, and bewigged by some dropout from the Frank Campbell School of Cosmetics, resembles nothing so much as a purplish effigy of that old Oxonian, Oscar Wilde; Hamlet's father's ghost would strike a merry, boyish note by contrast. The disparity between Mr. Nye's actual age and his stage age is heightened by the fact that Lord Fancourt Babberley's fellow-undergraduates, Jack Chesney and Charley Wykeham, are played by actors who really *are* young, as are the three girls that the undergraduates are in love with. To make matters worse, certain other characters in the play, whom one would assume to be in their forties or fifties, are played by actors in their sixties and seventies. A "Charley's Aunt" that becomes a study in geriatrics is no longer capable of being laughed at.

Under the grisly circumstances, Mr. Nye does the best he can, though I fear his best includes much outrageous mugging, some interpolated contemporary patter, and a tiresome emphasis on the sexual implications of a young man's running about in women's clothing. Others in the cast include Michael Goodwin, Rex Thompson, Martyn Green, Eric Berry, Melville Cooper, and Maureen O'Sullivan. The inexpensive-looking sets are by Robert T. Williams, and the direction is by Harold Stone. What a way to end the season! —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Outward Bound in a Cloud of Steam

IT is easy to see why everyone connected with "Steambath" stuck with it through all those postponements and changes in casting. An outrageous comedy by Bruce Jay Friedman, it has to be done right, and so it is by the cast at the Truck and Warehouse, under Anthony Perkins' direction. It is also easy to see why everyone had so much trouble. Actually, the play does not work, but there is more fun in it, once it gets off the ground, than there is in any number of shows that do. The steam bath, where all the action takes place, is Purgatory—a metaphor that Mr. Friedman doesn't bother to pursue, which is just as well. His line of thought, while novel, is unimpressive, but it does give him room for jokes and routines that pay off. All the characters, except for the Puerto Rican attendant, who is God, and his assistant, are dead and on their way. The raffish crew includes an old-timer, who reports in one funny monologue after another all that he has seen and done in the course of a remarkably well-packed life; a couple of feathery chorus boys; a brash and tiresome Jew; a stockbroker; and, finally, a pretty blonde and a handsome young man (well played by Mr. Perkins himself). What plot there is concerns the young man's attempts to persuade, or needle, God into letting him return to life. All ends in a standoff. Only the two of them are left on the stage; the others have gone through the door that opens on Heaven or Hell. As the young man continues to plead, God, half noticing him, continues to play solitaire as the curtain comes down. That actual curtain coming down, for the first time in years Off Broadway, turns out to be the most exciting, though not the most entertaining, effect in the show. The most entertaining is one in which God dictates to a machine his specific instructions for running the world: "Clean bath towels in every room at the Tel Aviv Hilton;" "Give that girl on the bus a run in her body stocking."

Mr. Friedman's notion of making God a Puerto Rican steam-bath attendant, full of ethnic pride and ethnic touchiness—sometimes offhand, sometimes tough, and sometimes a downright showoff, as when he tries to affirm his identity by doing card tricks—is wild and original and entirely appropriate to the show. The part is played to comic, sensitive perfection by Hector Elizondo, an actor whom I hope to keep seeing for the rest of my life. As the old-timer, another rich role, Conrad Bain, who has saved many a fiasco from total ruin in his day, has never been better. Annie Rachel does well as the heroine, and everybody else is all right, too. David Mitchell's set is extremely effective, and so, as usual, is Jules Fisher's lighting. As for "Steambath" as a whole, there are many slack or messy or dull lines along with the good ones. Mr. Friedman is a gifted comedy writer much of the time. What he could have used, I think, is a stretch on the staff of the late Fred Allen, a man who never made a mistake about humor and who could have told him to take that out or leave that alone or, most important, "That's enough." And I hope Mr. Allen would have advised him to cut all those swatches of feverish chatter sprinkled with the names of actors in old movies on television. They have grown so stale that even the audience doesn't laugh at them anymore.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Quote-of-the-week honors must go to Neil Bishop, the man who surprised a lot of people by knocking off Abbott Greene for the Republican U. S. Senate nomination Monday. Asked what will hurt Ed Muskie most in the fall campaign between the two men, Bishop responded quickly, "Lack of votes."

With the sharp-witted, caustic-tongued Bishop in there pitching against Muskie, this has got to be a campaign you won't want to miss. As Bishop promised in the glow of his victory Tuesday, "Oh, this is gonna be more fun than a barrel of monkeys."—*Bangor (Maine) News.*

They can turn a mean phrase in Maine.

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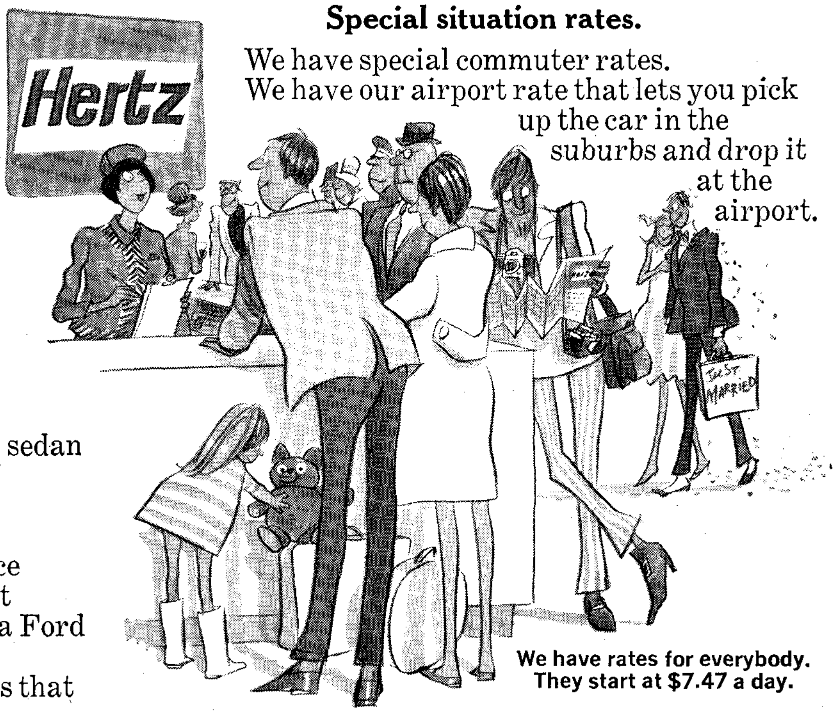
If you're using our car any 4 consecutive days, we have a new mini-week rate: $10 a day and 10¢ a mile. This gives you a special deal even if you're renting for less than a week.

Our regular daily rate.

Our daily rate varies from place to place. And since there are no hidden extras in it, and gas and insurance are included, it's usually the same as a lot of smaller companies who seem to be less.



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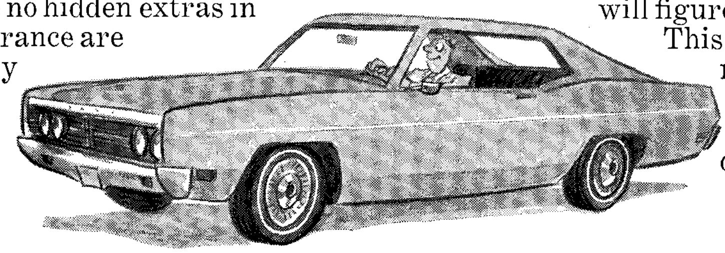

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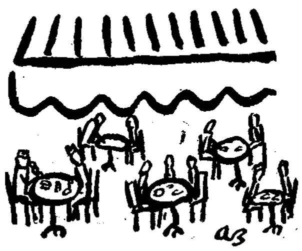
LETTER FROM PARIS

JULY 1

IT is now just one year and one week since the present French government settled into place under Jacques Chaban-Delmas as President Pompidou's Prime Minister. His first unpleasant task was to devalue the franc, which President de Gaulle had refused to do, calling it "the worst absurdity." The Premier's end-of-June unpleasantness this year has consisted of keeping his head during what has been a minor rebellion against the post-de Gaulle majority Parliamentary party, the Union des Démocrates pour la République. Quantitatively, there was almost as much criticism from inside the party as there was from the outside—specifically, from a slice of the population in the eastern city of Nancy, in southern Lorraine. This corrective small provincial rebellion shook France's government almost as thoroughly as if it had been national and had taken place in Paris itself. The damage came to an end this past Sunday in a by-election for the recently vacated seat of the Nancy deputy—an election won, according to certain embittered losers, by "American-type huckster publicity," as practiced by the victorious newly arrived Parisian outsider M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, founder of *L'Express*, France's most successful weekly news magazine, and author of the influential best-seller all over Europe that was published three years ago under the provocative title "Le Défi Américain." It was in praise of American business management as a necessary replacement for France's rich confusion in such matters, inherited from her long aristo-bourgeois owner-class history. As a débutant politician in Nancy, Servan-Schreiber ran without a political label except for his affiliation with the old Radical Socialist Party, which he joined last year, resuscitating it from France's long-past Third Republic and modernizing it beyond recognition to suit the surprises that constituted his inventive Nancy campaign.



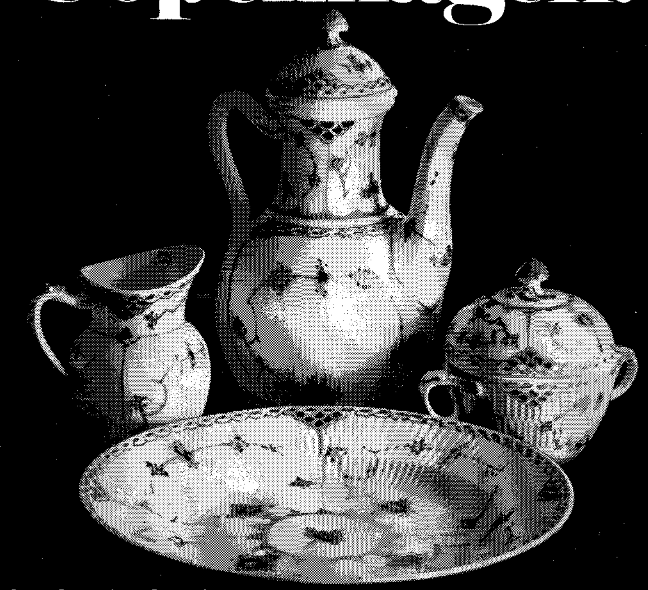
The revolt was essentially against the U.D.R.'s slothful sinking into Parisian centralization, leaving France's provinces like a civilized Gallic wilderness. The unusual, impassioned electoral events at Nancy centered the eyes and the press of Paris on the historic region where Gaullism sprang into bloom, only to wither away last year with de Gaulle's angry, impulsive resignation from public life after he was defeated, ironically enough, in his referendum for increased political regionalization. Nancy's rebellion began in a local squabble about a new highway from Paris to the eastern border, for years served only by an old two-lane road that runs through Nancy. Government ministers in Paris decided that the new road to the east would be a costly four-lane freeway that would run through Metz, Nancy's more industrialized and more prosperous Lorraine rival, thus leaving Nancy deeper than ever in the shade. The project was vainly protested by Nancy's U.D.R. deputy, M. Roger Souchal, who finally resigned his seat in sheer frustration, confident that in the by-election he had thus provoked the Nancy voters would gratefully reëlect him for his stand against the Metz highway. The Nancy saga began taking on the quality of a Balzac short story of French provincial life with the entry on the scene of the free-handed, well-to-do, ambitious Servan-Schreiber (soon reduced to his initials as a simplified form of nomenclature even in Nancy's most popular newspaper, *L'Est Républicain*, which first called him "J.-J. S.-S." and finally reduced him merely to "J.-J."). He had been searching for an opening for his increasingly impatient political ambition, and on Souchal's resignation found Nancy made to his order. "It was like putting the cat among the pigeons," the London *Times* remarked, referring to the carnage among his Gaullist, centrist, and mixed-leftist opponents in the by-election's first balloting, in which he won almost half the votes. He proved a dynamic, inventive campaigner, determined to promulgate reforms; his campaign style was not only new but candid, as part of its novelty. "Truth is always concrete" was reportedly his favorite remark. In an extraordinary, creative effort to aid southern Lorraine's depressed industrial conditions, he hurriedly obtained promises from twenty-one important French and foreign industrialists and bankers to found branches of their businesses in the area of Nancy.

The U.D.R. chiefs in Paris at first thought that J.-J.'s political progress in Nancy was worrying but could not be fatal, but they soon became sufficiently alarmed to send five Cabinet members to Nancy to pinch-hit against him (including their Minister of Finance, Giscard d'Estaing), but their presence merely irritated the Nancéiens, who considered them presumptuous and belated. Hasty party self-criticisms were collected at a meeting of the National Council of the U.D.R. in Versailles and from Paris political circles; indeed, all France suffered more shocks and temblors than at any time since de Gaulle quit the Presidency. Politicians of all parties as well as the public itself were driven to serious consideration of fundamental French policies: of national habits in governing, such as the centralization in Paris, which has been going on since the time of Richelieu; of the role of political parties in relation to Parliament; and of the basic merits and weaknesses of the entire French political system. Never in the memory of French newspaper chronicles has a minor local provincial election caused such a stir. One explanation offered was that it was a sign of the growing personalization of politics today, and the accompanying weakening of the role that political parties themselves play in arousing public interest in their generalized ideas. What the public on both sides of the Channel and both sides of the Atlantic has seemed hungry for recently is a report from a politician's own brains and mouth. Another interpretation of the Nancy rebellion was that it was the result of insufficient authority at the government's top—that yesterday, in de Gaulle's time, the Gaullist deputy Souchal would never have dared resign his seat merely because he disagreed with the government on the question of a local highway; that Servan-Schreiber would never have dared challenge the government in what was normally a safe Gaullist constituency; and that the electors of Lorraine would never have dared vote for him heavily in defiance of de Gaulle's disapproval (which last was taken for granted). In the second, and final, Nancy ballot, Servan-Schreiber triumphantly won 55.28 per cent of the votes cast, and the rest of the candidates were nowhere or lost in the abstentions. Deputy Servan-Schreiber has announced that he will sit in Parliament on the Socialist bench.

THE two internationally best-known literary couples of our time have been Elsa Triolet and Louis Aragon, and Simone de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre. In the United States, Elsa Triolet was less well known as a writer than Simone de Beauvoir, but in France their ranking was equal, if different. Elsa Triolet died unexpectedly two weeks ago after strolling with her husband in the garden of their little property in Saint-Arnoult-en-Yvelines, not far from Paris. Feeling a malaise while still out-of-doors, she sank down on a rustic bench and suddenly died, aged seventy-three. Even knowing her fame, one is astonished at the quality of intimate public reaction that her death aroused among the French. A Russian ornamented by nature and by race, she was unique in appearance, and during much of her life she was ranked by herself and by others as a beauty. She was a nearly perfect intellectual—a bold and critical-tongued Communist who was never afraid to speak her mind on the errors of conduct that the U.S.S.R. often enough committed, such as the tank invasion of Budapest and, more recently, the second occupation of Prague. She was a natural, practicing egotist. She had startlingly beautiful eyes, as Aragon never tired of saying in his poetry—"eyes the color of rain." She was the first woman ever to be given the Prix Goncourt, bestowed on her shortly after the Second World War. Her short story "Mille Regrets" was her first success and is perfection. Written during the last war, it is the story of a Russian refugee in the Midi who has nothing left of her past life but her old fur coat. It is a story that brings tears to the mind and heart. Of her novels, which at first she still had to write in Russian and then translate into French under the eyes of her schoolmaster, Aragon, this correspondent's favorite was "L'Inspecteur des Ruines," the story of a Frenchman after the last war whose municipal post was simply inspecting war-caused ruins. Physically (and one always came back to the subject of her appearance, to which she led one), she perfectly illustrated herself—a rare, small-bodied, foreign-looking Slav, a nineteenth-century Muscovite *petite grande dame*, carried forward over the years by her own sense of self-preservation into our modern times and hers.

When she and Aragon were young and became unbearably penniless, she took to creating fancy, odd pearl necklaces, which she sold to smart Paris dressmaking shops, while he went to work as a cub reporter for *L'Humanité*, the Communist daily paper, for a poor wage. They survived in a rich atmosphere of the luxury of love. Both of them were extremely vain. They

Royal Copenhagen.



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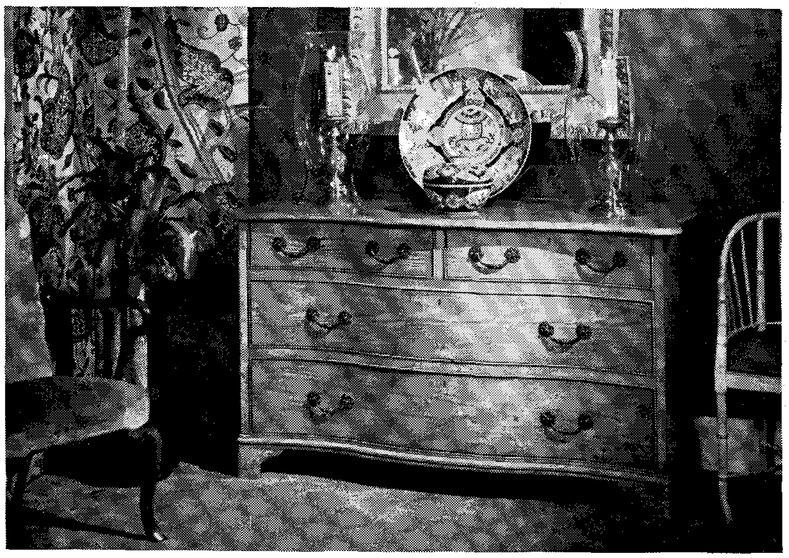

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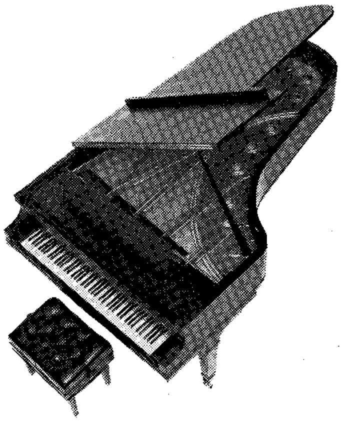

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could be a little embarrassing in a restaurant because of the ocular attention they centered on themselves; they enjoyed seeing themselves eating well, as reflected in the restaurant's mirrors. Three days after Elsa's death, almost as if it were a final form of public reception, she lay in state on her bier on the ground floor of *L'Humanité's* office, surrounded by a throng of Parisians filing past and by an opulence of flowers such as might be offered by the people to a female head of state. She had made a broadcast in January that was replayed here the day after her death. In the broadcast, she talked about her sister Lili's great friend, the poet Mayakovski, who killed himself. She related that at a certain time in her life she had repeatedly been visited by a dream about him—a dream that was always the same. In it she would beg him not to take his life, and he would answer, "But I have already done it and I cannot come back and change that now." She added in the broadcast, "Mayakovski could not live in Russia if he were to come back today. He was incapable of lying."

Of all the letters of condolence sent to Aragon and given by him to the press as a matter of public interest, one of the most unexpected and impressive was that from the President of the Republic, Georges Pompidou. He specialized in literature at the university, and is the editor of a well-chosen anthology of poetry. To Aragon he wrote, "Monsieur: Even though we have never met, I am too great an admirer of your poetry not to express to you my condolences at this moment when you have lost the one who was the summary of your existence, its inspiration, and, at the same time, the companion of your life. Do not see in this letter anything but a testimony from one of your readers and the expression of special sympathy for the emotions that you have admirably translated into your poetry. *Croyez, Monsieur, je vous prie, à mes sentiments de haute considération.* Georges Pompidou." —GENÊT

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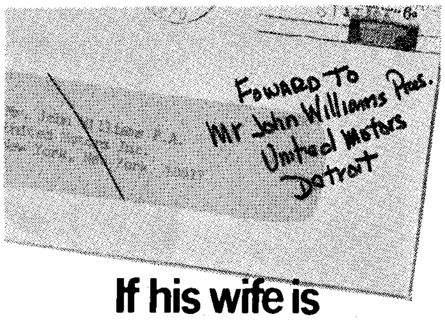
STOWE POLICE REPORT

Last week, St. John's-In-The-Mountain, the Episcopal Church on the Mt. Rd., was broken into.

The vandal or vandals stole a sterling silver bread tray and consumed three boxes of cereal.

Editor's Note: Herewith is the first of what we hope becomes a weekly feature. —*Stowe (Vt.) Reporter.*

Hope springs eternal in an editor's breast.



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still talking to him,
chances are he
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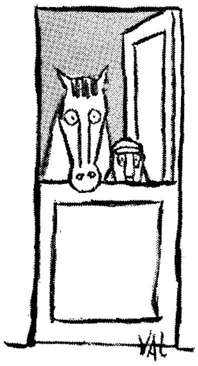
THE RACE TRACK

Barometer Going Up

REMEMBERING past Suburban Handicaps I've seen—and I have the memory of an old elephant—I'd say that the race has always been a good one to watch, and the eighty-fourth running at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July was in the true tradition of the event. Every split second of the slightly more than two minutes it took to run the mile and a quarter was thrilling, with Barometer, a 15–1 shot who had never won a stakes race before, cutting the corner at the turn into the stretch to win by two and a half lengths from Verbatim. Farther behind, in third place, was Hitchcock. Dewan, the favorite, was fourth. I daresay the big disappointment to many racegoers was that Nodouble, winner of the Metropolitan on Memorial Day, was scratched. The reason, it was reported, was that he had run a temperature, which is just as much a danger signal in horses as it is in people. If the indisposition clears up quickly, perhaps the Arkansas Traveler, as he is called, could fly out to Hollywood Park in my pocket for the Gold Cup there this weekend, but then he'd have to come back East again for the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth Park next week and the Brooklyn Handicap at the Big A on the twenty-fifth. Both races have purses that go into six figures.



It was a toss-up with me whether Hitchcock, the big, handsome German colt, or the King Ranch filly Gallant Bloom looked best of the lot in the paddock and the parade past the stand before the Suburban. Gallant Bloom is a creature of beautiful quality, and is almost perfectly proportioned. To own her must be a delight and to have bred her an achievement, but running her against males is too large an order. She was fourth at the mile marker, and I thought she'd go on, but she fell back instead, and finished seventh, next to last. As for the others, Never Bow led for nearly a mile, closely followed by Verbatim and Barometer. The last-named, who had been on the rails all the way, zipped into a four-length lead as he swung into the stretch, and bingo! A rangy dark-bay five-year-old gelding by Petare and Out of Doors, Barometer was bred in Florida and was once owned by Charles Engelhard, from whom Marion Frankel claimed him for $15,000. First money in the Suburban was $71,565.

It was another big day for Aqueduct, with a crowd of 53,124 and a tote of $5,241,410. Earlier in the afternoon, High Echelon, winner of the Belmont Stakes, had a gallop over the Inner Turf Course (the steeplechase course with the fences removed) to wind him up for the Dwyer Handicap this weekend. He finished fourth, but it wasn't a bad effort for his first time ever on grass, except in a paddock. A number of two-year-olds were in action at the Big A last week. On opening day, Raise Your Glass and Tamtent finished in a dead heat in the Tremont Stakes—the first dead heat in its seventy-eight runnings—and in the Astoria, for fillies, Bonnie and Gay won despite a bumping in the stretch from Kittiwake.

THE exacta (the horses you back must finish one-two in the order named) was introduced at Aqueduct last week to augment the betting, and it seems a success all round. So many horseplayers have gone all out for it that additional windows for the sale of exacta tickets have had to be opened, and still the queues in front of them are long. On opening day, $437,486 was wagered on the two exacta races (the fifth and the eighth), accounting for more than ten per cent of the afternoon's entire mutuel handle of $4,024,909. The gimmick also got a big boost the next day when the combination of Au Secours and Bill Boland (Nos. 8 and 6) clicked in the fifth race, paying $414.20. As you might expect, the Internal Revenue Service tabs the winners of two-dollar exactas that pay $600 or over, as it does winners of the daily double. Heigh-ho! We now have twelve spins of the wheel of fortune—nine races, the daily double, and two exactas.

Down at Liberty Bell Park, they have exactas on the third and fifth races, and something called Big-E. To play this, you take a two-dollar exacta on the seventh race, and if that wins you exchange the ticket for one with your choices on the eighth. And if *that* wins—! A very lucky horseplayer hit it last Saturday and collected $85,978. Wow!

—AUDAX MINOR

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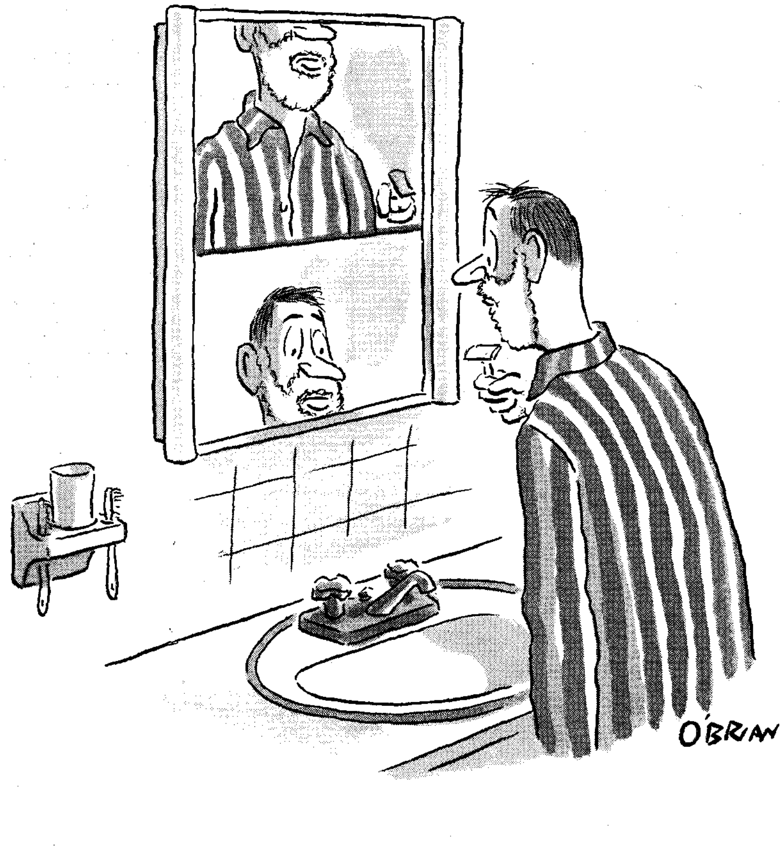
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Nuns, Lousy Cooks, and Other Heroines of the Music That Goes Round and Round

THE characters in American show-biz fiction can sometimes seem as heavily stylized as the characters in children's comics, or English seaside postcards, or the commedia dell'arte. There is a particular tearabout heroine, for instance, spunky and pushy, who has become standard over the years and has now put such a distance between herself and the lifelike that one tends to forget that if she existed in reality she would be pretty unbearable; the assumption in show-biz contexts is that she is beguiling. She cracks rather hefty jokes at her own expense, guying her sexuality and distressingly reaching for courage through idiosyncrasy and clamor. If she is a career woman, her style is the style of the barbarian amateur—Ethel Merman playing bowls between her legs with the train of her ambassadorial dress, for instance. If she is a girl in love, her style is the style of the poignant slob who belligerently makes a mess of fixing spaghetti for two. Her self-denigration should strike us as a way of hiding pain, but it often seems nothing more than a mannerism hiding a void spirit. Her reactions are beefy, self-reliant, and schoolgirlish. She is an oddball choosing to be on exhibit, a puller of faces, a fierce ally of loners and mongrels and the out-of-step. She is in mortal combat with her clothes, always shoving hats down over her eyebrows or limping about with one shoe lost; she lives in a shambles and she is a terrible cook. Trapped in self-caricature, she seems to be signalling desperately to be rescued, but any man who tries to salvage her discovers himself to be impossibly outnumbered, because she is not a person but a whole fictional sorority. There is no changing a type in popular aesthetics. It would be like trying to soften the model of the battle-axe mother-in-law in music hall. In the character's gift for mateyness and in her terror of sexuality as well as in her insistence on spine and grit, she is really a descendant of the heroine's-best-friend figure in the movies of the thirties. The confusion she expresses between stridency and charm inherits the confusion of all the musicals that have ever been fuelled by the simple brute energy of a woman star. Musicals have long celebrated variations of the boundless good sport—in the parts played by Carol Channing, for instance, and by Elaine Stritch, and by Mary Martin when she was washing that man out of her cropped hair. In Broadway comedy, the lonely, quirky bungler has become an archetype ("Two for the Seesaw"). The ethic is to be stiff-lipped, abrupt, and paradoxical, and there is often an ugly weight of self-consciousness laid on brazening out some emotional or physical affliction. I don't know if I am alone in finding the type diminished now in its possible poetry and rather overbearing in its clownishness.

The girl at the center of Otto Preminger's "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon," played by Liza Minnelli, is seen as the irrepressible ringleader of a jolly club of the maimed. Her face and one arm have been horribly burned by car-battery acid flung at her by a voyeur who was taking her out. She sets up house with a homosexual paraplegic and a man with an undiagnosable neurological disorder that makes him sometimes shake like a puppy who has just been forced to swim for the first time in a freezing lake. Junie Moon—she is always called by her full name, with a cuteness that doesn't abate through repetition—runs the struggling household with unrelieved briskness. The mawkish sensibility of Marjorie Kellogg's novel, adapted for Preminger by the author, is not aided by the note of the film, where the bravado of characters in appalling circumstances seems sometimes to be more relished than respected. The way Preminger photographs the voyeur as he tells Junie to undress, and later finds a way to dribble acid on her, very slowly, is as upsetting as it is partly because it looks almost lip-smacking.

If the word "middlebrow" means anything precise, this film helps to define it. The movie is addressed not to the subject but to the people who will be watching it. It has a go at providing something for everyone, from sadists to social workers. The hope of the enterprise rests, I suppose, on the hawking of the spectacle of people so much worse off than we are and on the ooh-ah admiration that we always seem to hand out to a pretty actress who allows herself to be dressed in an ugly wig or disfiguring makeup. In the world where looks are king, to be made up with a scar across your face will strike us as the analogue of the real world's notion of courage. The plot also depends on the imagery of role-muddling. These people are siblings playing mothers-and-fathers, infants playing lovers, the invalid playing the persecuted. The film treats bigotry about the afflicted as an easy metaphor for bigotry about race, and this is morally and socially misleading, for the cruel but incurable recoil of the healthy from the sick whom they will one day be has nothing much in common with ethnic antagonisms. When a vicious white neighbor says, watching the white trio over a fence, "They're all black as far as I'm concerned," it seems a



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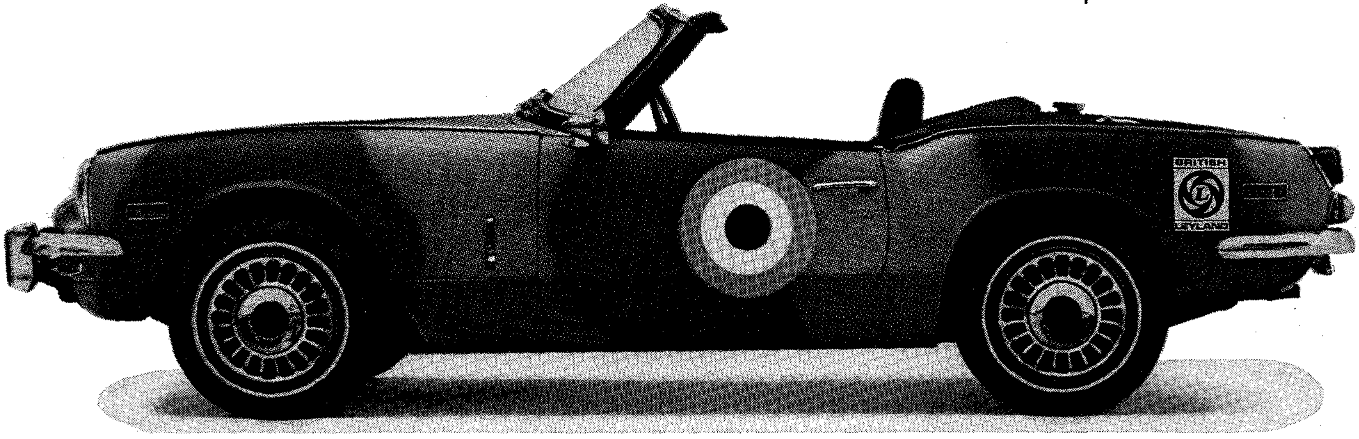

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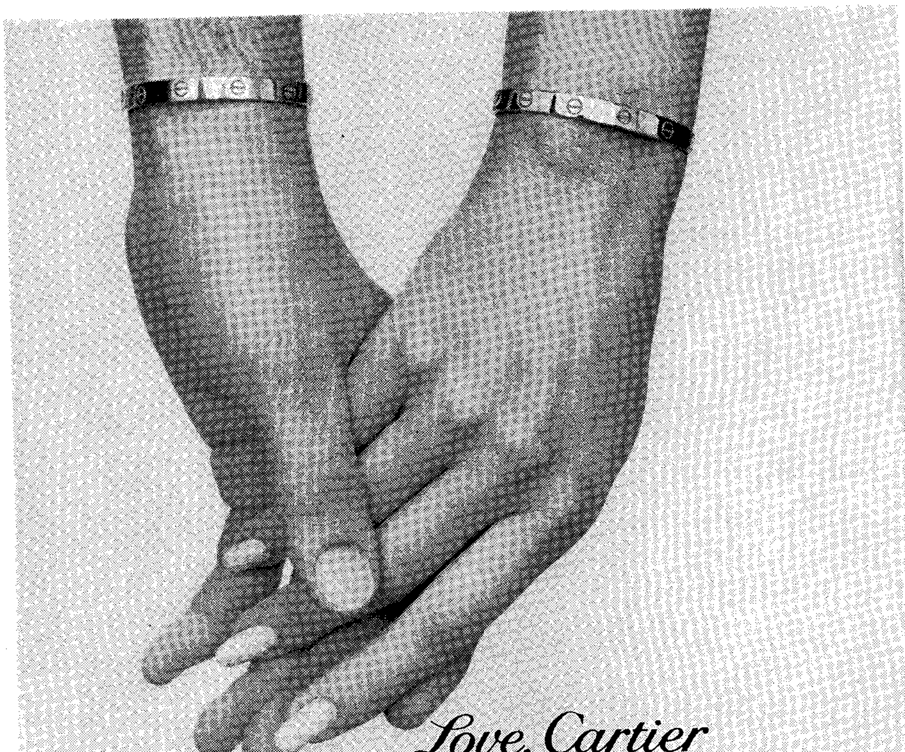

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planted and untrue line. The script is sometimes so spelled out, so on the nose, that it nearly breaks bones. Junie, out on a fishing trip with the neurological patient, suddenly flinches from the sight of the hook in the mouth of a catch. "They say fish don't feel things," goes the response. Look, we are being told with that, in the film's preachy way, these freaks have feelings. But of course they have. They're people. Or so we are asked to believe, although sympathy is really being drummed up not for three characters but for three objects representing themes of calamity, among which it seems rather prejudiced to include homosexuality.

IN "Two Mules for Sister Sara," Shirley MacLaine plays another of show-biz's spunky tomboy heroines, this time in the embodiment of a particularly sporting nun. Clint Eastwood, as a Texan, saves her in the nick of time from triple rape in Mexico, and discovers that she is a nun only when she puts her clothes on. A great cartoonist once told me that nuns seemed to him to be the only intrinsically comic image left. I think it was their shoes that clinched it for him. Anyway, Shirley MacLaine does not fail us, leaping up a tree in her black habit to escape from a possible lion, dazzling hostile Indians with the sun's reflection from her upheld crucifix, clambering up a railway bridge to plant a bundle of dynamite, and rather maddening Clint by her habit of wasting water in the desert by blessing things. She looks perfectly gorgeous, and she deals wonderfully with the moment when Clint has been wounded in the chest by an arrow. Throughout the picture, the man's frustration is frightful. "I sure would have liked to have met up with you before you took up with them clothes and them vows," he has been saying as they trudged. In the end—and I don't think this is to give anything away, because her language has been quite demotic for a nun—she turns out to be a whore, thus resolving the romantic interest without sacrilege and relieving Clint no end, though I thought it rather a loss.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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WASHINGTON (REUTERS)—AMERICANS WILL EVENTUALLY HAVE TO BE LIMITED OR EVEN CUT BACK IN SIZE IF ANTI-POLLUTION EFFORTS ARE TO BE SUCCESSFUL, A SPECIAL ADVISER TO PRESIDENT NIXON SAID TODAY.—*News dispatch.*

Around two feet eight inches would be a nice size.

LETTER FROM INDO-CHINA

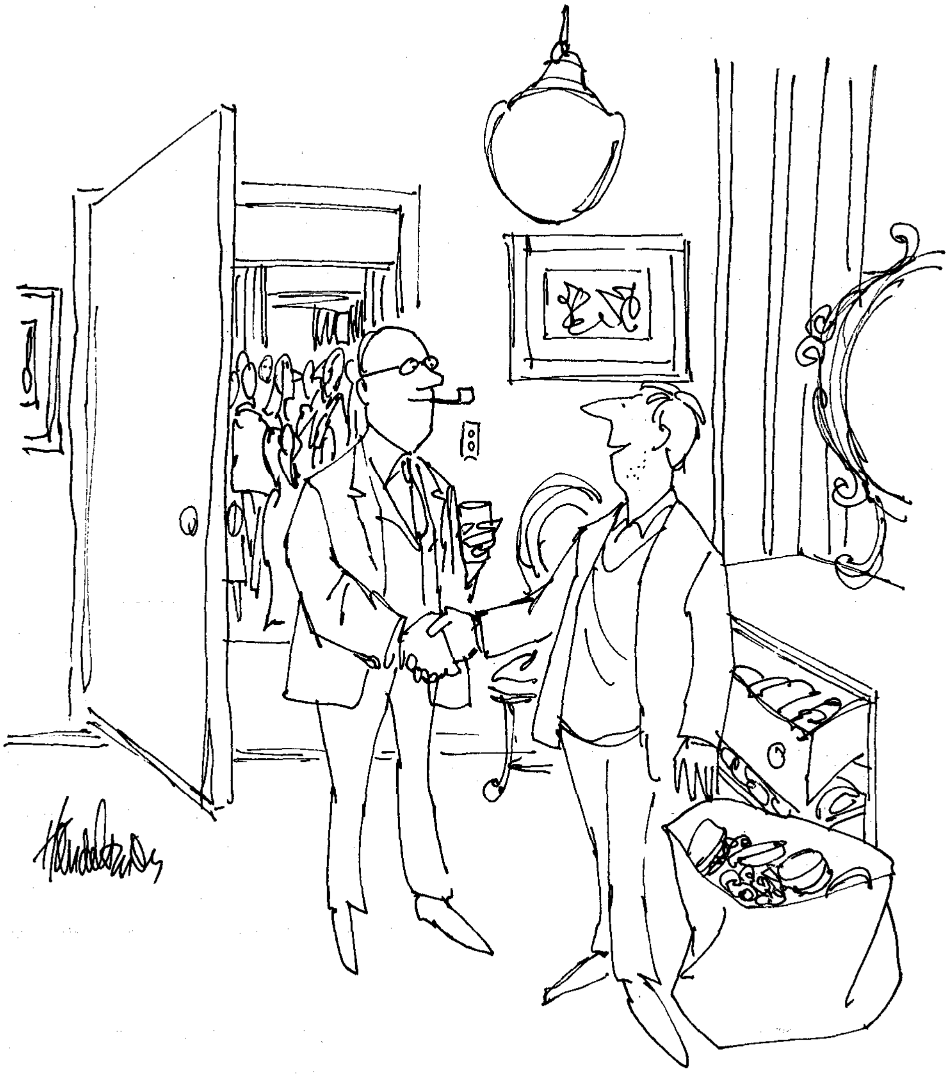
SAIGON, JUNE 30

AS United States troops have been withdrawn from Cambodia, it has become daily more apparent that their intervention in that country has done little or nothing to improve the prospects for peace in the whole Indo-China area in the near future. I have just spent ten days in Cambodia, and it seems to me that it will take a military or political miracle to prevent much, if not most, of the Cambodian countryside from coming under tighter Communist control within the next few months. The new Lon Nol-Sirik Matak government there still harbors hopes of becoming an American client state, but in view of President Nixon's pledge not to send American troops back into the country after June 30th, of the reluctance of Congress to endorse any renewed operations there, and of the limited amount of American aid that is likely to be given the Cambodians either directly or through their newfound allies in South Vietnam, it seems that the leaders in Phnom Penh are unduly optimistic. President Nguyen Van Thieu, of South Vietnam, has now made it clear that there is a limit to what his beleaguered country can do to help the Cambodians, ruling out "uncalculated adventurous moves" on Saigon's part and rhetorically unloading the "heavy responsibility" if Cambodia goes Communist onto "the whole free world." This, in effect, turns Nixon's Guam Doctrine into a sort of Nixon-Thieu Doctrine and throws the burden of saving Cambodia on the rest of Southeast Asia, which has shown itself to be concerned, but so far not to the point of direct involvement. What all this adds up to is a widespread feeling of sympathy for "poor little Cambodia," which has had the misfortune to be drawn into the vortex of the war far too late for anyone on the non-Communist side to want to do nearly as much about it as the dedicated and ambitious men in Hanoi and Peking want to do.

One hears a great deal in Phnom Penh these days about the national pride and patriotism of the Khmer people and about their will to resist, but the fact is that they have no political tradition and very little understanding of how to organize themselves. Because they were so long the docile and obedient "children" of the deposed Prince Norodom Sihanouk, their reaction to his departure from the scene is less one of regret than one of shock and emptiness, which is expressed in bewilderment and immobility. The new government, well intentioned as it may be, seems to lack imagination as well as experience and know-how. It is composed of virtually the same men who worked—or simply sat—with Sihanouk, and though they have taken some measures to correct the financial chaos that the Prince created, the recent destruction of so much of the nation's physical property (especially the processing plants on its rubber plantations, which brought in about a third of the national income) has made the task of economic recovery seem just about hopeless. Cambodia's commerce, which was formerly run by the local Vietnamese and Chinese, has been badly slowed down by persecution of those peoples—especially the Vietnamese, some of whom have been repatriated to South Vietnam, some of whom are living in refugee camps in Phnom Penh, and some of whom, elsewhere in the country, have been recruited by the Communists. The spreading tide of the war, furthermore, has caused thousands of people to lose just about everything they owned. "Their homes, their cattle, their savings—all are gone. The country is in ruins," a former Minister of Finance and Economy told me.

POLITICALLY, there are rumblings and grumblings, mostly among civilian politicians and intellectuals who led the silent opposition to Sihanouk and who have been more or less left out of the new military power complex run by generals—both old and new. Prince Sirik Matak, the Deputy Premier, has dropped his royal title and now wears two stars—one less than his long-time friend, Premier Lon Nol. Although, as one Western ambassador said to me, "it is ridiculous to use the word 'power,' when this government is powerless," a power struggle of sorts has been temporarily ameliorated by a reshuffle that has given some of the civilians a broader role to play.

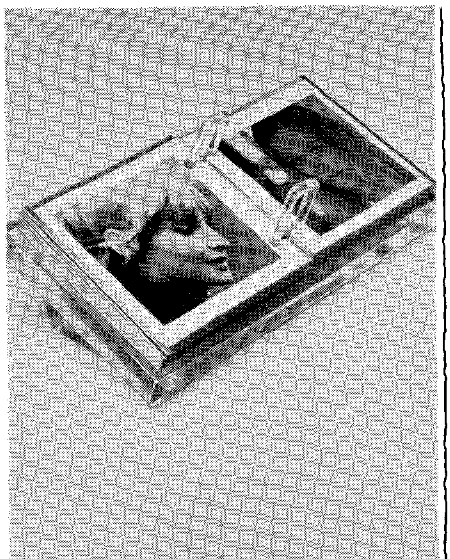
In view of what has happened since



"Glad to know you. I'm Milt Watkins—in the breaking-and-entering game."

the overthrow of Sihanouk, it is legitimate to ask whether the Americans and the French should not have done more than they did to persuade the Prince to return to Cambodia instead of fleeing from Paris to Moscow, on March 13th, and then going on to Peking. He had been on the verge of flying back to Phnom Penh, and had even gone so far as to charter an Air France plane for the purpose, when a mixture of pride and fear—he apparently thought he might be killed—impelled him to dash off eastward, to end up in the hands of Peking and Hanoi. His fear of being murdered if he returned may have been prompted by his awareness that many of his own people, including most of the Cambodian youth and intellectuals, had turned against him. What he may or may not have known, according to people in Phnom Penh, is that the Communists, annoyed by his recent demands that they get out of Cambodia and his friendly overtures to the Americans, were planning to eliminate him, possibly by assassination. If he did know this, he may have thought it safer to surrender himself to them than to return home. If he did not know, he simply jumped into the lion's jaws. However, it is doubtful whether he would have been killed if he had gone back to Phnom Penh, and his presence—if Lon Nol and Sirik Matak had set him up as a figurehead and eliminated the corrupt influence of his family and his palace cronies, as they had earlier intended—would probably have done more to hold the country together than the new government has so far shown itself capable of doing. Diplomatic sources have provided a strange footnote to the story of Sihanouk's hegira. A week after his arrival in Peking, he decided that he wanted to return to Paris, and he arranged for an Air France plane from Shanghai to pick him up. The Chinese at this point were willing to let him go, preferring to play their own game in their own way, with Cambodians of their own choosing. A quick flight from Hanoi to Peking by Prime Minister Pham Van Dong, of North Vietnam, changed their minds. Also, Princess Monique, Sihanouk's beautiful Italian-Cambodian wife, who had been receiving money from the Vietcong, successfully urged him to stay. Since then, the Prince has bounced about spouting a torrent of Communist propaganda pronouncements.

Though the role of Sihanouk since his downfall has been important, it has not been the major factor in what has



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occurred over the past three months. Once the new regime had failed to reach some accommodation with the Communists over a continued but more limited use of the Cambodian sanctuaries—which it made serious efforts to do—the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong, supported by a small number of Cambodian Communists, or Khmer Rouge, rapidly set in motion a plan to spread out into the Cambodian countryside from the sanctuary areas along the Vietnamese border. They planned to go at first only as far west as the Mekong River, which meanders through Cambodia at distances of anything from thirty to a hundred miles from the Vietnam border, and simply to reinforce the control over northeastern Cambodia that they had held for some time. They apparently did not then anticipate a major assault on the sanctuaries but, rather, some B-52 raids and perhaps some small ground probes, after which they would be able to return to the border base areas. By mid-April, however—two weeks before the full-scale American-South Vietnamese combined assaults started—they became frightened enough to begin moving much of their intricate headquarters network westward into the Cambodian heartland. They took only part of their supplies with them, for they were hoping to return and pick up the rest later. It was at this moment that the Americans began planning their attack in earnest—"dusting off the cobwebs" from some earlier plans, as one American officer puts it. After the Allied border attacks started, the North Vietnamese—determined to compensate themselves for the loss of large amounts of equipment in the sanctuaries and emboldened by Cambodia's political confusion in the wake of the coup—decided to go further and launch a daring series of flash offensives all over Cambodia and southern Laos. They apparently figured that meanwhile, except for some sharp fire and ground attacks in the northern part of South Vietnam and some sapper and terrorist thrusts elsewhere, the Vietnamese war could just simmer along.

The American and South Vietnamese assault on the sanctuaries—where only thirty to forty per cent of the war matériel estimated to be hidden has been discovered—must be judged a short-term military success, and one that may buy from six to eight months' time in Vietnam and perhaps save some American lives. It may also force the Communists to worry more—and there is little doubt that they have been

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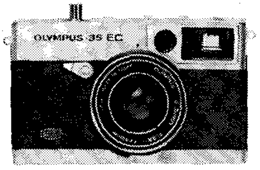

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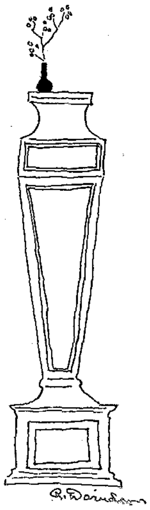
worried—about the effects of Vietnamization. But in the long run the Allied assault may well prove to have hastened Cambodia's downfall and its ultimate military disintegration—at a time when only the Communists will be around to pick up the pieces—leaving South Vietnam neatly outflanked. There seems little or no chance that, as President Nixon has hoped, Hanoi will be prompted to negotiate as a result of the Cambodian operation. On the contrary, having now seized on our move as the occasion for a daring adventure of their own, they have evidently decided to quickly conquer, or at least establish a presence in, as much of the whole Indo-China peninsula as they can. Eventually, Hanoi would probably have acted in Cambodia anyway, but the attack on the sanctuaries caused them to shift their priorities in a hurry. Because they have lost the southern port of Sihanoukville—now renamed Kompong Som—which was the main avenue of supply for their offensives in the South Vietnamese Delta, and where they had tons of weapons and ammunition stored at the time of the coup, the military situation in the Delta is certainly more secure for the Saigon government right now. But the matériel that the Communists lost can be replaced in time, and its loss will not long deter them from resuming limited offensives in South Vietnam, while maintaining their pressure on Laos as well as Cambodia. Sooner or later—probably after more American troops have left Vietnam—they are sure to concentrate on the Delta again. And they will by no means neglect it altogether in the interim.

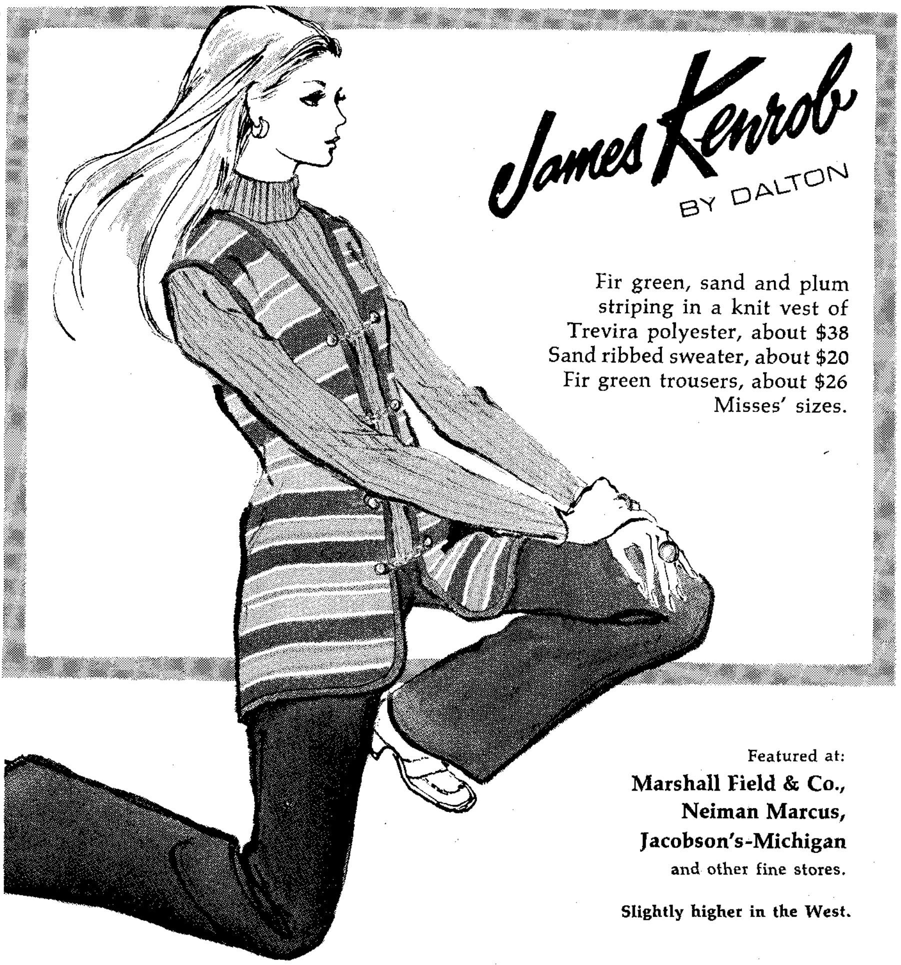


THOUGH it will not be easy for the Communists to build longer, new lines of supply and communication from the southern end of the Ho Chi Minh Trail down through south-central Laos and into Cambodia—which they are beginning to establish chiefly along the river route of the Sekong from Laos into the Mekong in northern Cambodia and along a land route farther west—they nevertheless seem determined to do it. So far, Allied intelligence-gathering devices, including highly sensitive aerial sensors, have disclosed relatively little traffic into Cambodia along either of the new routes, but sources in Cambodia say that some large new caches have been established in the north-central part of the country, west of the Mekong. Moreover, the porters, guards, and administrative personnel along the main part of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, in Laos, who usually go north during the rainy season at this time of year, have been told to stay where they are. Traffic on the Trail at the moment has slowed way down, but Allied observers expect it to pick up again shortly, and there seems no reason to suppose that American air bombardment of the new routes into Cambodia will prevent the Communists from ultimately moving in enough fresh supplies to sustain both the Cambodian offensive and offensives in important parts of South Vietnam, particularly in the northern tier of provinces.

Another reason for the wide sweep of the current Communist drive into Cambodia appears to be to gain control of rice-growing areas. The Communists are trying to collect and store as much of the earlier rice crop as they can, and to gather fish from Tonle Sap, the vast lake in western Cambodia, at the same time that they recruit new adherents from among the large number of Vietnamese who live around the lake. What is perhaps an even more important reason for the extent of the thrusts into the countryside is the need for the North Vietnamese to build up a political and military structure in Cambodia as quickly as they can, and this will not be easy. Surprisingly, they are making good progress at it, according to sources in Phnom Penh, and one reason for this good progress is that their troops behaved well—paying for food instead of stealing it, as the South Vietnamese invaders have frequently done. As one captured Communist directive said, "Eliminate the thought that we are 'a powerful country' and the friendly country [Cambodia] is poor and weak. We must be patient and we must sympathize with the people. . . . In the establishment of a relationship with the Cambodians, cadre and members should display a correct attitude. Respect their habits and traditions, and absolutely do not touch their property, because they treated us as their liberators." Another Communist document contains the following significant passage: "The recent coup d'état appears to have created a great leap forward in the revolutionary movement. It has established the ground for an anti-American front of the Indo-China people in conjunction with the combat activities on the three battlefields [South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia], while the enemy is de-escalating the war and continuing to withdraw troops from South Vietnam."

MUCH of what occurs next will depend on whether the ramshackle and almost totally inexperienced Cambodian Army can achieve the will and the ability to deny the North Vietnamese troops now in Cambodia—whose numbers are estimated at thirty-five thousand, a third of them actual combat forces and the rest support elements—at least some of their main objectives. So far, the Cambodians have in a few cases fought bravely and well, and some veteran South Vietnamese military men say they could become good, tough soldiers. Unfortunately, for the past fifteen years Sihanouk refused to let them have any real combat training. Now, for the most part, they have let themselves be too widely dispersed by the Communists' hit-and-run tactics, and have failed to concentrate on holding the towns and road junctions that are vital for the defense of Phnom Penh and other strategic points. They have complained about a shortage of weapons, but the fact is that, in addition to nineteen thousand AK-47 Communist guns that the Cambodian Army quietly put away during the Sihanouk days as a price for permitting the Communist arms traffic to run through Sihanoukville, they have been given twenty-five thousand guns, including both carbines and captured AK-47s, by the Americans and the South Vietnamese in the last two months. The Cambodians claim to have a hundred and twenty-five thousand men ready to fight, but the figure must be treated cautiously. Their regular Army of thirty thousand men, plus twenty thousand or more in "territorial" units, could probably be built up to ninety thousand or so within a year, but anything can happen in the meantime, and last week's order for the general mobilization of all men and women between eighteen and sixty will, at best, hasten the creation of village and hamlet defense forces—when there are enough guns for this purpose. The South Vietnamese are planning to train twenty thousand new Cambodian Army regulars in South Vietnam in the next nine months, and the Thais may also train some Cambodians.

At present, the most effective forces fighting in Cambodia are three thousand Khmers from the South Vietnamese Delta who had earlier been trained, equipped, and paid for combat in Vietnam by the American Special



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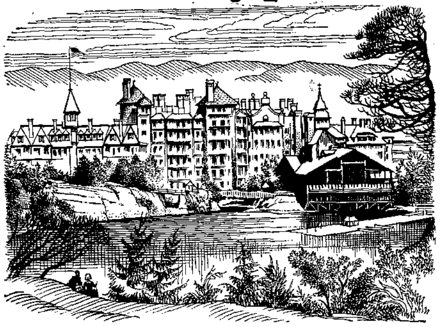

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Forces. Their leader is Son Ngoc Thanh, who, with Sihanouk, was an early hero of the Cambodian independence movement. After the Second World War—during which, unlike Sihanouk, he collaborated with the Japanese—he broke with the Prince, and, following a period in Thailand, where he built up a small anti-Sihanouk force called the Khmer Serei, he came to live in exile in Saigon. He has considered joining the Lon Nol government, but first he wants to train more troops—an enterprise for which he is seeking help from both Saigon and the Americans. Thanh's force, known, among other things, as the Khmer Krom, or K.K. ("Krom" designates people of Khmer origin living in the Vietnamese Delta), is not to be confused with the Khmer Kampuchea Krom, or K.K.K. The latter's members come from the same Delta areas but are a mixture of bandits, opportunists, and sometime monarchists, now organized in four battalions, totalling about two thousand men, to fight in Cambodia. They are outright mercenaries, whose allegiance is to a legendary monk named Chau Da Ra. Like the K.K., they are to be seen all over Phnom Penh, toting guns, and apparently they as well as the K.K. have the backing of Lon Nol, for he uses both groups as a kind of Praetorian Guard around government buildings. Son Ngoc Thanh is one of a number of people who say that the K.K.K. are not to be trusted, and that if Sihanouk should return they would readily swing back to his side. The possibility that additional mercenary elements will be used in Cambodia's present predicament is quite possible; indeed, the country could become a kind of Asian Biafra, with representatives of several nations, including Thailand, Korea, Taiwan, the Philippines, and possibly other Asian and even European countries, "volunteering," for good pay, to help keep Cambodia afloat. There have been rumors that Americans have taken on such a role for fees of a thousand dollars a week, and although these rumors are not true, it seems conceivable that the Cambodians will eventually hire some American technicians to show them how to use the modern equipment they are to receive under the current American aid program, which now stands at $7,900,000 and will probably be increased.

A GREAT deal of what happens in Cambodia in the period following the withdrawal of American troops will be determined by what the South Viet-

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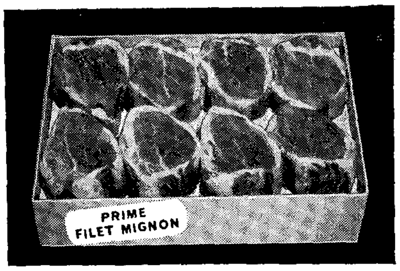

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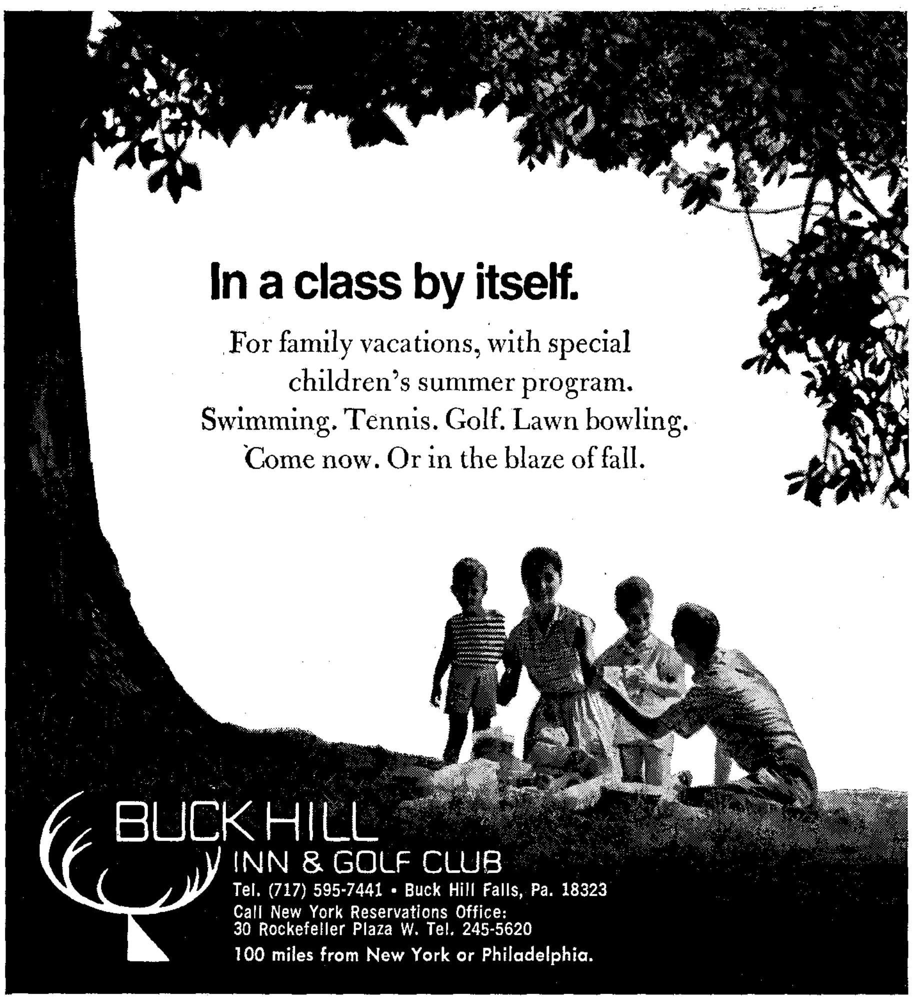
namese armed forces do there. So far, their only assigned missions are to keep the former Communist sanctuary areas in the Parrot's Beak and the Fishhook, along the border, from being built up again, and to protect Highway 1, running from Saigon to Phnom Penh, partly by controlling the Mekong ferry town of Neak Luong, forty miles southeast of the Cambodian capital. Possibly they will be ordered to help protect Phnom Penh itself if it comes under siege. By patrolling the border areas, the South Vietnamese hope to keep the Communists not only from regaining and reëstablishing their supply bases but also from reëstablishing the headquarters for the Central Office for South Vietnam, or COSVN, whose capture was one of the aims of the American invasion of the Fishhook. COSVN headquarters consisted of one main section and a number of lesser ones, all of them reportedly built of concrete some fifteen feet underground, and the Americans, though they entered four known base areas, did not find anything that could be identified as the main COSVN complex—whose personnel, equipment, and files had probably been previously transferred inland beyond the twenty-one-mile zone of American operations. A number of hawkish Vietnamese leaders, including Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky, have said that Vietnamese troops will go anywhere, within their capacity, that the Cambodians want them to go, but President Thieu now seems to have put a leash on Ky's announced sorties—something that he has done before. Lieutenant General Do Cao Tri, one of the two top Vietnamese commanders in the assault on Cambodia, has also spoken of going back to the Mekong after June 30th. From time to time, some drives may go in as far as that, but if they do the South Vietnamese are likely to run into much tougher opposition than any they have encountered so far. Most Americans doubt the ability of the South Vietnamese troops to fight two wars effectively at the same time, and since the troops' calibre, while continuing to improve, is still uneven, this skepticism seems quite justified.

At the height of the Vietnamese drive into Cambodia, I accompanied General Tri, who is perhaps the most capable Vietnamese general, and also the most colorful, into the Parrot's Beak and then to the vast Chup rubber plantation, near the Mekong, in Kompong Cham Province, northeast of Phnom Penh. Tri's troops had moved forty kilometres in twelve hours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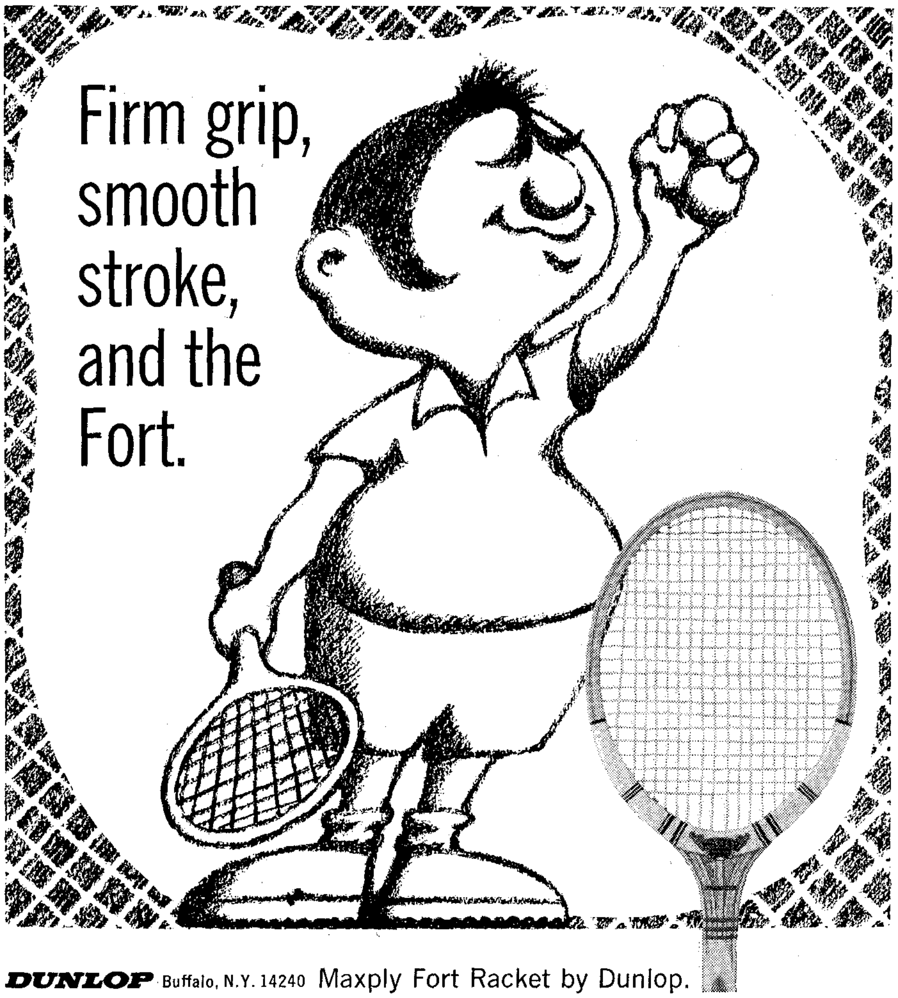
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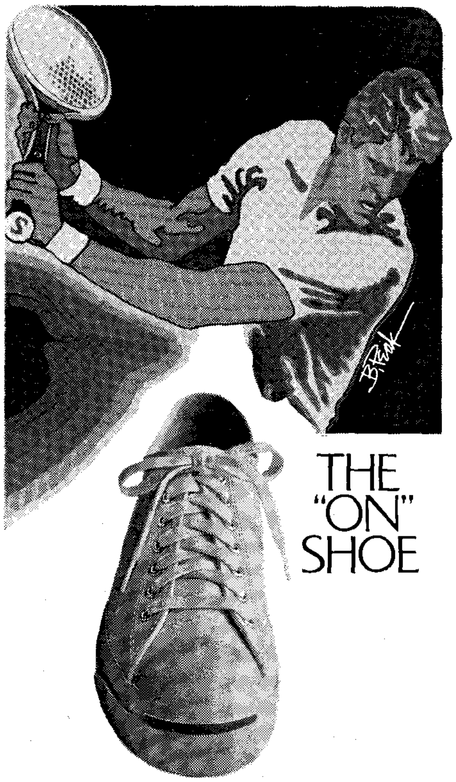

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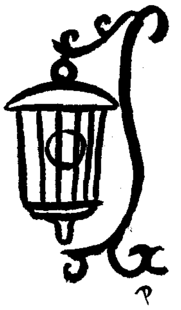
to get to Chup, and Vietnamese aircraft, much to the dismay of the French owners of the plantation, had destroyed its main processing and administrative compound, largely because Tri maintained that Communist antiaircraft guns had been mounted there. As I sat sipping beer with General Tri in the plantation's club-and-swimming-pool area, and Vietnamese soldiers lolled nearby reading old copies of *Paris Match*, Tri expressed annoyance because, while his men patrolling Chup the night before had killed forty-seven North Vietnamese, nine Cambodian battalions across the river in the town of Kompong Cham had refused to come over and help. "The hell with them," he said. "If they just want to sit on their behinds while my men get killed, and if the French get mad because I'm here, even though I saved the lives of six of them, I'm pulling out." He did in fact pull his men out of Chup the next day, leaving the place to the Communists, who have now turned this and other plantations in Cambodia into new bases and recruited the Vietnamese workers to their cause, while seizing trucks and other valuable supplies. At Snoul plantation, east of Chup, for example, some fifteen hundred Vietnamese workers, all secretly armed with AK-47 rifles, emerged to welcome the North Vietnamese invaders and fought alongside them until American troops appeared, after which they abandoned the place—at least, temporarily.



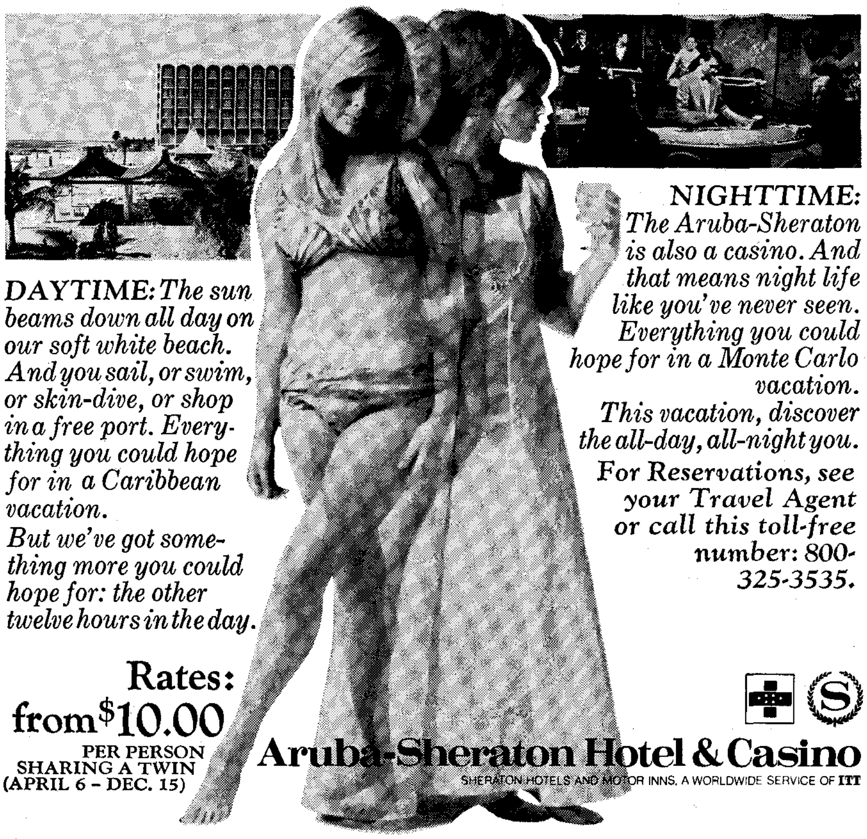
This week, Tri's forces returned to Chup, where they were ambushed south of the plantation and became involved in what was probably the heaviest fighting of the Cambodian involvement so far. They lost at least twenty-five men, and although I tend to doubt their claim of killing about two hundred North Vietnamese, the engagement indicates a pattern of deeper South Vietnamese raids that will probably meet fiercer opposition.

DIPLOMATIC courtesies have been exchanged between the Cambodians and the South Vietnamese in the form of elaborate state visits, and these have helped lessen the historic hostility between them, yet suspicion has not been eliminated, and the Cambodians are particularly suspicious of their new allies. The former are contrite about having allowed hundreds of local Vietnamese to be massacred immediately after the coup, and South Vietnamese officials have leaned over backward to forgive and forget, but they have done so in a somewhat patronizing manner, and their offers of assistance, accompanied by assurances that each country will go its own political and cultural way, have had a somewhat hollow ring.

Essentially, as far as the Americans are concerned, the Vietnamese will be on their own militarily in Cambodia, although to what extent remains somewhat uncertain. Whether they just stay in or near the sanctuary areas or make occasional forays farther inland, Vietnamese troops will get some American logistical support—including helicopters, which they will operate themselves—and direct artillery support from American guns on the Vietnamese side of the border. The Vietnamese Air Force, which has improved greatly, will furnish tactical air support to ground troops, but the possibility that American helicopter gunships will be used in emergencies cannot be excluded. The Americans will continue bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail, of course, including both of its extensions into Cambodia—the Sekong-Mekong water route and the land route to the west—using B-52s and other bombers, operating from Thai and other bases. The Thais have already furnished the meagre Cambodian Air Force with five T-28 fighter-bombers, and they may provide additional air support of their own. Whether Thai troops will come into Cambodia is still undecided, but the Thais are worried about North Vietnamese thrusts toward their own borders and have increased their defenses. Eventually, they may make incursions into Cambodia under the guise of self-protection—if the Americans pay them for it. Whatever the Thais do, they will naturally think of themselves first, and that will include thinking of sharing in the dismemberment of Cambodia, if it occurs, for Thailand has not abandoned its historic claims to some of Cambodia's western provinces, including Battambang and Siem Reap, in some areas of which North Vietnamese troops and elements of the five-thousand-man Khmer Rouge (half of whom are native anti-Sihanouk Communists and the rest Vietnamese) are in effective control.

THE military capability of the South Vietnamese cannot be evaluated apart from the general domestic situation in South Vietnam, and economically that remains critical. No means has yet been devised of raising more cash to meet the urgent demands of the soldiers and the civil servants, who are unable to get by on what they make now and won't be able to afford daily necessities even if the new American assistance approved by Washington—in the form of a hundred million dollars' worth of controlled commodity imports—drives prices down somewhat. Among the troops, morale remains a severe problem, and though American officers are convinced that the Vietnamese military machine is running more smoothly than ever before, there is still plenty of grumbling in the Vietnamese ranks. The country continues to be plagued by political disturbances, which have included student strikes and demonstrations, disabled veterans' squatting on public and private property, and a limited general strike among some of Saigon's workers, which was set off when a group of them who had formerly been paid by the Americans refused to readjust to lower Vietnamese wages. This is bound to be a more and more difficult problem. One economist has told me, "It's easy to say that the Vietnamese will have to readjust their economic system to assume an increasing share of their own costs, but it's not so simple for them to get used to a Vietnamese standard of living again after they've grown accustomed to the American way of life."

Laos, too, has some political problems that have aggravated the Indo-China crisis. Not only has the capture by the North Vietnamese of the southern cities of Attopeu and Saravane, along the edge of the Bolovens Plateau, consolidated the Communists' hold on southern Laos—a necessary part of their campaign to fashion a new trail complex into Cambodia—but the military setbacks have brought about a recurrence of the sporadic right-wing opposition to Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Laotian Premier. Souvanna has made it clear that he still does not want to accept any outside combat help—from the Thais, the South Vietnamese, or anyone else. He and his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, the leader of the Communist Pathet Lao front, have recently had another futile exchange of messages—one in a long series of such exchanges—but Souvanna is clinging to his right-of-center neutralist position in the hope of eventually reaching an accommodation with the Communists that will preserve his nation intact, even if it means a greater Communist presence in the government. In the meantime, he has again refused to call



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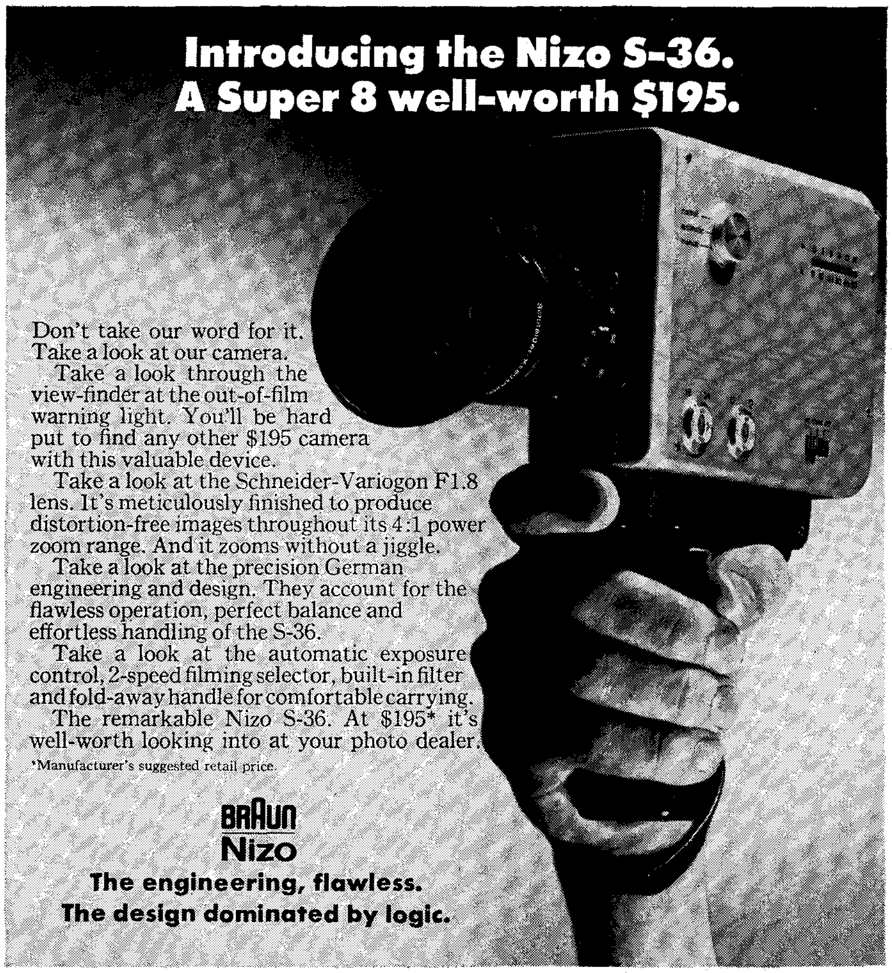

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off the American bombing in Laos until the North Vietnamese withdraw. Though Souvanna is perhaps even more indispensable to his country than Sihanouk was to his, he undoubtedly had Sihanouk's fate in mind last month when he postponed a trip to France—to which, like Sihanouk, he has travelled annually for reasons of health.

The internal problem that Cambodia is facing can be considered only in the context of the difficulties and perplexities confronting South Vietnam and Laos. However, there are as many dissimilarities; each country has its own historical myths, its own peculiar mixture of fatalism and hope, and its own post-colonial hangups. A Frenchman who had been living in Cambodia for fifteen years, and who was very close to Sihanouk, said before his departure, not long ago, "Nobody from outside really knows what happens in this country. There are two kinds of truth. One is the truth for the outsiders. The other is the truth for those in the country. Outside, it may seem sensible, but inside it is all magic and predictions and astrology." The Cambodians have closer ties with traditional Hindu beliefs than have the Laotians and the Vietnamese, and Lon Nol, for example, though he is practical and capable in many respects, is widely looked upon as a mystic. When I met him and Sirik Matak recently, he made me think of General Suharto, of Indonesia, who, as a Javanese mystic, is a firm believer in taking the advice of his gurus. The combination of Sirik Matak and Lon Nol is an odd one. Sirik Matak, slight and lithe, with a highly mobile face, is sharper, faster-thinking, and more practical, but he defers to Lon Nol, or pretends to, and lets the Premier do most of the talking, merely qualifying a phrase or adding a word now and then. Lon Nol is a large man with a broad, round face, who speaks in soft, measured tones, choosing his words carefully. Like most Cambodians, he wears an almost constant smile—likely to be a defense mechanism, especially in the presence of Westerners. When I asked him whether he felt that Cambodia might be left in the lurch, he replied, "I hope we do not become another Czechoslovakia, 1938 model, but we are confident that America is serious about helping us." He felt the same confidence about South Vietnam and Thailand, he said. Though much of Cambodia had already been overrun by the Communists, he observed that the North Vietnamese must be very disappointed by the "meagre results," and went on to say, "They thought we

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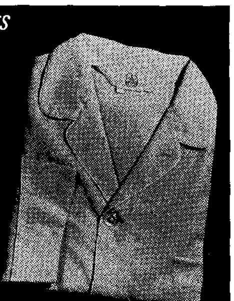

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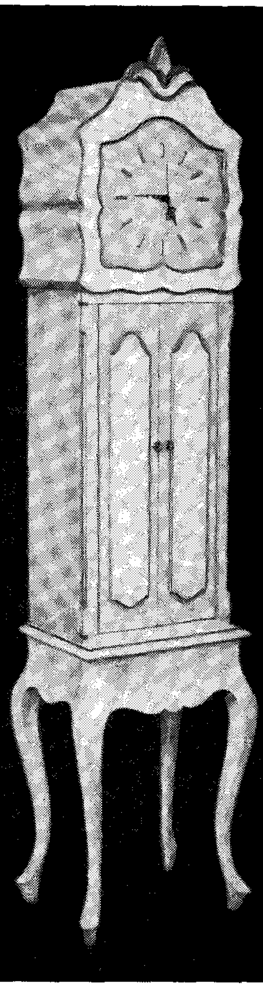
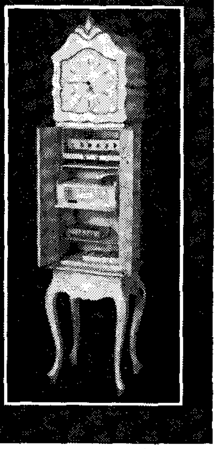
would be a pushover, but they triggered a national awakening." The phrases "meagre results" and "national awakening" scarcely seemed to fit the realities of the situation. At the time we had our talk, the Communists had already attacked Siem Reap and occupied the territory around the famous Angkor Wat temple. They had moved well beyond their original area of control, between the eastern bank of the Mekong and the Vietnamese border, to strike at Kompong Thom, Kompong Cham, and Kompong Chhnang, all surrounding Phnom Penh to the north, and were also attacking Kompong Speu, southwest of the city, and various points to the southeast. If they did not immediately plan to attack Phnom Penh itself, they were certainly trying to encircle the capital and cut off its supply lines. Moreover, the North Vietnamese and their Vietcong and Cambodian allies were concentrating on hitting places where left-wing underground movements had managed to survive Sihanouk's attempt to suppress them. Once having determined to make a bold bid in Cambodia, the Communists were obviously intent on stirring up and encouraging such elements, and, even if they failed to remain in many such places, they struck all of them, to let it be known that they would return. Within a period of weeks, they have attacked in eleven of Cambodia's nineteen provinces, though they have solid control of only five or six.

How long the Communists will be able to sustain flash offensives of the kind they have been carrying out is hard to say, but sooner or later, some observers believe, a lack of ammunition and supplies will force them to break up into smaller units and conduct a guerrilla war in Cambodia—at least until they can build up bigger caches of supplies and strengthen their internal organization. In fact, they have already resorted to guerrilla tactics in some areas, including in the former sanctuaries, where, by moving about in platoon-size groups, they hope to keep the South Vietnamese chasing them and to prevent the Saigon troops from finding more of the supply caches. It is apparent that the Communists are going to do all they can to capitalize on the pro-Sihanouk and pro-monarchist feelings among the peasants and other elements, and to put their own trained cadres "in place" among them. They have already ordered the creation of three-to-five-man revolutionary committees for the hamlets and five-to-seven-man committees for the villages. This setup may prove as difficult to





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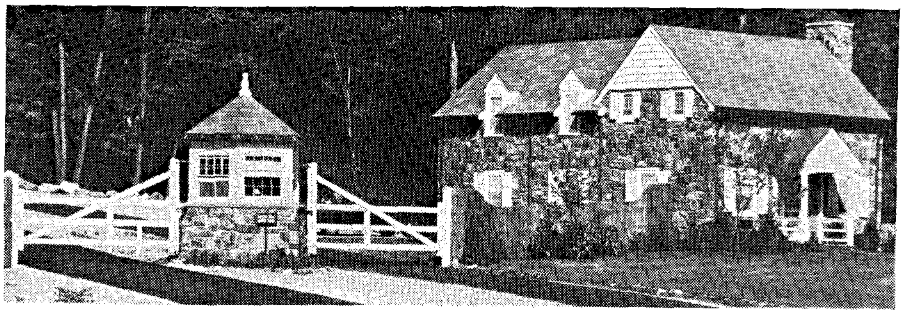

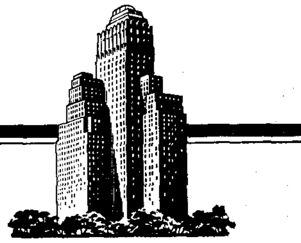

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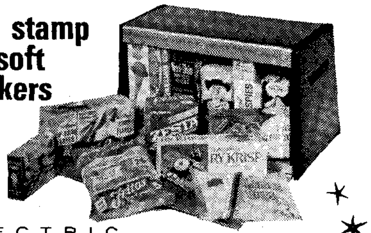

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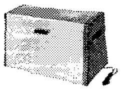

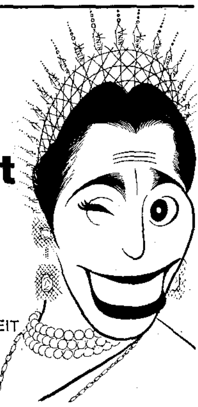

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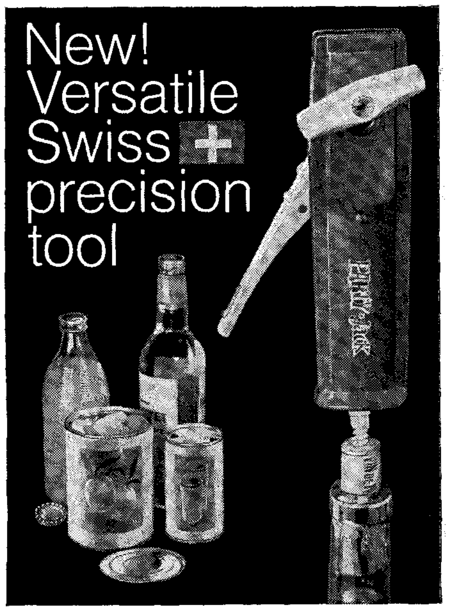
establish as it has been in Laos, but the Communists seem to have learned a lesson from their experience in that country, where they made the mistake of treating parts of the Lao population contemptuously. Besides, in Cambodia, they have Sihanouk as an asset. Boastful though he sounded, the captive Prince made a useful point when he said, early in June, "Our government has its capital, which, as you can well understand, the Americans would destroy if we were to say where it is situated." Some sort of Communist "capital" has probably been set up in Ratanakiri or Mondulkiri Province, in the northeast, which the Communists have long dominated. "We have our general headquarters within the country, but we will not say where it is," Sihanouk went on. "We will never say where our leaders are. What is certain is that we are in the liberated areas, in the still occupied areas, and in Phnom Penh itself, and what is also certain is that when we have a really secure base from all viewpoints we shall arrive in Phnom Penh."

Beyond any doubt, what the Communists have done is to beat the government to the punch all over the country, and the national-mobilization order may have come too late. A diplomat in Phnom Penh said the other day, "The government's writ should run wherever there are no Communists, but already there are Communists almost everywhere." It will take a lot more than wishful thinking to get as many as six pro-government militiamen into each non-Communist-controlled hamlet, and the government has had absolutely no experience with counter-insurgency warfare. Major Lon Non, the Premier's brother, who is in charge of Phnom Penh's defenses, has got some groups moving into villages around the capital, but elsewhere both the Regular Army elements and the territorials have for the most part remained stationary—although the troops in some provincial and district capitals, once attacked, have counterattacked forcefully. As was true in Vietnam for many years, no one in Cambodia has the slightest understanding of nighttime patrolling. The officers' leadership is generally poor, and most soldiers, having received no real basic training, have only the slightest conception of modern guerrilla tactics.

I SPENT an evening in Phnom Penh with several members of a group of six hundred Cambodian intellectuals who recently issued an "open



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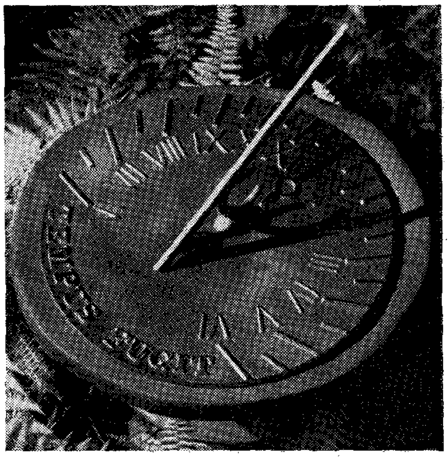

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letter" to anti-Communist intellectuals throughout the world appealing for help to save Cambodia from the Communists. Among the supporters of the six hundred are a number of government officials. Collectively, the group spoke of the need to "establish a dialogue with the people"—to create something akin to "the commune spirit of May, 1968, in Paris"—and they emphasized their desire to keep Cambodia as nearly independent as possible of foreign military help. Having accused the North Vietnamese, the Vietcong, and the Chinese Communists of "trying to erase Cambodia and the Cambodians from the face of this earth," they admitted that at the moment they had no recourse but to seek help abroad—particularly from the United States, since the French are involved in a bitter internal struggle between the neo-Gaullists and the old-line Gaullists, which has split the Quai d'Orsay as well as the rest of the government.

Despite the fact that the great majority of students and teachers in Cambodia have turned against Sihanouk and, except for perhaps five hundred who have joined the Khmer Rouge, are willing to support the present government, the intellectuals I spoke with made the point that they are handicapped by the "generation gap." One of them explained, "The young people look at this government and see the same old faces, except for the one in the middle that's missing—Sihanouk's—and they become disturbed by the lack of initiative and new ideas." The generation gap is actually a double gap. With one or two exceptions, the men now heading the government are in their late fifties or in their sixties. One of the ablest men in the country, a

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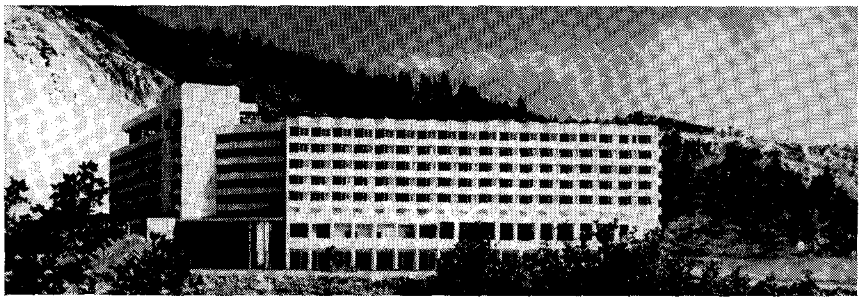

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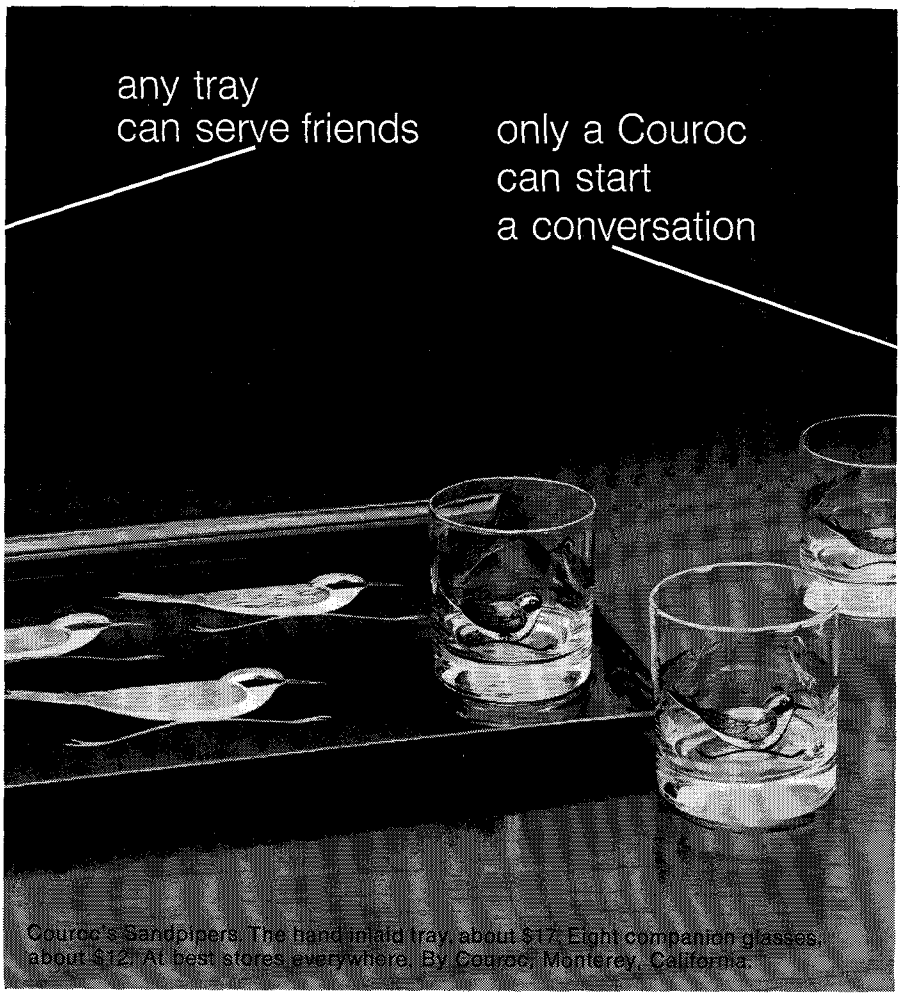

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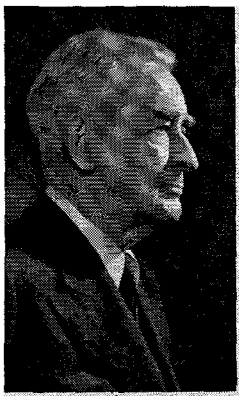

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magazine editor and long-time anti-Sihanouk member of the National Assembly named Douc Rasy, bemoaned the fact that he had been excluded from "the new inner circle" because he was "too young." Rasy is forty-five. He has just been named the head of a new committee of assemblymen that constitutes the nearest thing to a loyal opposition. Though in the current crisis the government is still holding together, the group represented by Rasy and many of the intellectuals could become a dissident element if the current sense of frustration continues. There are also conflicting factions among the top generals, some of whom also think that things are moving too slowly. The one thing that Cambodia cannot afford right now, however, is a series of coups and countercoups such as took place in Vietnam after the fall of the Ngo Dinh Diem regime, in 1963. At the moment, no one expects any such thing to happen.

Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling a sense of unreality in Phnom Penh. Among the Cambodians, political identities are increasingly blurred, and the ideological spectrum is fuzzy indeed. Friends of the old regime are thrown in jail and men who opposed Sihanouk are let out, but there are strange anomalies. For example, among four hundred prisoners released while I was in Phnom Penh there were many whom a high government official described as "Maoists." "We don't worry about them, though," this official explained, with a lighthearted laugh. "They'll never side with the Vietnamese Communists. Of course, if the Chinese come into Cambodia, it will be a different story." (Reports that Chinese troops have been seen in the country are regarded as false, but some local Chinese, born in Cambodia or Vietnam, are serving the North Vietnamese as advisers or guides, and some Pathet Lao porters have been used to bring in supplies from the North.) Though Sihanouk is attacked viciously every day in the press—and is being tried *in absentia* this week for treason—a number of ardent Sihanouk supporters are still holding important jobs; for example, the son of Penn Nouth, who is the Premier of Sihanouk's government-in-exile, continues to run the state import monopoly. Local truckers who did a thriving business transporting supplies for the Vietcong are still functioning. A man whom Sihanouk once accused of being a pro-Chinese Communist is running the official government press agency, while the man who used to run it (and was considered pro-Rus-

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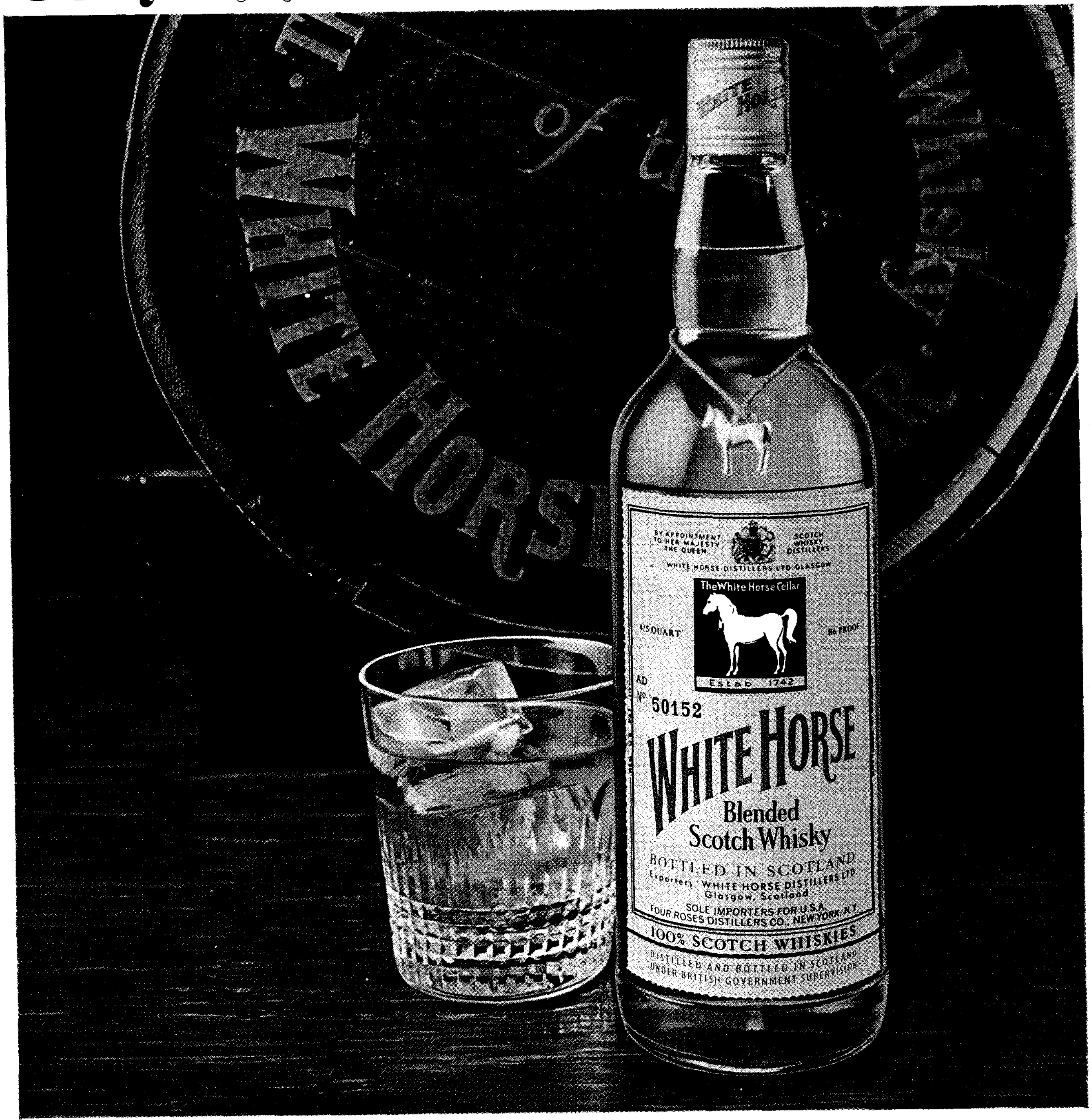
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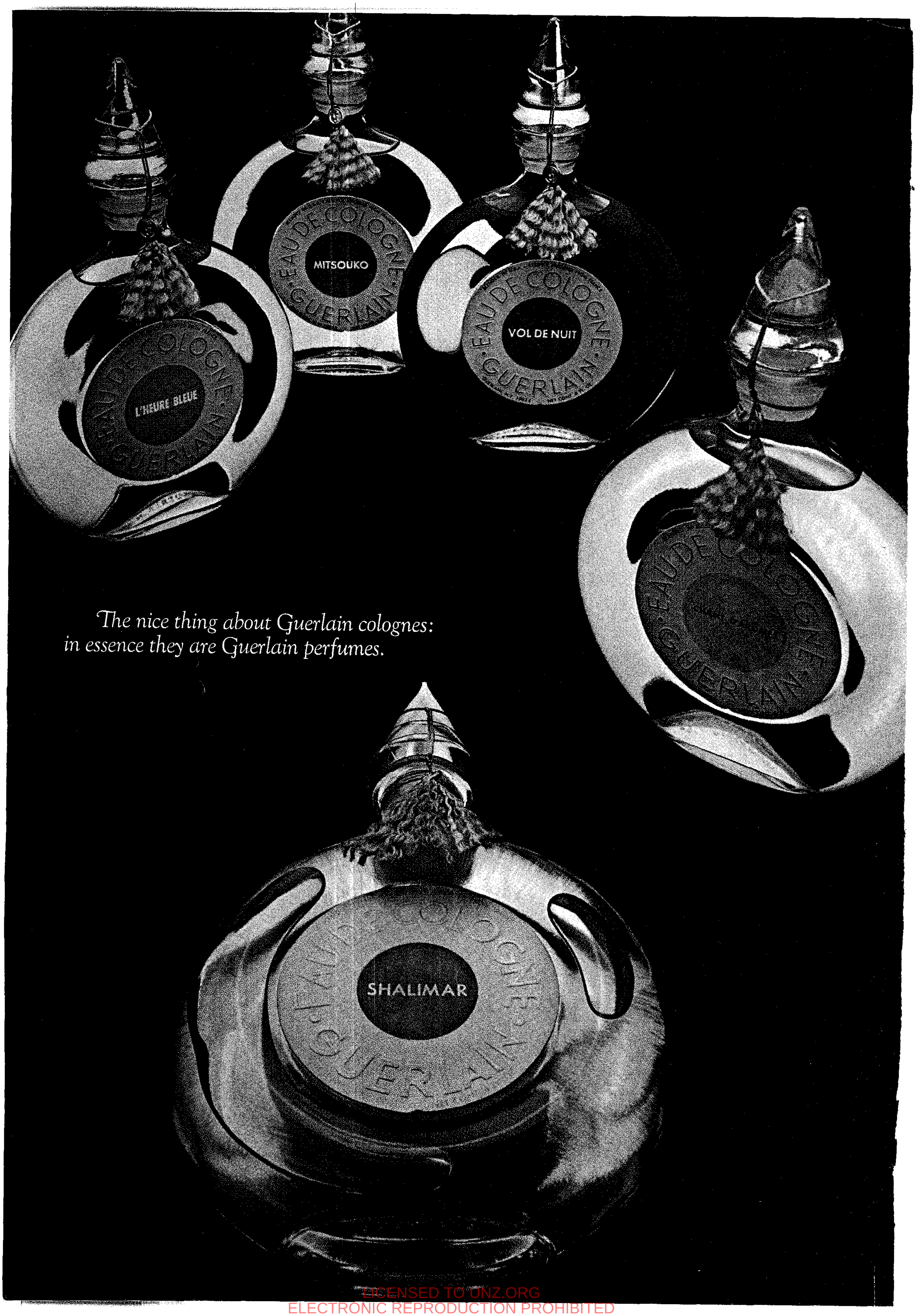
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sian) is in jail. Two men recently named in Peking as the top members of Sihanouk's Cabinet, Khieu Samphan and Hou Youn, are, according to one man I talked to, actually dead. "I know they're dead," my informant, an important government official, claimed blithely. "My brother-in-law shot them."

What is perhaps weirdest of all is that the daily pace of life in Phnom Penh is essentially unchanged. There are more soldiers standing guard (or sleeping) beneath the city's lush trees, and the traffic has increased since 1967, when I was last there, but everything else is much the same, and, compared to Saigon, the city is a suburban retreat. No one rushes, everyone takes a siesta, and the swimming pool at the Hotel Royal is still the center of malicious and delicious gossip. The French restaurants still serve good food and good wine graciously, the cyclo boys still all work for the police, and the prostitutes are still pretty, which is more than one can say of the war-toughened ones in Saigon. Cambodia—or, to use its old name, Kampuchea, which is what it is officially supposed to be called now—is in many ways an abstraction, an anachronistic distillate of what was once a great empire, preserved in ivory or jade. It may indeed fall to the Communists, but the Communists may not know what to do with it when they get it.

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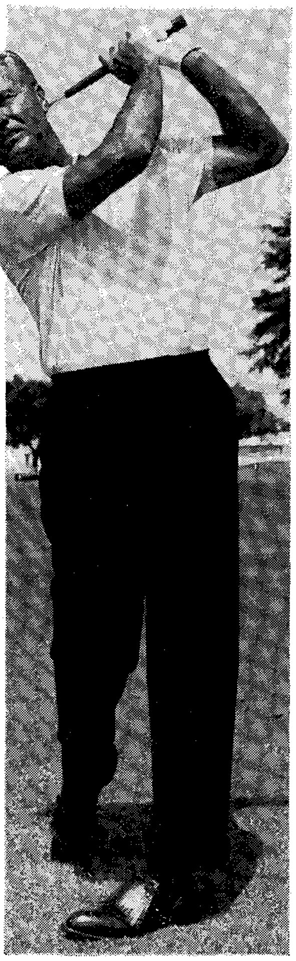

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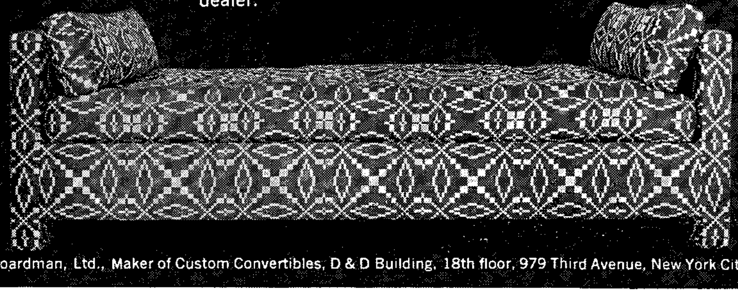

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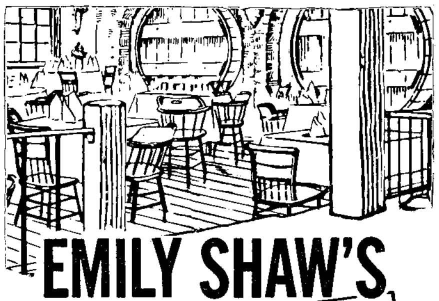

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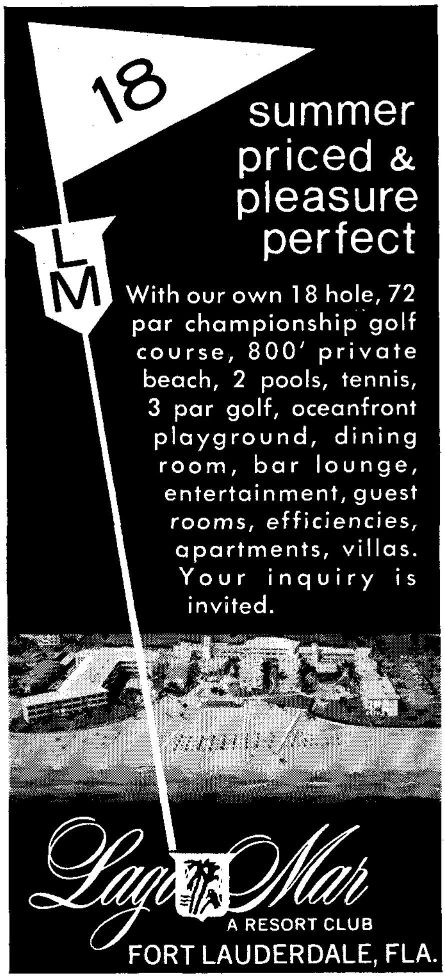
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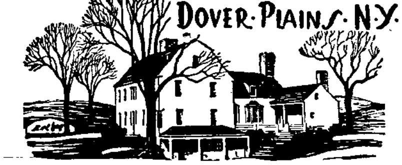
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

"COMPANY" (Columbia), a run-through by the original cast of all the musical numbers from the Broadway show, is a record that I found hard to put down—or perhaps I mean pick up—for a week or more. It is, without question, one of the most artfully conceived popular-theatre scores that have come my way. Every measure reflects the superior wit and intelligence, in a field that is not overwhelmed by either, of the songwriter Stephen Sondheim. He provided both the words and the music, and both, in songs no two of which are alike, continually gleam with freshness and vitality. In fact, Sondheim's gifts as a lyricist are so bountiful, and he has been so prodigal with them, that it may take several hearings to fully appreciate his mastery. As for the music, with each successive playing one's awareness grows that, like the best composers of the past, he has not so much invented new forms as enriched old ones. Generally speaking, his preferred tempos are the conventional four-four, three-four, and two-four, though he shows an interesting liking for six-four, too, which he has used for a hauntingly ambivalent ballad called "Sorry-Grateful." What particularly interests me is his expansive use of song. There are examples, it is true, of the familiar *a a b a* and *a b a c* forms, but the more striking moments of the score occur, as in "Another Hundred People" and "The Ladies Who Lunch," when the ideas being expressed force the music to develop along broader and more telling lines. ("Sorry-Grateful," I might note, is in *a a b a* form, but the six-four time gives this gracefully searching song about marriage the extra dimension it needs to make its affectingly inconclusive point.)

The "Company" songs are not sudden pop-ups, turned out overnight. Not only imagination has gone into them but enormous care as well. This care, which has borne such splendid fruit, may help to explain why Sondheim has not been around as frequently in the past as one might wish. At forty, he is represented by six shows, and he supplied both words and music for only two of them besides "Company"—"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and "Anyone Can Whistle." (He wrote the lyrics for "West Side Story," "Gypsy," and "Do I Hear a Waltz?") Compare this record with that of Richard Rodgers (all right, I have singled out Broadway's most prolific composer) by the time *he* was forty. Then working exclusively with the lyricist Lorenz Hart, Rodgers had furnished complete scores for *twenty-eight* musical comedies. Rodgers, of course, is a notoriously fast man with a tune ("Bali Ha'i" is said to have occupied five minutes of his time), but it was essentially the frivolous demands of the old-fashioned musical-comedy stories that enabled the songwriters of the twenties and early thirties to dash off so many variations on a few themes (love ballad, dance number, tearjerker, novelty piece—such were the almost rigid categories), and the best of these flights of fancy constitute the body of our show-tune literature. The concerns of the "Company" songs are deeper and subtler, even though Sondheim's principal influences appear to be Rodgers and Hart, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and, happily, George Gershwin, with whose restless energy the "Company" score seems to tingle. Indeed, it is the joyous, upbeat quality, once such an engaging attribute of musical comedy (oddly, only Kern, of its best writers, lacked this), that does much to make "Company" such a lively affair.

Probably the least effective singing here is done by the principal performer, Dean Jones. (He is no longer in the Broadway cast, by the way.) In his middle register, Jones sounds all right, if scarcely commanding, but the numbers allotted to him have a way of rising and swelling to a climax, and this he is able to cope with only by bleating. The most impressive sortie is made by Elaine Stritch, who, late on the second side, faces up to the withering humors of "The Ladies Who Lunch" like a hungry cat confronted with whatever a cat likes best, and devours this fascinating song in a spellbinding display of versatility. Then, there is that "Another Hundred People," a driving, breathless paean to our overused city, sung with just the right amount of brash confidence by Pamela Myers. "Barcelona," floated by Jones and a delightfully demure-sounding conquest named Susan Browning, is the sneakiest and funniest of duets. "Getting Married Today," a kind of

"Don't Get Me to the Church on Time," is amusing, too, as it contrasts the solemnity of a wedding ceremony with the absolute panic of a reluctant bride-to-be, Beth Howland. "Side by Side by Side," which expresses the theme of the show, defining the comfortable life of a bachelor who acts as confidant for the handful of married couples who are his closest friends, probably best demonstrates Sondheim's ability to invigorate old forms. The song is inescapably what we would once have labelled a foxtrot, and a separate but related number that it encapsulates—"What Would We Do Without You?"—is simply our old friend the two-step. How surprising, then, to find that the words, the melody, and the interplay of vocal and instrumental devices throughout make this passage burst on us like something altogether new. The hero's two plaints, "Someone Is Waiting" and, particularly, a song of resolution, "Being Alive," are as soaring and heartfelt as one could wish. The title song opens and closes the recital and, in the first instance, immediately establishes the enterprise as being unmistakably New York in tone, and by New York I mean Manhattan's East Side, and not too long a stretch of that—possibly from Fifty-ninth Street up to Seventy-second. Curiously, this limited setting adds to the over-all appeal, for the consistent Manhattan tone is somehow reassuring, and the sparkling fragmentation of it is nothing short of dazzling. Dazzling is also the word for Jonathan Tunick's glittering orchestrations.

"CLAUDE THORNHILL AT GLEN ISLAND CASINO" (that was in 1941) and "Claude Thornhill on Stage, 1946-47," both Monmouth-Evergreen releases, bring us welcome reminders of a dance band of rare excellence and of its superbly gifted, star-crossed leader. As you may remember, Thornhill, after much superior schooling and experience, had the misfortune to assemble a remarkable orchestral instrument in the year 1940, when the big-band era was approaching its end. This band did not begin to attract wide attention until the following spring, and in 1942 Thornhill was drafted and it was forced to break up. It was reactivated after the war, and this time the considerable talents of such men as Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan were lavished on the arrangements. But tastes had changed—the Sinatras, Coles, Staffords, and small groups were the thing—and the Thornhill band gradually dissolved into

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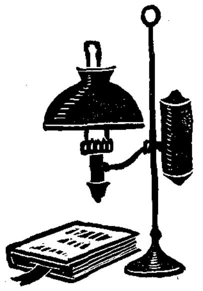
a slack, smaller outfit, with which, in one form or another, Thornhill barnstormed until his death, in 1965.

It is a sad history, which bothers me every time I am reminded of it, for Thornhill, who fronted the band at the piano, was an exceptionally sensitive musician and, in his peak years, an exciting one as well. Oddly, although he was a first-rate arranger, he did little actual composing. I know of only two Thornhill compositions—"Snowfall," his lovely, descending theme, and "Portrait of a Guinea Farm," a flaring, highly charged, and wonderful original, which few noticed when it first appeared on an Okeh single, but which, ever reaching beyond itself, remains one of the very few masterpieces of the period. (Thornhill, in his later years, disclaimed any knowledge of the score's whereabouts or any ability to reconstruct it.) Both are here, I am happy to say, in the first and, to my mind, more brilliant of the two records. The second offers the still impressive Evans arrangements (they originally showed up on a twelve-inch Columbia single) of "Arab Dance" and "La Paloma" and some other felicitous items, but the total effect is more contrived, more self-conscious. You will find on both records a surfeit of trivial ballads of the times, though you may discover that the astonishingly pure, straightforward, and appealing singing of Dick Harding on the "Glen Island" record (his voice summons up neat white collars, clean-shaven faces, and carefully groomed hair) and the controlled exultation of Fran Warren's singing on the other (she is heard in the hit "A Sunday Kind of Love," among other things) are worth hearing again. There are also too many examples of those swing instrumentals built on standard works which were so common on the big-band scene. (Tommy Dorsey's "Song of India," Glenn Miller's "American Patrol," and Harry James's "Ciribiribin" come to mind.) Yet at its best and truest—and especially in Thornhill's own arrangements—the band had a sound all its own. There were, of course, other sources—Ellington, for one, whose organ-tone dissonances abound—but it had a strong lyrical impulse that set it apart. The first time I ever heard the Thornhill sound was on the radio, when, of all things, Grieg's "Le Papillon," with the subtle Thornhill piano threading its way through a startlingly provocative band arrangement, opened my eyes wide. That's here, too—on the "Glen Island" record.

—DOUGLAS WATT

BOOKS

Growing Up Black

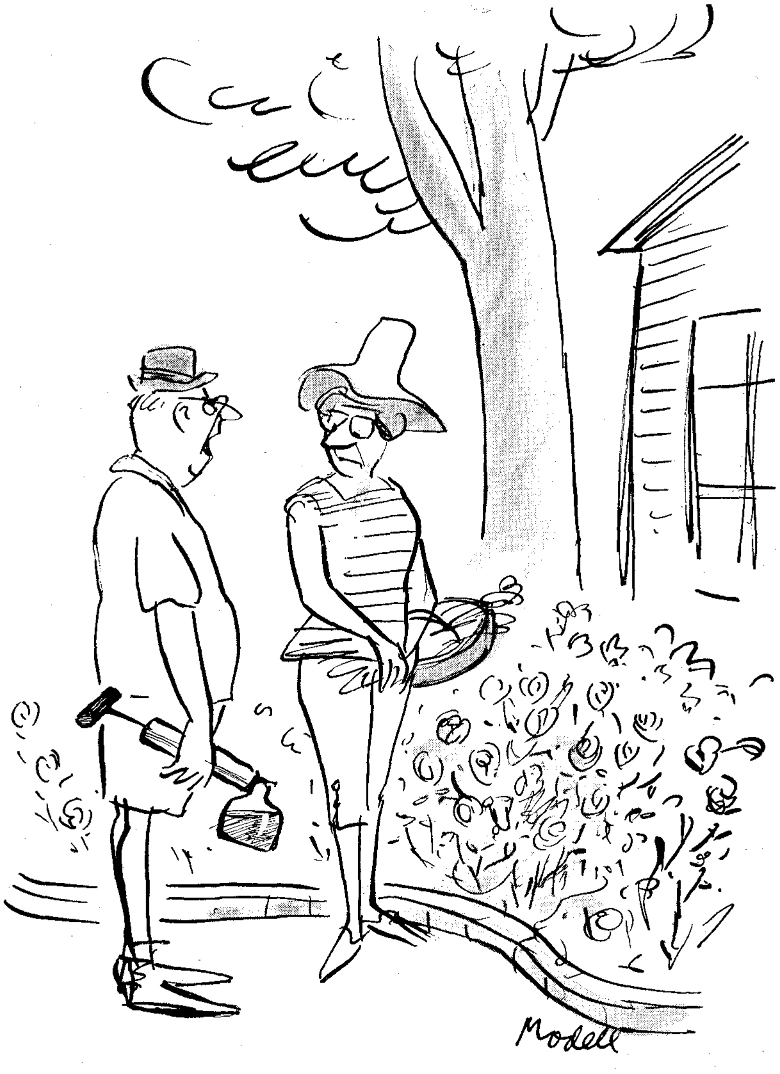


NOBODY, as far as I know, has yet pointed out the connection between the Depression and the ghetto in American life. The ghetto, as it is embodied in the cores of our great cities, is really a continuation, an extension, of that deep decline of the thirties. Now, in the midst of affluence, the Depression has receded to pockets of poverty in slums that no amount of redevelopment has really changed. Life in our ghettos goes on in the conditions of the thirties—the omnipresence of drugs and numbers and condescending welfare workers, the total absence of job security, family continuity, and hope—and it is exacerbated now by the surrounding wealth. A walk through Harlem or Roxbury is a visit to the recent past, with its squalor and decay, its clutter of mean shops with homemade signs, its loud talk and music posed against despair. This point is made extraordinarily well in two new novels by black Americans: "Daddy Was a Number Runner," by Louise Meriwether (Prentice-Hall), and "Snakes," by Al Young (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). They are autobiographical; they deal with the coming of age of a young Negro—a girl in Miss Meriwether's book, a boy in Mr. Young's—in our urban ghettos; they are remarkably similar in tone and setting. Yet Miss Meriwether's novel is laid in the Harlem of the middle thirties, Mr. Young's in the Detroit of the early sixties. In nearly thirty years, if the copious evidence of these two books is to be believed, the ghetto has remained almost unchanged.

Perhaps because of the variations in their authors' experience, "Snakes" is a more hopeful book than "Daddy Was a Number Runner." Miss Meriwether's protagonist, Francie, the twelve-year-old daughter of a father whose wish for the unity of his family is put to a series of tests of survival that slowly destroy his manhood and a mother for whom resignation is the only anchor, is trapped and betrayed from the beginning. The hope and innocence of a child are weak weapons against a hostile environment in which only the fittest survive, and then only by corrupting and perverting themselves. Francie's father, a good man, is forced by unemployment to become a contradiction in terms—an honest number runner. The commissions aren't enough to live on, and his wife hurts his pride by becoming a domestic; when his number-running ends, he reluctantly agrees to apply for relief and is humiliated, ironically, by a superior black caseworker. One of his sons runs with a gang, the Ebony Earls, and is implicated in a murder; the other, a good student, loses faith in education as an escape from the ghetto. After all these blows, the father abdicates as head of the household and goes to live with another woman. Robbed of belief in her father and hope for herself, shackled unwillingly to the shabby street she has come to hate, Francie quite simply curses life.

"Daddy Was a Number Runner" is not a very good novel. It is flatly and often awkwardly written; its characters, unevenly rounded and developed, come to life fitfully or not at all; the Harlem streets are not very richly or fully described. Yet all this is almost irrelevant, because the book is such a true and compelling documentation of what slum life is really like; one need not examine the literary merits of a survivor's authentic account of a catastrophe. And this *is* a catastrophe: Miss Meriwether makes real the threats of the ghetto—hunger, heat, cold, vermin, molestation, violence, despair, the loss of dignity—against its citizens.

IT is hard to believe that the Detroit of the 1967 riots was a much more hopeful place than the Harlem of the thirties, yet, as I've suggested, Al Young's "Snakes" offers some alternative to hopelessness. His young hero, MC (the initials stand for nothing), comes from a family as poor and shattered as Francie's. His mother and father have been killed years before in an automobile accident; he has seen them only in photographs. He has been raised, and strictly, by his young, God-fearing, number-playing grandmother, Claude, in surroundings only marginally less poor than Francie's in Harlem. Nonethe-



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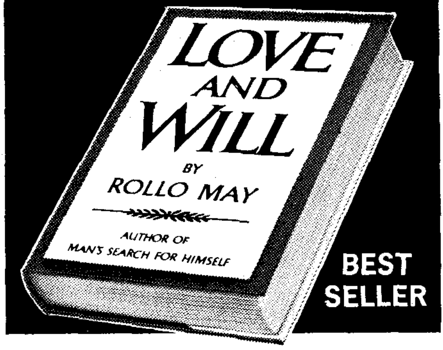
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less, at sixteen he has already taken the first tentative step toward someplace outside the ghetto, some place where he can survive and be valued as a man. The step is music. Sitting in the music room of the Detroit Public Library listening to records, practicing his guitar at home, improvising and inventing tunes and variations, forming a small band with his schoolmates, MC is a young man on the verge of a vocation. This gives his life purpose; it palliates the terrors and disjunctures of the ghetto; it restores his adolescence to a semblance of normal adolescent joy and hope. Unlike his friend Champ, who turns MC on to good soul music but lacks musical talent himself and falls victim to drugs, he has—just barely—the drive and the time to imagine and realize a musical career. Unlike his friend Shakes, a gifted young drummer whose musical bent is suppressed by his family, he has independence enough to leave Detroit and pursue that career in New York. He also has a little luck: his success with a recording of "Snakes," a number he has written, gives him some assurance of public acceptance. In spite of all these advantages, though, it is clear from the beginning that MC's escape from the ghetto, if he makes it, will be made against tremendous odds, and that for every MC who surfaces there are dozens of talents that never do. For most of its inhabitants, MC's Detroit is as secure a prison as Francie's Harlem.

Though very brief—it's really less a novel than a novella—"Snakes" should make Al Young's reputation as a writer. It is well written. Its characters—especially MC, Claude, Shakes, and Champ—are vividly realized and individuated; their speech rhythms are authentic and distinct from one another. Its descriptions of music and music-making are apt and moving—a vernacular excursion into aesthetics and art. Finally, it captures both the appetite of adolescence for the world and its wry valuation of the things of the world:

> OK, that's me posted at the corner digging on all the frozen chickies rushing it home from work.... I love them all as they shiver past prettied down with Ban, Lanvin, Arpège, Helena Rubinstein, Jergen's, Breck, Listerine, Colgate, Lysol, Hazel Bishop, Tintex, Playtex, seen with my mental Superman vision that cuts thru wool and fur, panty and bra—the sweet girl world when I was a boy.

Another of these little catalogue arias devastatingly sums up the aims of the "e-lites," the Negro professionals who

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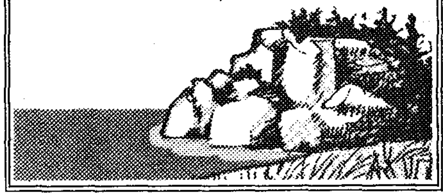

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live on "nice" Detroit streets like Boston Boulevard:

> I wondered what Erica and the others hoped to make of their lives. What did girls like her have to look forward to besides a university degree, an expensive house or apartment in a section of town away from the riffraff; i.e., people like me and the neighborhood I lived in? Of course, they'd want a super-educated man with a responsible job who was shaking down a princely salary and steady building up prestige on the side. I imagined that they wanted a new car every year and a half, sportscars, fine clothes, jet-flight vacations, several color TV sets, twin ovens, twin refrigerators, twin washers, twin dryers, sunken bathtubs, color phones, stereo, luxurious carpets, imported liquor, art seminars in the home, Steinway pianos, delicate china, flashing silver, pool tables, pools, tennis courts; genteel gatherings on Sunday afternoons on lush evenly trimmed green green lawns surrounded by hedges, the swish of silk and tinkle of ice cubes absorbed up into the crisp accredited air. Did they aspire to anything besides the neuroses of half-hip white people who imitate Europeans imitating Americans?

Despite the tinge of bitterness in occasional passages like this in "Snakes," despite the implications of impotence throughout "Daddy was a Number Runner," neither of these books is in any sense a polemic. Both Al Young and Louise Meriwether are primarily concerned with describing life exactly as it was in the ghetto in 1934 and 1960; both are as cool and objective as it is possible for a survivor to be. This is a considerable achievement—a miracle of a sort in a country where cries of anger at injustice are rising day by day. The restraint of these writers makes it all the more necessary for us to read them seriously; their indictment is the stronger for having to be read between the lines. If the ghetto of yesterday and today is not to be with us tomorrow, if we are to have an America we can accept on any terms, we must listen to their voices now. —L. E. SISSMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE INDIAN SIGN, by John Gunther (Harper & Row). The late Mr. Gunther's novel begins at a headlong pace—he is describing the beginning of a passionate love affair—but the affair lasts so long and the book is so short that the abrupt ending comes as a bit of a shock, especially when we realize that the narrator is looking back from a distance of nearly thirty years. At the start, in September, 1939, Nelson A. Nelson, the famous radio news commentator, has just begun sleeping

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with Karen MacIntyre, wife of Hal MacIntyre, the famous novelist and foreign correspondent. Karen and Nelson are in New York, visiting "21" and the Stork Club and staying in gorgeous hotels and apartments, and MacIntyre is in Europe covering the new World War. Nelson's dreadful wife is around—she is Elspeth, unpleasant when she is sane and ghastly during her frequent bouts of madness. However, like Karen, she is beautiful and sophisticated and outspoken. Mr. Gunther's book is cheap and glamorous and romantic and enthusiastically silly, and it has such astonishing immediacy that we want to ask questions like "Where are they now?" "What do they look like now?" "Have you seen them lately?"

NOTE: Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte has published Frederick L. Keefe's "The Bicycle Rider," a collection of six stories and a short novel. Five of the stories appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

MY TRAVEL DIARY: 1936, by Paul Tillich, edited and with an introduction by Jerald C. Brauer, translated from the German by Maria Pelikan (Harper & Row). The late Professor Tillich, having fled Nazi Germany in 1933, returned to Europe three years later for a round of lectures and conferences, and he mailed his wife installments of the diary he kept from April to September. Now this affectionate record has been published, and while it is neither very amusing nor very enlightening, it is something of both. Tillich's own generous and receptive nature shines through his notation of countless conversations, audiences, bottles of wine, beautiful vistas, nights of good or less good sleep. In Paris he visits night clubs featuring "very nude" girls; in Switzerland he climbs glaciers. In Scotland he is "seated at the Dean's right, next to Patterson, an old systematic theologian;" in Holland he marvels at the Rembrandts. At all stops he counsels and consoles friends he may never see again—expatriated and polarized citizens of a Europe that was on the edge of the abyss and knew it, yet was still the immemorial Europe of good food, mountain views, well-mannered prostitutes, hikes, ideas, and rain showers that enliven rather than ruin an afternoon. Though Tillich visits Barth and gossips about Heidegger, he rarely reads a book or goes to church. In a way, this is everybody's summer abroad, right down to the well-evoked days at sea, except that Hitler's handwriting is no longer a topic of analysis, and trips to Russia are not the latest thing among the intelligentsia. This charming memento of a vanished man and era has been indifferently served by its publishers: typographical errors abound, and where contemporary photographs of the scenery would have helped, there are quite superfluous pen-and-ink scribbles (by Alfonso Ossorio) of nothing in particular.

PARENTHESES, by Jay Neugeboren (Dutton). An informal autobiography by a young fiction writer who was a militant activist on the Stanford faculty; fled from that to an idyllic life in a village in the South of France, where he wrote and his wife painted; recently returned, because "I can't live any place but in America;" and now writes this book to make some sense of his experience, although he admits in the last paragraph that "I end without any conclusions." It is an engaging work, unpretentious and self-mocking, cruelly funny on Mr. Neugeboren's experiences as a Junior Executive Trainee for General Motors, his difficulty in getting published (he had written seven unpublished books by the time he was twenty-five, and accumulated five hundred rejections before he sold a story), and other matters.

MEMOIRS OF MONTPARNASSE, by John Glassco (Oxford). A charming memoir of life in Montparnasse in the late nineteen-twenties—written at the time and shortly after—when the author, a Canadian poet, was in his late teens, a dropout from McGill. The obligatory portraits of famous writers and of the originals of famous literary characters are included, but the real interest lies in Mr. Glassco's own precipitous skid from bohemian writer, living on an allowance from home, to pornographic model and gigolo, to desperate case of tuberculosis and pneumothorax, shipped home to Montreal just in time. Photographs.

•

He [Jacques Brel] is—literally—up in the air about his present career. He has but one important possession, a private airplane, in which he darts about the Continent.—*Time.*

Well, a lot of people live pretty close to the line.

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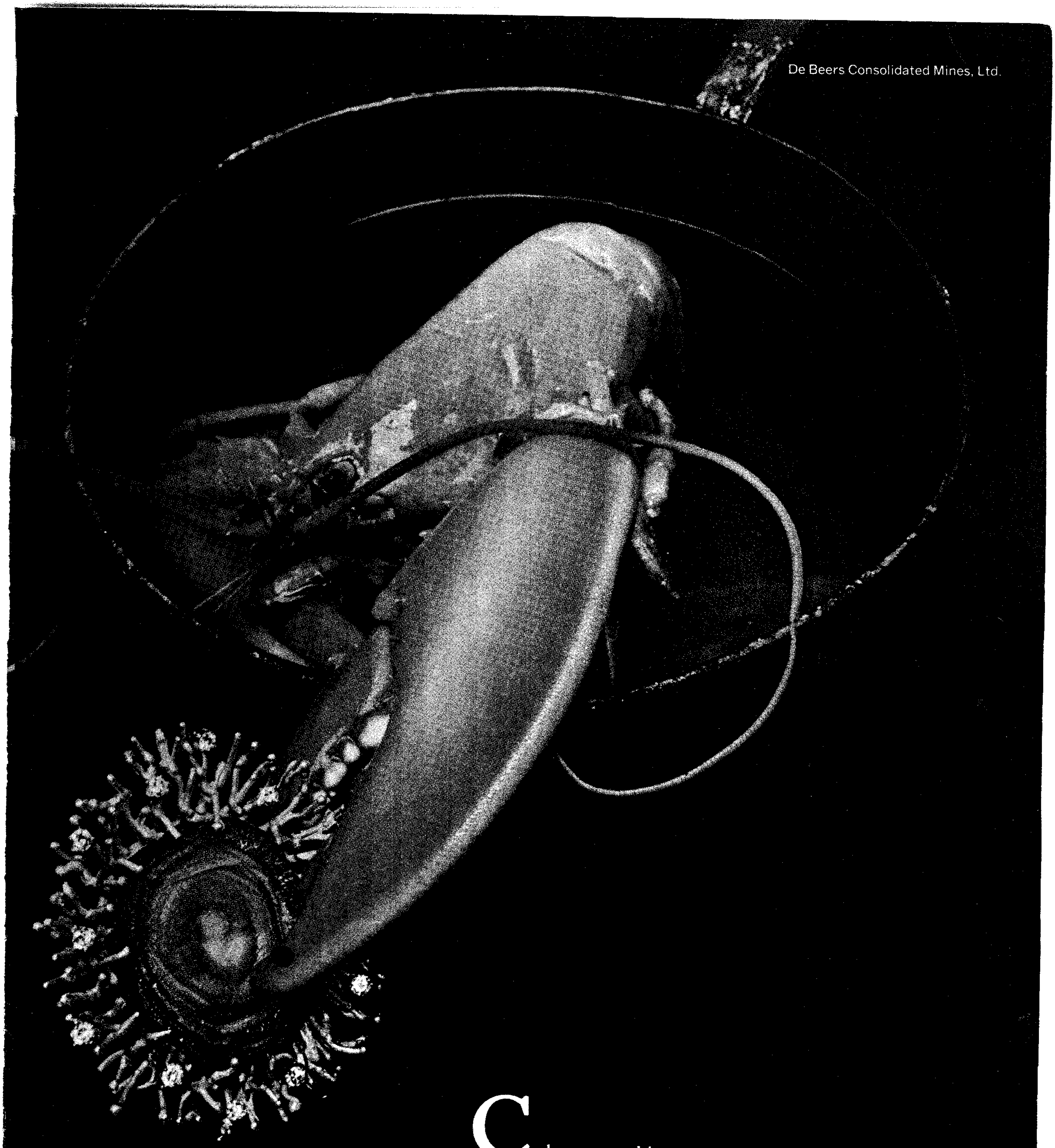

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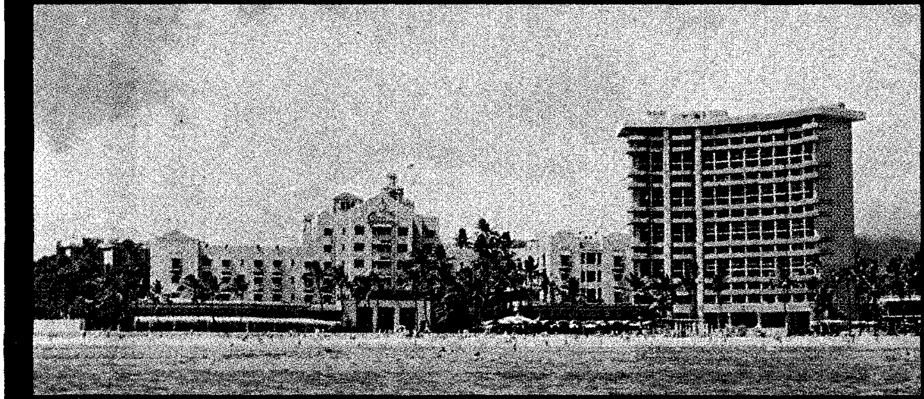
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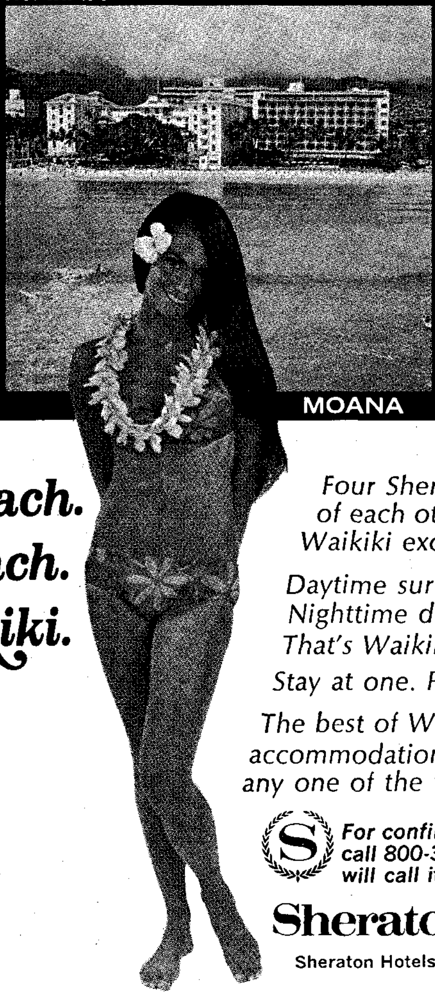
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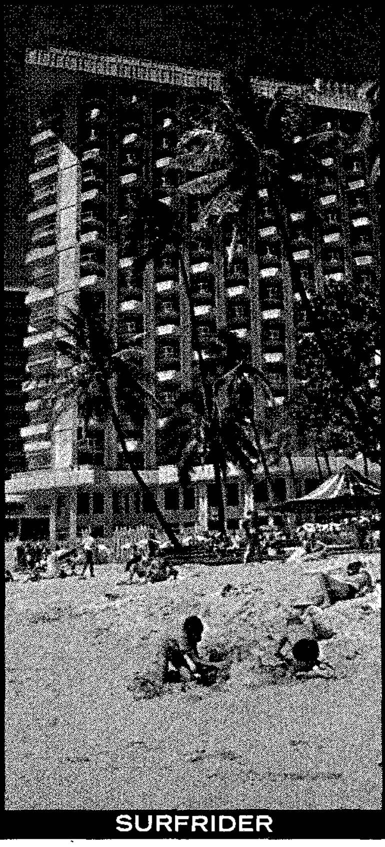
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